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Picture
OF THE MONTH
IN
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"The Cobweb" puts you on the listening end, as it were, of a psychiatrist's couch.

Ordinarily, movies don't dare lay bare the innermost emotions of men and women who have loved or hated more deeply than the world will allow. But then, *nothing* about this sensitive M-G-M film, in CinemaScope and Color, is in the least ordinary!

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Widmark

Bacall

Boyer

Grahame

Gish

Kerr

And it has unquestionably the cast of the year: Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall, Charles Boyer, Gloria Grahame, Lillian Gish, John Kerr, Oscar Levant, Susan Strasberg. Like M-G-M's "Executive Suite", "The Cobweb" was produced by John Houseman, from a frank but delicate best-seller, and fuses into one central story the many romantic conflicts that overlap it.

Beautifully paced by director Vincente Minnelli, "The Cobweb" tells of a young doctor's struggles to slash away the cobweb of confusions and cross-purposes encircling The Castle...of his wife who wanted to be loved, preferably by him...of the woman who came, brisk and breathtaking between them...of the many strands that drew ever-tighter when the man he replaced at the clinic sought to replace *him* at home.

And so the web spins tauter and tauter, around this whole ultra-private world, which is just one misstep removed from ours . . . where ambitions clash and false fronts crumble, where doctors and patients dress alike and sometimes desire alike... where love can bend and marriages break apart, and back-street loves flame up in dim-lit hideaways...where calm can slip into chaos in a frightening flash...where guilt can be lost and innocence be won.

This picture calls a spade a spade. It is our pleasure to call a triumph a triumph. For that is exactly and excitingly what "The Cobweb" is, and a brilliant, attractive all-star cast brings it explosively to the screen!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope and Color RICHARD WIDMARK, LAUREN BACALL, CHARLES BOYER, GLORIA GRAHAME, LILLIAN GISH in "THE COBWEB". And introducing JOHN KERR and Susan Strasberg with Oscar Levant, Tommy Rettig. Screen play by John Paxton. Additional dialogue by William Gibson. From the Novel by William Gibson. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by John Houseman. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

JUNE 24, 1955

PUBLISHED BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.

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THE COVER . . Howell Conant

Almost everyone has seen Grace Kelly, the poised, aloof film beauty. But that's her "public face." What is she like—away from publicity's glare? To find out, Collier's had photographer Howell Conant go along with her on a six-day island vacation in Jamaica, B.W.I. What emerged was as different—and as striking—as the candid photograph on Collier's cover. To meet the *real* Grace Kelly, turn to page 36

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio

COLLIER'S, Vol. 135, No. 13.

PUBLISHED every other week by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Clarence E. Stouch, Chairman of the Board; Paul C. Smith, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Cunnison, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.

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EDITORIAL and EXECUTIVE OFFICES
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

TITLE "COLLIER'S" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, also Canada, 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds.

ADDRESS all subscriptions and correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

▶ **CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.** ◀

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When other girls of her age were out with their boy friends of a Saturday night, Marilyn sat home with Rover. Good, old faithful Rover . . . he didn't mind the trouble that put Marilyn in wrong wherever she went.

ven your best friend won't tell you

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, seldom realize you're guilty of it . . . and even your best friend won't tell you.

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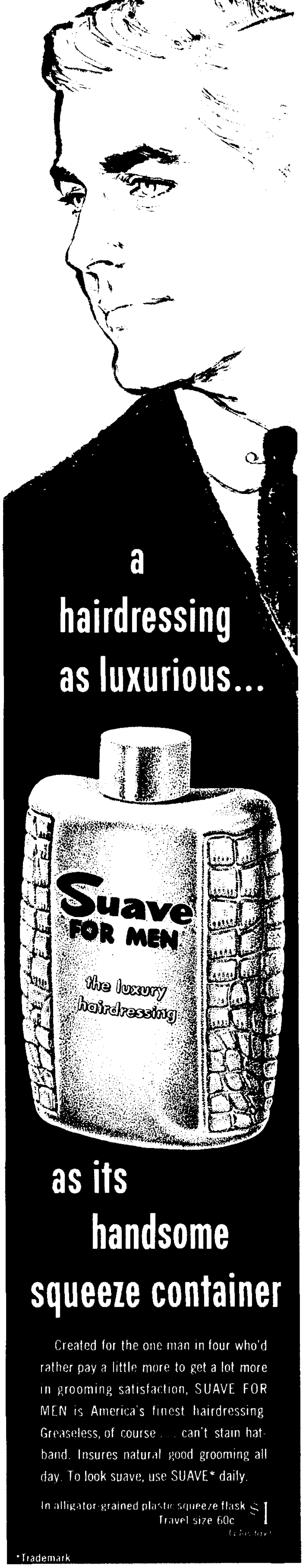

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

YOU, reader, and I, writer, have been getting together every two weeks for the better part of two years now, and I have said practically nothing about Love. This oversight on my part shall be corrected instanter. You may find it hard to believe, but I am often called in as a consultant in love problems and I used to wonder why. Back in prep school I helped prepare love letters to girls I never met, and in later years I have been the agent who got people together and tried to get them to stick together. Naturally I noticed how often my services were sought, and naturally I may have got a little conceited about it. But one time when I asked a girl why she was telling me all this—why *me?*—she thought a moment and came out with a true, but surprising answer. She said it was because I had big ears and they stick out, and people regarded my ears as sort of an invitation to spill all.

In the course of hearing about love problems I have picked up a great deal of information about love and lovers. And the sum of my knowledge and experience is that love happens to everybody and that the one indispensable requirement of love—without which there is not real love—is need.

That is my profundity for June and moon.

* * *

POSSIBLY BECAUSE of the influence of George Gobel, possibly because I live in Princeton, and possibly for neither of those reasons, a member of my family goes around singing, "Davy, Davy Crew-cut."

* * *

THREE OF US came out of the studio commissary and started our stroll up the company street. We were a young producer-writer, a veteran agent and your correspondent. Let us be mild and say that this was no starry-eyed trio of cheerleaders. Let us be mild again and say that the producer, the agent and your correspondent are not blind to human frailties.

Some distance ahead of us, walking alone, was a slight figure, his back to us, his hands in his pockets, his head bent slightly. He was wearing slacks and a tweed jacket and buckskin shoes and an old hat. His walk was a saunter, a ten-million-dollar saunter, and you half expected and more than half wished he would ease from the saunter into a dance. It would have been so easy for him.

"There's a trouper," said the producer.

"And what a gentleman. That's real class," said the agent.

"And an artist," said your correspondent.

We didn't have to see his face or say his name. I don't suppose Fred Astaire ever got a better set of tributes so spontaneously or from such a tough audience.

* * *

A TEXAS LADY has written me a friendly enough letter about the photograph that appears at the top of these columns. She thinks I ought to change it, and she's not the only one. But I haven't quite made up my mind.

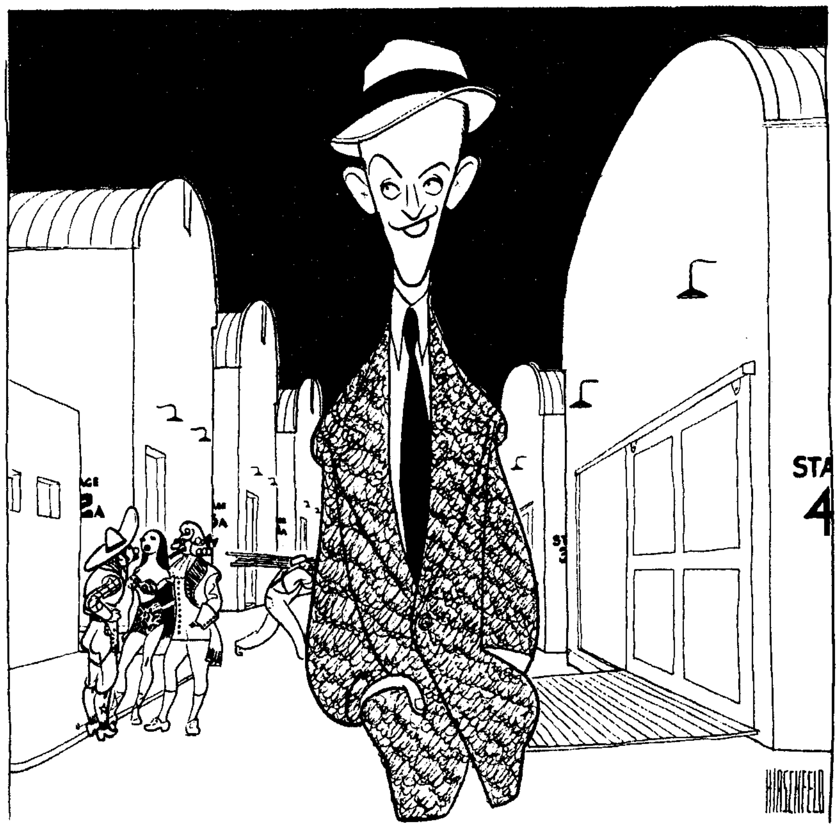
The Texas lady scored rather effectively when she said I looked like a young Ben Lyon, and that sent me to the reference books where I discovered that I am only four years younger than Ben Lyon. If I can continue to look like a *young* Ben Lyon, I'd better leave it be.

An author asks for trouble when he allows his kisser to become his trade-mark. The first time I had my picture taken for publicity purposes in connection with a book was back in 1934. My first novel was about to be presented (at $2.50 a presentation) to a more or less waiting world, and the publisher suddenly realized he had not even a snapshot of the young author. I was on the Paramount payroll in Hollywood, so I asked the still-photography department to fix me on film, which they kindly did. Too kindly. They were in the business of making pretty men prettier, and with what they had to work on they turned to.

Then, as now, I consider myself more on the distinguished than on the pretty side. For photographic purposes, I would be better off homely. A photographer gets hold of a real, homely face and he can light and retouch until there slowly appears a resemblance to the beautiful face of Abraham Lincoln. All homely male subjects seem to end up Lincolnian. But if you are not pretty or homely, you end up as I did in 1934, bearing a recognizable resemblance to Charles Buddy Rogers, and I really look like Buddy Rogers no more than I do like Nancy Carroll.

Some impressionable ladies may have bought my book because of the Buddy Rogers picture on the jacket, but anyone who buys a book for that reason deserves to be stung, so I didn't worry about them. I had other cause to worry. Not only was the Buddy Rogers picture itself published in advertising and publicity,

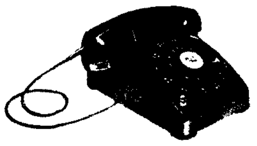
AL HIRSCHFELD



Some distance ahead was Fred Astaire. I don't suppose he ever got a better set of tributes spontaneously from such a tough audience

She has trouble hearing across the room

but she can hear across the country



What a boon to those who have difficulty hearing! A simple knob on the base of this new volume control telephone lets the user increase sound volume when necessary. This is just one of many telephone conveniences now being made by Western Electric to help your Bell telephone company furnish you more agreeable and satisfactory service.

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APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

but caricatures were drawn from it. Not from me, but from that photograph. Consequently, on the few occasions when I tried to insist that I was me, I had a hard time proving it because I bore no resemblance to the man on the book jacket.

Have you ever known the futile feeling of trying to prove that you are yourself? I mean, proving it to someone who thinks he knows what you look like? You can show your driver's license, draft card, annual pass to the circus, police press card, paid-up Authors Guild card, NBC pass, honorary Patrolmen's Benevolent Association card, and whatever else you carry, and all they add up to is that you are an impostor. And I anticipate your question: What about having a card with your photograph on it? No good. I have as souvenirs three sets of credentials with pictures taken within a period of one year by Army and Navy photographers. In two of them I am in uniform, but they don't look like pictures of the same man, and in the third, in civilian clothes, I don't look like either of the men in uniform. And yet in all three I look like a gangster who has turned spy, and the small fact that there are a great many Japanese named Ohara helped me not one bit.

But these are small annoyances compared to the greater trouble an author can get into if his likeness becomes established. No matter what you or I or the geriatricians do about it, you can't look the same at fifty as you did at thirty. I shall mention no names, no names at all, but there are living authors who now no longer dare get a new picture. They have used the same picture for so long it would be as though they had aged twenty years overnight. And not even a rejection slip can cause that.

In discussing the pulchritude of authors it is practically a tradition to retell the story of G. B. Shaw and the actress who thought it would be a splendid idea if they had a child together. With her beauty and his brains, she wrote him. . . . But Shaw replied: "What if the child had your brains and my body?"

With the Texas lady's permission I shall take under advisement the question of a new picture. It would be nice if more of us in this business could be as well advantaged as Rock Hudson; failing that, we can all look like ourselves while trying to write like angels.

If some of that comes through, we may have reason to hope that our readers will accept us on equal terms with, say, Ernest Borgnine.

* * *

THE FASCINATION that names, especially stage names, hold for me may be one of the least fascinating things about my own self. But then there are a lot of things about me that are imperfect and I am perfectly reluctant to admit it. In one of these columns not long ago I thought I had made up a name when I wrote about a mythical actor called Tod Hunter. Well, I've recently seen two movies with an actor called Tab Hunter, and when I think of the tab dodgers I've known in Hollywood, I guess Mr. Hunter's sponsor may have bestowed a compliment.

At the moment in show business there are three female Kims: Hunter, Novak and Stanley. I wonder how many of them know that Kipling's Kim was a boy—and that his last name was O'Hara, a name that has fascinated authors out of all proportion to the number of us in real life.

To simplify matters for myself, I have made a rule to claim kinship, or kimship, with all distinguished and solvent bearers of the name, thus making cousins of John, the archbishop; John, the head man at Dr. Pepper's; Eliot, the painter; Neal, the humorist, and all the other bona fide O'Haras in Who's Who. Tom, the political writer, is my brother, so I can't call him cousin.

To get away from my own name, there is a monicker that I came across in a movie column the other day, and I guess they are not going to be able to top this one: Race Gentry.

The guy who made that up is the logical man to write a parody of William Faulkner. Except that with the invention of that name he *has* written a parody of William Faulkner.

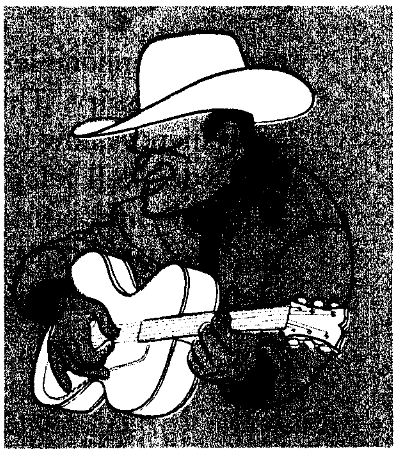
* * *

YOU HAVE TO ADMIRE Gene Autry. Why do you have to admire Gene Autry? I'll tell you why you have to admire Gene Autry.

It is unusual for a popular figure in the entertainment profession to take sides in a controversy. Play it safe, is the rule. But Gene Autry for many years has taken a stand, if that's quite the word, in one of the hardest-fought controversies I can think of. Perhaps you are not aware that in the world of horsemanship you can always get an argument over the merits, or lack of same, of the Forward Seat. It is a subject that is debated as warmly as Could Joe Louis Take Dempsey? Or, Was Rudy Vallee More Lovable than Frank Sinatra? Or, Did Renée Adoree Have More It than Lana Turner? Important stars do not take part in such arguments, but Gene Autry for years has been expressing his opinion for all to hear. If you want to know which side he's on, listen to his theme song: Back in the Saddle Again.

Hurray for you, Gene Autry!

▲▲▲


Gene Autry has taken a stand in a long, hard-fought controversy

"How much electricity is there, Dad?"

You can answer that question—as well as Jimmy's dad can.

The answer is pretty clear—there's *plenty* of electricity.

Just look around your house. Electric lights—radio and television—refrigerator, range, washer, dryer, dishwasher, clocks, freezer, vacuum cleaner. You'll think of many other electric helpers at work or standing ready.

There's *plenty* of electricity because America's electric light and power companies keep the supply ahead of your needs. Today you're using twice as much electricity as you did in 1945. In 5 or 10 years you'll be using a lot more. The new power plants and equipment to bring you that additional electricity are already being built or on the drawing boards.

This is a good thing to remember when you hear people say that the federal government ought to build more electric power plants. That is unnecessary—and a waste of tax dollars. In addition, government-built power plants present the threat of a socialistic U.S.A.

Last year Americans used almost 475 billion kilowatt-hours of electricity and had an ample margin in reserve. That's about 45% of all the world's total. By 1965 the nation will use twice as much. The electric companies are spending about $3 billion a year for new plants and facilities so you'll always have plenty of electricity.

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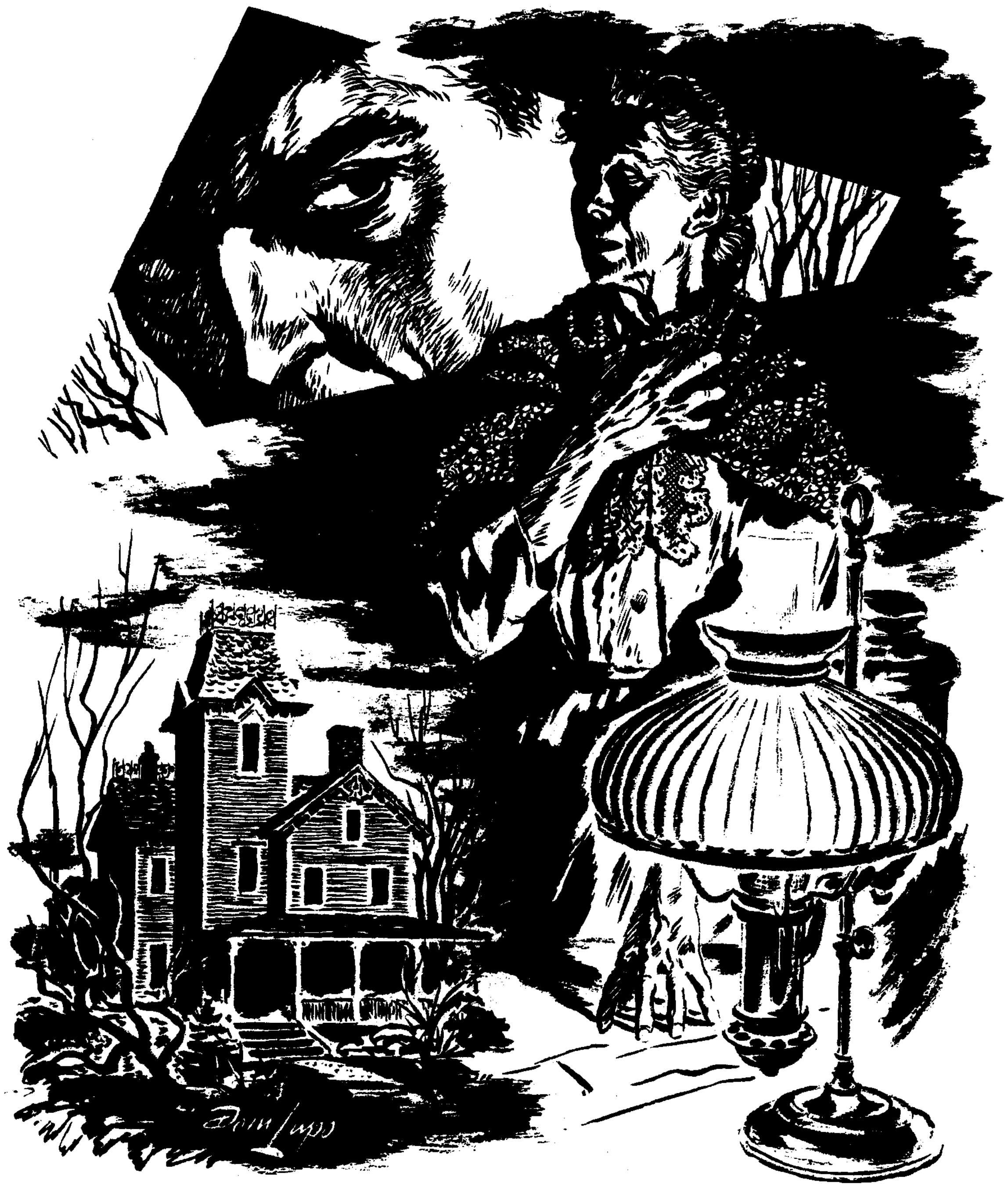

Julian knew exactly what he would see through the mail slot when he rang the bell: Abbie would spring to her feet in terror and stand trembling with fear

Dangerous CONFESSION

By POYNTZ TYLER

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

AS JULIAN PRINGLE neared the house, he kept his eyes on the path, not on the ugly Victorian mansion looming ahead of him in the moonlight. Julian knew every dip and turn in the path, and he also knew about the chains. They were thin black chains stretched between short metal stakes; Abbie Snyder placed them about her property each evening. In the center of each chain was a bell, which would betray the unwary and the unwelcome who tripped on the chains. They were all around him, he knew—sixty-three of them; he carried the sixty-fourth—for he and Harvey Osgood, the sheriff, had seen Abbie putting them out tonight. They had laughed at her together.

Julian wasn't laughing now. He was scarcely breathing, and when he finally reached the dark sanctuary of the porch he was afraid to rest his gun on the floor lest the noise alarm Abbie. Instead he held it under the stump of his left arm as, with infinite care, he slid back the panel of the mail slot with his right hand. It was a wide slot, and deep, designed to admit packages, and it was the only entry into Abbie's house that ever opened after dark. Windows were locked and shuttered, doors were bolted and barred, for Abbie Snyder's home was her fortress.

Even before he had the slot fully open Julian knew exactly what it would reveal. By the light of a single oil lamp, Abbie would be working at her desk in the far corner of the dark and littered hall. On her face, as she wrote her monthly Aunt Aureole Advises column for the county newspaper, would be a grim, sanctimonious smile.

And Julian also knew exactly what would happen when he rang the bell. First, Abbie would spring to her feet in terror. Next, she would stand there for a moment, trembling with fear and indecision; and then, calling: "Who's there?" she would walk slowly out of the light and toward the door.

Julian reached up and pressed the bell. . . .

It was noon the next day when the sheriff arrived.

"Julian," he said, and then nodded at the huge man at his side, "this is Captain Perkinson of the state police. May we come in for a moment?"

"Of course, Harvey, of course," Julian said.

"We've just been to see Abbie Snyder," Harvey told him.

"And how is the old harridan? Poorly, I hope."

"She's dead, Julian. Strangled."

"Well, well," said Julian cheerfully. "So she died a natural death after all."

Captain Perkinson stared at him. "You don't seem to have been one of Aunt Aureole's many admirers."

"To know Abbie," Julian told him, "was to loathe her. And I knew her for thirty-five years."

"So I understand," said the captain. "In fact, it was your long friendship with her that prompted us to seek your help."

"She was no friend of mine. Abbie should have been strangled thirty years ago."

"Julian. Please."

"Sheriff," Captain Perkinson said stiffly, "will you read Mr. Pringle the report you showed me? Then we'll be about the state's business."

"These are only rough notes, of course," Harvey said, taking some papers from his pocket, "but they'll show you what we're up against: *At nine in the morning, I accompanied Officer Shiflett to Friendship, home of Abbie Snyder, spinster, age unknown, re complaints of Elizabeth Farnum, spinster, age seven, that Miss Snyder fired shotgun at Mr. Abercrombie, complainant's Scotch terrier whenever Mr. A. walked on Friendship grass. No hit yet but Miss F. much perturbed. Arrived Friendship and rang bell. No answer. Opened panel in mail slot. Looked in. Saw Miss S. unconscious on*

Is it getting louder—*night after night?*

IN the stillness of the night you lie there . . . It's been this way for hours. You've been asleep—yet you *haven't.*

You can't exactly say *why* you can't relax. You keep telling yourself that nothing is wrong.

BUT, as you are about to doze off, there's that squeak *again*—like someone trying to open the door . . . someone tiptoeing across the floorboards.

You've had many restless nights like this before. Too, too many.

As you lie there, all tense and rigid—listening to squeaks and noises made by an *imaginary* intruder—you try not to fret about the problems and tasks that you must face come morning. And when the morning light does appear, you wish with all your heart that you didn't have to get up. But somehow you do. Some of your days are just as trying and perhaps when you're alone, you sometimes find yourself brooding, or even sobbing quietly.

What woman doesn't have troubles!

"Oh, bosh!" you say, "I've had bad spells from time to time, but then what woman doesn't. *After all, caring for a husband and family is no picnic—with constant sore throats, colds, and other problems.* It's only normal that I concern myself with my family . . . with troubles every woman must bear."

You may be able to convince yourself that these excuses are reasonable at times, but let's look at the problem coldly, sensibly.

Certainly it is NOT *normal for a woman to feel tense, jumpy, restless, irritable day after day, week after week, month after month.*

What's *happened* to your easygoing nature? Why *are* you so easily upset, so tense? What *can* you do to be your old self again?

Well, if you've been jumpy, restless, fagged-out, feeling low . . . or bothered by indigestion or headaches . . . it just may be possible that you've been the victim of a seemingly innocent habit . . . the habit of relying on the caffein in coffee for a quick pick-up.

Now, it's silly to say that there's enough caffein in an occasional cup of coffee to cause anxiety and tenseness—but *cup after cup, all day long, day after day, week after week, month after month????*

Your doctor would tell you . . .

Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some women, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is caffein.

The use of this strong stimulant day after day, week after week, may make you jumpy, nervous, irritable, hard to live with.

However, if you're addicted to this habit, here's hope:

There's no reason in the world why you can't get yourself in tune again, begin to feel as you'd like to.

You replace a bad habit with a good one

You switch from caffein-heavy coffee to a new, wonderful hot drink—a drink that doesn't have a single speck of caffein in it.

What a rich aroma this new beverage has! And it's *so full-bodied, so satisfying.* You can enjoy this *new coffee flavor drink* straight, or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

It is the new Coffee Flavor Instant Postum Beverage, now available for the first time!*

You make Coffee Flavor Postum *instantly*, right in the cup. Just add boiling water and stir. There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in it. It can't make you nervous, irritable. It can't keep you awake at night.

Think of your family

You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this wonderful, caffein-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days, or even a week.

Of course, if you're one of the many people who don't care for the taste of coffee, remember that *regular* Instant Postum is still available. *Regular* has a distinctive taste all its own. Your grocer has *both* flavors —*regular* and *Coffee Flavor.** So inexpensive, too, compared with coffee—less than a cent a cup.

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your everyday life—every waking hour, every sleeping hour.

Don't let another day go by without giving a fair trial to this satisfying, caffein-free beverage—Instant Postum. See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better!

Start the 30-day Instant Postum test *today*. The Instant Postum Beverages are fine products of General Foods. Postum is a registered trade-mark. *Imitation.

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CIGARETTES
KING SIZE

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True flavor—truly filtered. Every easy draw will tell you, *a true tobacco treat.* Tastes *good*—all day, every day. Full king size. Popular filter price.

2. Regular Size
Treats your taste right—all day long—thanks to the brighter, more golden tobaccos that the very name Old Gold tells you Old Gold uses.

3. King Size
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The Sportsman's Choice!

High-spots of satisfaction: (1) The moment you unboat and weigh up the biggest catch of your life, with everybody in camp looking on. Man, that's *fishin'!* (2) The day you discover the hearty, oak-ripened, rich-as-all-outdoors flavor of OLD CABIN STILL. Man, that's *whiskey!* It's *all* genuine sour mash Kentucky bourbon, balanced at the flavor proof for *mildness* with *richness.* Catch a bottle today!

91 PROOF

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Distillers of Old Fitzgerald 100 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon.

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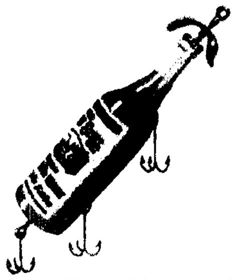

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Name..

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hall floor. Sought entry to house. No entry. All doors locked. All windows shuttered. Broke ground-floor window. Entered. Miss S. dead. Strangled with three-foot sash chain bolted at each end into tops of ten-inch metal stakes about five-eighths inches diameter. Dozens like it with bells attached staked about lawn and walks. Tripper alarms. No bell on strangle chain. Strangler very powerful man. Two loops of chain imbedded deep in neck. No sign of struggle but hard to tell because hall—whole house—littered with trash and dirt. Probably not cleaned since Edna Bastic died three years ago. Disgusting. Called Dr. Marshall from Farnum's. Mrs. F. says heard shot about nine last night. Probably Miss S. shooting at dogs. Quiet thereafter. Doc says Miss S. dead 'over ten hours.' Windpipe broken. Inspected house top to bottom. Strangler got in some way. Strangler got out some way. How? Miss S. wouldn't admit own mother. All windows and shutters locked from inside. All doors locked and barred from inside. Called state police."

AS SOON as Harvey finished reading, Captain Perkinson reached for his hat.

"Edna Bastic," said Julian quietly, "was Abbie's servant for twenty-eight years, and yet when she died the county had to bury her."

"Peonage is a motive," the captain said, "but being dead is an alibi. Anyone else who might want to kill her?"

"Dozens that I know," said Julian, "and probably scores I don't. Why else the tripping chains and the barricaded house?"

Captain Perkinson put his hat back on the table. "But why?"

"Blackmail, Captain," said Julian. "Or extortion."

"Aunt Aureole!"

"Dear, sweet Aunt Aureole," said Julian, "mother confessor to the whole county. A beacon for the transgressor, a breast for the penitent—and the foulest leech in America."

"I don't believe it."

"You remember Jim Blakeslee, Harvey?" Julian went on. "Why do you suppose he sold that beautiful dairy farm of his and started peddling cream separators?"

"Liked the road, probably. Liked selling."

"He sold it to buy Abbie off. To escape prison for ending his wife's agony with a hypodermic needle."

The captain said, "Why should Miss Snyder suspect murder, when the doctor didn't?"

"Dr. Marshall only hoped and prayed for Mrs. Blakeslee's death," said Julian. "Aunt Aureole advised it. And Abbie found the puncture exactly where she'd told Jim to make it."

"Mr. Pringle, people don't suggest mercy deaths and then blackmail the killer. It's preposterous."

"You policemen must lead very sheltered lives, Captain, because that sort of action was Sunday behavior for Abbie. Why, she even blackmailed the poor, tormented clods who wrote Aunt Aureole for advice. The unwed mothers, the kleptomaniacs, the fugitives. Slim pickings, usually, but every dollar helps."

"Even if you're right," the captain said, "who's living here in the village right now who might want to kill her?"

"Well," said Julian, "there's me."

"What deviltry are you hiding?" Harvey asked. "Double parking?"

"Bigamy," said Julian. "Not mine; my son's."

"Tell us about it," said the captain. "I've always thought bigamy was its own punishment."

Even in the lightened mood of their talk, it was hard for Julian to tell them about Robert, but he did.

"My son," he said, "is a fine man. He was decorated for gallantry in the war, and he holds the chair of American history at a university in the South. He is a good father and husband, gentle and kind. He is a brilliant man and a charming man and he is a bigamist.

"His first wife was a German girl. They were married three weeks after his division liberated her from a concentration camp, and six months before she returned to that camp forever. Not physically, you understand, but in her mind. Freida is hopelessly insane."

"But, Mr. Pringle—"

"Yes, Robert could have got a divorce, I suppose. But it meant years, and waiting even one day for Caroline seemed an eternity.

"Anyhow, until Abbie came here one day six years ago to borrow something, no one knew about Freida except Robert and me. But the old witch must have gone through my desk while I was out of the room, for the next day she sent me a Photostat of a letter from the Swiss asylum about Freida. Since then I've paid Abbie half my income to keep that letter from the dean of Robert's university. So you can see that my love for her was not unbounded."

The captain smiled and stood up. "Yes," he agreed, "if it was physically possible for a man with only one arm to garrote a woman, you'd make an ideal suspect. But it isn't, so we'll look for a husky fellow with two of them."

WHEN his visitors had gone, Julian took a picture post card from under the blotter on his desk. It was from his son, and the picture was of a Civil War cannon mounted on a courthouse lawn. It was an odd-looking weapon and he examined it before turning the card over and reading, once again, the explanatory note on the back: *Double-barreled cannon developed by the Confederate army. Two cannon balls, connected by a heavy chain, were loaded into the twin barrels through the muzzles. When fired simultaneously the balls, with the chain stretched taut between them, would mow down everything in their path. Due to the unevenly timed fuses of the period, the gun was not successful.*

Then Julian took a sheet of paper from the drawer and picked up his pen.

My Dear Son (he wrote): *You will be back at your lectures by the time you get this, but I am glad you and little Julian and our sweet Caroline had such a nice trip. Your postals en route were most welcome and made me feel I was touring right along with you. I was particularly interested in the picture of the double-barreled cannon, and am sorry your Southern friends could not make it work properly. They were simply ahead of their time, for I applied the same principle to a sawed-off, double-barreled shotgun (removing the shot from the shells, of course, and substituting metal rods for the cannon balls) with most gratifying results. Hurriedly, and forever affectionately, your father—J.P.*

—POYNTZ TYLER

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LOUIS T. SCHUBERT, PITTSBURGH, PA.

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"Was having high oil consumption and valve trouble. Changed to Pennzoil with Z-7 . . . have had no more valve trouble and oil consumption was cut even more than had hoped for."
ERNEST A. GARBER, TIMBERVILLE, VA.

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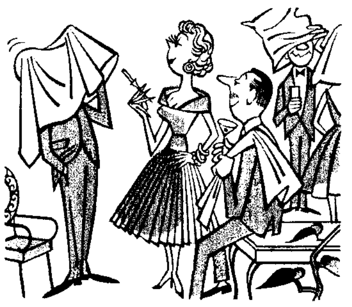
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It's illegal in Kansas to drink in public. In fact, strict interpretation of the law makes it unlawful to drink liquor in the presence of other people. From Mr. Elmore Shoock, a Topeka explorer, we hear this situation causes some of the more literal-minded law-abiding citizens considerable inconvenience at cocktail parties. To solve their predicament they carry sheets or large pillowcases to the party. When about to shoot a quickie, they merely draw a sheet or pillowcase over their heads. That way, those around them don't know what they're doing.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

The most innocent envelope coming to this desk in months has just disgorged a reverberating idea. Why not, asks Mr. J. Pennyplate, a Buffalo, New York, paper hanger, settle the hydrogen-bomb controversy between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. by entering both makes in the Olympics. Each country to drop one of its best by way of closing the games with a bang and see what happens.

★ ★ ★

Just as we were about to think we'd never hear of Mr. Bill Potter again, comes a note warning us that if we should wander into the vicinity of Roanoke, Virginia, and keep our eyes open, we'll see a sign on a diner reading: Old Virginny Pizza Pies.

★ ★ ★

Sweet but somewhat chancy revenge note from an unidentified contributor in St. Louis, Missouri. Gentleman arrested for traffic violation. Fined ten dollars. Buys policeman an orchid, explaining: "He'll take it home to his wife. She'll demand he take her out to dinner so that she can show it off. That will cost him more than this cost me."

★ ★ ★

When you get to Benson, Minnesota, this summer and find yourself in the clutch of an irrepressible urge to sound off about something, just ask the nearest cop for the address of the local soapbox. You'll find it in a Benson merchant's establishment and the boys on the pavement outside will be glad to rally around and listen. That's what it's there for. No obligation to buy anything. Choose your topic, clear your throat and tell the world. But hurry if you hunger for applause; some of the boys are beginning to complain that they've heard just about everything.

★ ★ ★

In conversation with a filling-station man in Casper, Wyoming, Mr. Joe Di Como learned that the day will come when cars will run on capsuled atomic energy. "Well," said Mr. Di Como, getting back behind the wheel, "pill her up, pal. And just to make sure, let's have about ten gallons of the usual."

★ ★ ★

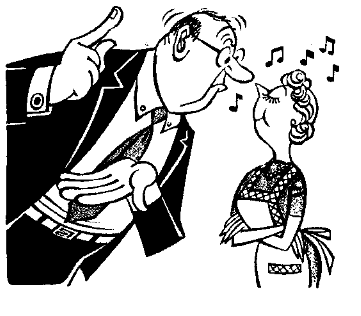
She was a looker. Mr. Bill Thigpen says that even though the woman's arms were full of bundles as she came out of that Omaha, Nebraska, store, the guys interrupted their discussion of Far Eastern affairs long enough to give her a loud and long wolf serenade. She turned, smiled sweetly and said: "Thanks a lot, fellows. You haven't any idea how good that sounds to a mother of six children."

★ ★ ★

If it weren't for Mr. Roy H. Gibbs, we might have meandered into the First National Bank in Orlando, Florida, completely unaware that a young lady by the name of Miss Penny Money is modestly but gainfully employed in the savings department of that stalwart, sun-tanned institution.

★ ★ ★

That wise lady, Mrs. Jean Bruce, ladles out advice in the Nashville Tennessean, to problem-harassed readers. Sample: Lady weeps that her husband thinks he's infallible. A "darned superior" guy who always considers himself right no matter what the argument. And what can or should she do about life with this crashing bore? Mrs. Bruce replies: "If he persists, start humming. Nothing shuts a man up quicker than a woman who hums. He'll needle you but *keep on humming.*"



★ ★ ★

Miss Pauline Leach assures us that a gentleman she knows in Roberts, Montana, merely shrugged when the paper announced from San Fernando, California, that his daughter and sin-in-law had presented him with lovely twin grandchildren. ▲▲▲

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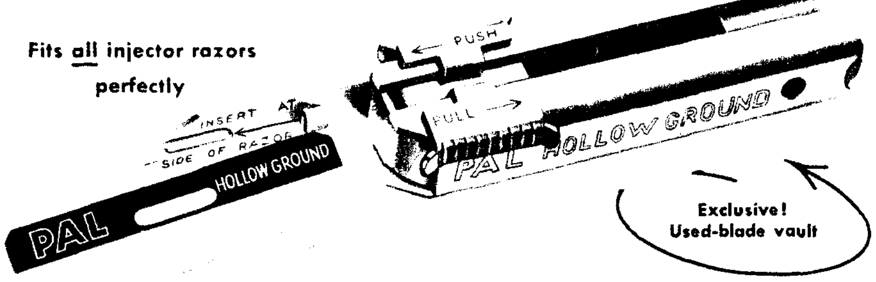

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LETTERS

The Champ

EDITOR: How It Feels to Be Champion of the World, by Rocky Marciano (May 13th), is a wonderful story. We have a champion who will bring nothing but credit to the fight game and to our country as well . . . JACK W. BECK
North Highlands, Calif.

Fighter meets author

Speed, Demons

EDITOR: Appreciated the story of the picturesque Ecclesiastical Hot Rods (Apr. 29th). These autoettes are dubbed "Love Seats on Parade," and when driven fast—"shake the devil out of you." MRS. HELEN BABCOCK,
Claremont, Cal.

Social Security

EDITOR: Thank you for Helen Hill Miller's wonderfully enlightening article Social Security (May 13th). I am keeping my copy for reference . . .
WM. T. THOMPSON, Scammon, Kans.

. . . Your author says: "Who's left out? Mostly people who want to be—doctors, dentists . . ." This is not true. Most doctors and dentists want to be under Social Security. However, their associations decided otherwise, and told the government so. The associations stuck to their decision even when, as in a poll of Iowa dentists, 85 per cent were found to be in favor of Social Security coverage . . . DR. W. E. FARBSTEIN,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . One of the valuable articles for which Collier's is famous. The problem of husbands who are sixty-five but who are unable to retire because their wives are too young to collect benefits is a serious one, since on the average a wife is 4½ years younger than her spouse. Lowering the workingwoman's retirement age from sixty-five to sixty is the answer. O. S. BURKHOLDER,
Mineral Wells, Tex.

Forgo Fargo Oath

EDITOR: Allow me to commend Walter Davenport for his highly sparkling and informative column, 48 States of Mind. In regard to the proposed loyalty-oath ordinance for Fargo, North Dakota, city employees, mentioned in his column in the April 29th issue, I am happy to state it was rejected by the City Commission in a three-to-two vote last winter. People of all walks of life, including the press, the clergy, city employees, organized labor and business leaders, recognized the folly of an ordinance predicated upon distrust, division and suspicion.
HERSCHEL LASHKOWITZ, Mayor,
Fargo, N.D.

Milk War

EDITOR: Bill Davidson's forthright article, Milk 12¢ a Quart—Why Not in Your Town? (Apr. 29th), is the best thing I have seen anywhere on a fundamental problem of the American people . . . SAMUEL R. GUARD, Editor,
Breeders' Gazette, Louisville, Ky.

. . . Your article is not in keeping with the dignity of Collier's. You mentioned 12-cent milk. Possibly you could find some during the surplus season, but a U.S. Department of Agriculture report for March failed to disclose any prices below 19 cents, and the 19-cent places were very limited. Quality milk ranges from 21 to 35½ cents per quart. Instead of intimating that milkmen are gouging consumers, you should tell the complete facts: that profits of the milk companies run about ½ cent per quart. The dairy industry is doing a remarkable job with a highly perishable product at low prices, and most people appreciate it . . . BRADY S. JOHNSTON,
Dinsmore Dairy Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

. . . I sold milk for 8½ cents per quart wholesale F.O.B. barn in February. When milk retails for three times what the producer gets, there is too much spread. However, when pasteurized and bottled milk sells for 12 cents, it is distress or surplus milk. Like all other quality products, milk is expensive . . .
STANLEY BENSON, President, Somerset
County Farm Bureau, Westover, Md.

. . . I'd like you to tell us how we are to produce milk for 12 cents a quart, much less sell it for that price . . .
RAY HENDERSON, Germantown, Tenn.

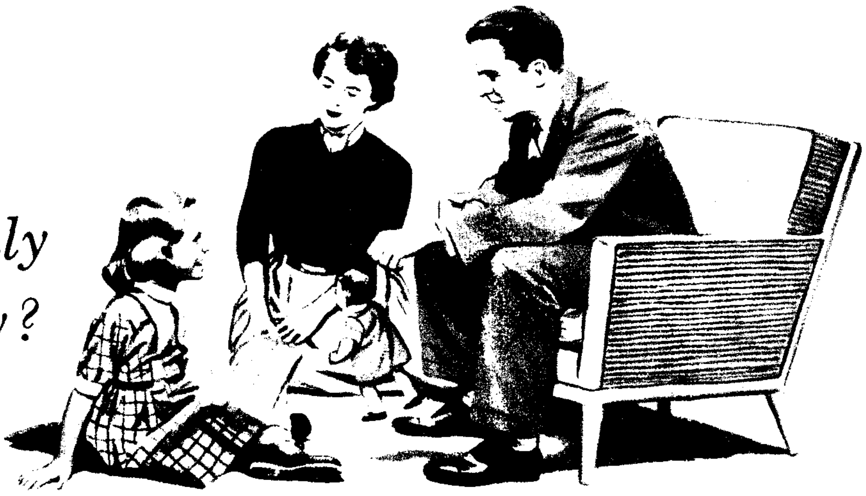
. . . Bill Davidson has done the consumer a real service. Most of us dairy farmers know how milk laws keep the price of milk up . . .
J. T. VAN ALMELO, Hastings, N.Y.

. . . If you took city tap water and put it through a modern dairy processing plant, then delivered it to a retail customer at a legitimate profit, you would have to charge between 10 cents and 12 cents a quart . . .
GEORGE A. MAIER, Eugene, Ore.

. . . An exceptionally fine article. While I do not necessarily agree with the 12-cent part, I am fully in accord with the remainder. PETER C. DOLCENE,
Manager, All Jersey Farms at Stockton, El Cerrito, Cal.

. . . Here in the Midwest it costs 10 cents a quart just to produce milk. The average wage earner can buy 2½ times as much milk as he could in 1940, for

Why wait until your income
improves to give your family
the protection they need today?



Now—this New York Life policy provides permanent life insurance at a lower rate for the first 3 years!

TODAY

You can apply for $5,000 or more life insurance protection for your family at a low rate. Physical examination may not be necessary if you're in good health and between the ages of 10 and 40.

3 YEARS FROM NOW

—the premium increases by about 18%. However, dividends can then be used to reduce premium payments so the net outlay could be substantially less. And cash values continue to grow.

New York Life has a policy that lets you buy a substantial amount of *permanent* life insurance right now at a low rate. Then, at the end of the third year, when you'll probably be in a better financial position, the premium rate increases. But at the same time, dividends you receive could be sufficient to offset the premium increase.

We call this modern policy "Life Modified Three"—"LM-3" for short. It makes it easier for any up-and-coming man to get the life insurance he needs before he's reached his full earning power. And by taking it out now, there's the added advantage of the lower premium rates in effect for younger men. What's more, LM-3 builds generous cash and loan values—available for any emergency. And if you're in good health, and between the ages of 10 and 40, you may not have to take a physical examination.

Ask your New York Life agent about this budget-wise new LM-3 policy—or mail the coupon today! LM-3 is available throughout the U. S., Hawaii, Alaska and Canada. New York Life is 110 years old and is one of the strongest legal reserve life insurance companies in the world.

SOME TYPICAL PREMIUM ILLUSTRATIONS
$5,000 FACE AMOUNT (Minimum Issued)

Age at issue	Annual Premium First 3 years	Annual Premium After 3 years
25	$ 82.70	$ 97.30
35	$111.10	$130.70
45	$161.25	$189.70

Dividends can be applied to reduce premium payments, and could be sufficient to offset the increase in premiums beginning the third year.

NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

A MUTUAL COMPANY Nylic FOUNDED IN 1845

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. CR-8
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

Please furnish me, without any obligation, full information on your new LM-3 policy, minimum amount $5,000.

NAME______________________________AGE________

ADDRESS____________________________________

CITY__________________ZONE______STATE__________

CURTISS
MIRACLE AID
MAKES A HALF GALLON
5¢
POWDERED BEVERAGE BASE ADD SUGAR
WT. 3/4 OZ.

makes cold drinks *INSTANTLY!*

Pick the packages with the pitcher on the front for wonderful refreshment any time! One 5c package makes one-half gallon . . . 10 full glasses. Keep plenty in your refrigerator for the whole family to share. Miracle Aid . . . instant enjoyment!

6 TEMPTING FRUIT FLAVORS

STRAWBERRY ORANGE RASPBERRY
GRAPE LEMON-LIME CHERRY

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder

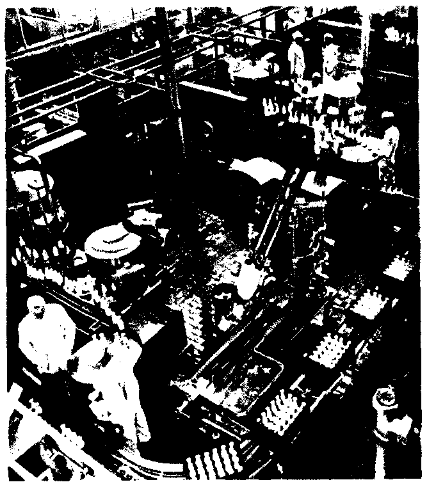
makers of Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Dip candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints

each hour of labor. To get the same nutrition from even the cheapest substitutes will cost 37 cents. There is not a city in the country where milk is priced that high . . .
Glenn Lake, North Branch, Mich.

. . . I am rated an efficient dairyman. My figures show that 12 cents a quart is a break-even price, without the farmer's labor or capital income included. And that does not leave one cent profit . . .
George Barnes, Ferndale, Wash.

. . . Many dairy farmers in New York State liked the story very much, and are pleased that a magazine with Collier's reputation would give such publicity to one of the sorest spots in our national economy . . .
William F. Berghold, Editor, The Rural New-Yorker, New York, N.Y.

. . . A dairy pays 12½ cents a quart to the farmers. It must pasteurize, homogenize, cool, bottle, and hire a man to deliver the milk, not to mention the 2¼ cents it pays for the paper cartons, unemployment compensation, etc. How can we possibly sell it for 12 cents a quart? . . .
Glenn Detrick, Stroudsburg, Pa.



. . . I am shocked to find Collier's criticizing the states' excellent health standards. There is no worse food than dirty milk. Health rules, necessary price scales are assets—not barriers. No, thanks! We don't need 12-cent milk in our town!
C. Harvey Pitman, Baker, Ore.

. . . Have tried to introduce gallon jug here with much local opposition. Still trying. Bert Mason, Mason's Dairy, Cumberland, Md.

. . . Recently I talked to a farmer who produces milk for 5 cents a quart that is later sold retail for 25 cents. I was raised on a farm, and we always used at least two or more gallons of milk daily for the four of us. Can you imagine a family of four with an income of around $3,000 buying that amount of milk today? . . . Irving G. Welsted, Crownsville, Md.

. . . We have been in the business of milking cows for 30 years and are nearer going bankrupt now than at any other time. Good dairymen all over northeastern Ohio are being forced to sell . . . Mrs. Earle L. Knight, Cortland, Ohio

. . . Your article created quite a stir in New Hampshire. Consumer pressure against higher milk prices has increased greatly. As a result, a proposal has been made in the legislature to cut the $17,000 budget of the state Milk Control Board—which would force it out of business by July 1st.
Stephen W. Winship, Hopkinton, N.H.

. . . You quoted a Dr. Glenn C. Holm, who is supposed to be dean of the School of Agriculture at the South Dakota Agricultural College. I've lived in Brookings all my life and have never heard of him . . .
D. R. Flittie, Brookings, S.D.

Sorry. Dr. Holm is dean at the North *Dakota Agricultural College.*

So There You Are . . .

Editor: Let's have more pieces by our ol' pal, Lonesome George Gobel (Child Guidance—And All like That, May 13th). Like an article on gardening with footnotes by a gopher. Believe thee me, we'll sure read them . . .
Mrs. J. R. McLellan, Chico, Cal.

Breath of Life

Editor: Congratulations on J. D. Ratcliff's article Breath of Life (May 13th). This is a tremendous step forward in control and prevention of mental retardation. Gordon S. Dummett, Member, Washington County Association for Mentally Retarded Children, Cascade, Wis.

The Right to Know

Editor: I picked up Collier's April 29th issue on a plane and read your Comment, The Right to Know. I was so impressed that I almost tore it out for reference before I realized the airline might not approve. I bought a copy upon arrival and used the editorial as the basis for a Sunday-school lesson for a class of young adults.
William M. Hearn, Public Relations Director, The Methodist Church, Louisville, Ky.

. . . The postmaster who withholds salacious material from a book collector is doing a public service . . .
Elizabeth Edwards, Trenton, N.J.

. . . Words that call for a good scrubbing when scrawled on a fence are considered above "censorship" once they appear on a printed page. No one ever learned the truth by reading lies . . .
John A. Harmon, Skokie, Ill.

. . . I am a sophomore in high school and my class in world history saw a movie on Communism, at least that's what it was supposed to be about. What the movie really told us was that Communism was bad. It didn't say anything about how Communism worked; it just said that it was bad.

If we are told about Communism, both sides, we won't be taken in as easily as some of our elders have been. The enlightened youth will make better citizens, too, because they'll know why Communism won't work and why democracy will.
Bob Owens, Grand Forks, N.D.

Synonym Spiked

Editor: Tom Meany, in When Is Baseball like Bullfighting? (Apr. 29th), compounds an unforgivable error. He allows opera-librettist Jeremy Gury to call spikes "cleats." A fine way to preserve the "traditional mannerisms" of our national pastime!
C. W. Smith, Houston, Tex.

Light up a Lucky... it's light-up time!

WISH YOU WERE HERE? You bet you do! But wherever you are, you can get the same delicious, deep-down smoking enjoyment just by lighting up a better-tasting Lucky Strike. Luckies taste better, first of all, because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then, this tobacco is toasted. "It's Toasted" to make it taste even better...cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, next time it's light-up time for you, light up a Lucky. You'll say it's the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

"IT'S TOASTED" to taste better!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER - *Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!*

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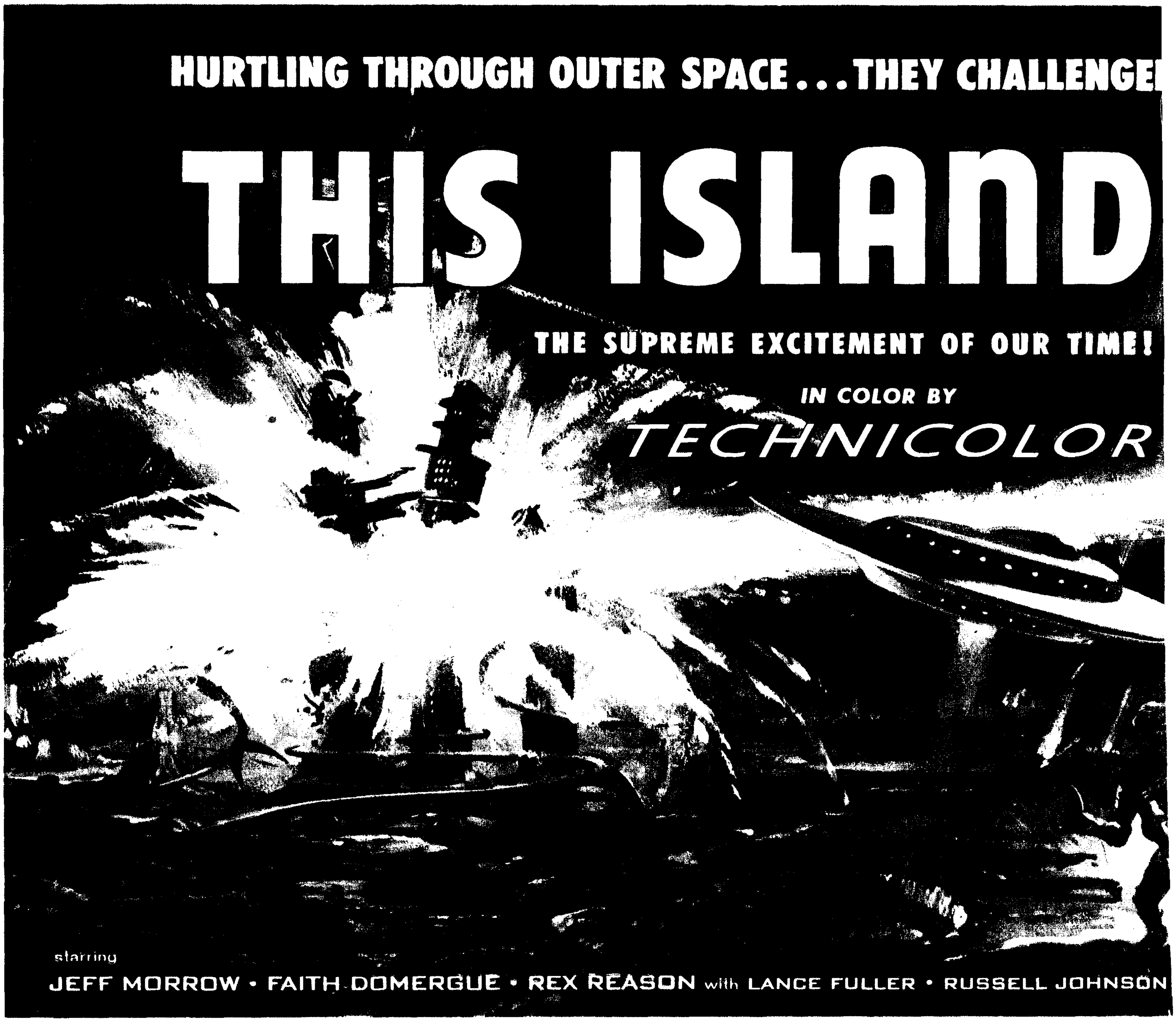

HURTLING THROUGH OUTER SPACE...THEY CHALLENGE
THIS ISLAND
THE SUPREME EXCITEMENT OF OUR TIME!
IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR
starring
JEFF MORROW • FAITH DOMERGUE • REX REASON with LANCE FULLER • RUSSELL JOHNSON

THESE ARE SOME OF THE THEATRES THAT WILL BE PLAYING **"THIS ISLAND EARTH"** STARTING JUNE 15TH

ALABAMA

ALABAMA CITY	RITZ
ALBERTVILLE	CAROL
ANNISTON	RITZ
ATHENS	HATFIELD DRIVE-IN
BIRMINGHAM	EMPIRE
CULLMAN	RITZ
DECATUR	PRINCESS
DOTHAN	MARTIN
ENTERPRISE	LEVY
FLORENCE	NORWOOD
GADSDEN	PRINCESS
GUNTERSVILLE	LAKE
HUNTSVILLE	GRAND
JASPER	JASPER
LANETT	LANETT
MOBILE	SAENGER
MONTGOMERY	EMPIRE
OPELIKA	MARTIN
RUSSELLVILLE	ROXY
SCOTTSBORO	RITZ
SELMA	WILBY
SYLACAUGA	MARTIN
TALLADEGA	RITZ
TUSCALOOSA	BAMA

ARIZONA

PHOENIX	ACRES DRIVE-IN
TUCSON	FOX
YUMA	MESA DRIVE-IN

ARKANSAS

EL DORADO	MAJESTIC
HARRISON	LYRIC
LITTLE ROCK	CENTER
MOUNTAIN HOME	BAXTER
OSCEOLA	MURR
SEARCY	RIALTO
SILOAM SPRINGS	SPOT
WARREN	PASTIME

CALIFORNIA

ANTIOCH	STAMM
BAKERSFIELD	CALIFORNIA
BURBANK	*PICKWICK DRIVE-IN*
CHICO	VECINO
COMPTON	COMPTON DRIVE-IN
EL CENTRO	CREST
EUREKA	STATE
FRESNO	WILSON
HANFORD	FOX
HOLLYWOOD	VOGUE
LONG BEACH,	TOWNE, STATE
LOS ANGELES	CENTURY DRIVE-IN, PICWOOD, WARNER'S DOWNTOWN, WILTERN
MODESTO	COVELL
MONROVIA	BIG SKY DRIVE-IN
PUENTE,	VINELAND DRIVE-IN
RIVERSIDE	DE ANZA
SALINAS	VOGUE
SAN DIEGO	SPRECKLES
SAN FRANCISCO	RKO GOLDEN GATE
SAN LUIS OBISPO	OBISPO
SAN PEDRO	DRIVE-IN
SANTA MARIA	SANTA MARIA
VAN NUYS	VAN NUYS DRIVE-IN
VENTURA	VENTURA
VISALIA	FOX
WHITTIER	DRIVE-IN

COLORADO

BOULDER	BOULDER
BRUSH	BRUSH DRIVE-IN
DENVER	PARAMOUNT
FORT COLLINS	AGGIE
FORT MORGAN	VALLEY DRIVE-IN
HOLLY	HOLLY
LA JUNTA	FOX
LONGMONT	FOX
TRINIDAD	FOX

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT	LOEW'S MAJESTIC
BURRVILLE	SKY VUE DRIVE-IN
DANBURY	DANBURY DRIVE-IN
HARTFORD	LOEW'S POLI
MERIDEN	CAPITOL
NEW HAVEN	ROGER SHERMAN
NEW LONDON	GARDE
NORWALK	NORWALK DRIVE-IN
NORWICH	LOEW'S POLI
SOUTH NORWALK	EMPRESS
TORRINGTON	PALACE
WATERBURY	PINE DRIVE-IN

FLORIDA

AUBURNDALE	AUBURN
BRADENTON	PALACE
CHIPLEY	VANCE
CLEARWATER	CAPITOL
DAYTONA BEACH	EMPIRE
DELAND	ATHENS
EUSTIS	STATE
FERNANDINA	DRIVE-IN, ILAN
FORT LAUDERDALE	GATEWAY
FORT MEYERS	LEE
GAINESVILLE	FLORIDA
GREEN COVE, SPRINGS	COVE
JACKSONVILLE	FIVE POINTS
KEY WEST	MONROE
LAKELAND	POLK
LEESBURG	PALACE
MARIANNA	RITZ
MIAMI	CARIB, MIAMI, MIRACLE
NAPLES	NAPLES
OCALA	MARION
ORLANDO	ASTOR
PENSACOLA	FLORIDA
PLANT CITY	CAPITOL
PORT SAINT JOE	PORT
QUINCY	LEAF
ST. AUGUSTINE	MATANZAS
ST. PETERSBURG,	PLAYHOUSE
SANFORD	RITZ
SARASOTA	FLORIDA
TALLAHASSEE	STATE
TAMPA	PARK
WEST PALM BEACH	CAREFREE CENTER

GEORGIA

AMERICUS	MARTIN
ATHENS	GEORGIA
ATLANTA	LOEW'S GRAND
AUGUSTA	IMPERIAL
BAINBRIDGE	MARTIN
BRUNSWICK	RITZ
COLQUITT	COLQUITT
COLUMBUS	*GEORGIA*
CORDELE	CRISP
CORNELIA	GRAND
DALTON	WINK
DUBLIN	MARTIN
FITZGERALD	GRAND
GAINESVILLE	ROYAL
GRIFFIN	IMPERIAL
JESUP	STRAND
MACON	GRAND
MARIETTA	STRAND
MILLEDGEVILLE	CAMPUS
PELHAM	PARK
QUITMAN	ILLEX
ROME	FIRST AVENUE
SAINT SIMONS	CASINO
SAVANNAH	WEIS
THOMASVILLE	ROSE
TIFTON	TIFT
TOCCOA	RITZ
VALDOSTA	*RITZ*
WEST POINT	RIVIERA
WAYCROSS	LYRIC

IDAHO

ALAMEDA	CREST
BLACKFOOT	ROXY
BOISE	PINNEY
CALDWELL	ROXY
MONTPELIER	MOTOR VU DRIVE-IN
MOSCOW	NUART
NAMPA	PIX
PAYETTE	CHARM
TWIN FALLS	IDAHO

ILLINOIS

AURORA	*TIVOLI*
BENTON	CAPITOL
CANTON	GARDEN
CHAMPAIGN	ORPHEUM
CHARLESTON	WILL ROGERS
CHICAGO	McVICKERS
CHRISMAN	EMPIRE
CHRISTOPHER	GLOBE
DANVILLE	PALACE
DECATUR	EMPRESS
EFFINGHAM	HEART
ELGIN	RIALTO
FAIRFIELD	STRAND
FREEPORT	PATIO
GALESBURG	WEST
GREENVILLE	BOND
HILLSBORO	ORPHEUM
JACKSONVILLE	*ILLINOIS*
JERSEYVILLE	JERSEY
JOLIET	MODE
KANKAKEE	PARAMOUNT
LAWRENCEVILLE	AVALON
LINCOLN	VOGUE
LITCHFIELD	CAPITOL
MACOMB	LAMOINE
MARION	ORPHEUM
MATTOON	MATTOON
McLEANSBORO	McLEAN
MOLINE	ILLINI
MOUNT CARMEL,	AMERICAN
MOUNT VERNON	STARLAND DRIVE-IN
OLNEY	ARCADIA
PEKIN	PEKIN
PEORIA	PALACE
ROBINSON	LINCOLN
ROCKFORD	TIMES
ROCK ISLAND	*FORT*
SHELBYVILLE	ROXY
SPRINGFIELD	ROXY
STREATOR	PLUMB
TAYLORVILLE	CAPITOL
TUSCOLA	STRAND
VILLA GROVE	GEM
WAUKEGAN	ACADEMY
WEST FRANKFORT	STRAND

INDIANA

ALEXANDRIA	TOWN
ANDERSON	PARAMOUNT
BEDFORD	VON RITZ
BLOOMINGTON	INDIANA
CONNERSVILLE	TIMES
CRAWFORDSVILLE	STRAND
DELPHI	*ROXY*
ELKHART	STATE
EVANSVILLE	LOEW'S MAJESTIC
FORT WAYNE	JEFFERSON
FRANKFORT	ROXY
GARRETT	GALA
GREENCASTLE,	VON CASTLE
HUNTINGTON	HUNTINGTON
INDIANAPOLIS	CIRCLE
KNOX	KNOX
KOKOMO	SIPE
LAFAYETTE	LAFAYETTE
LA PORTE	LA PORTE
LOGANSPORT	STATE
LOUISVILLE	RIALTO
MADISON	OHIO
MARION	*PARAMOUNT*
MICHIGAN CITY	LIBERTY
MUNCIE	RIVOLI
NEW CASTLE	CASTLE
PERU	ROXY
PRINCETON	PRINCETON
RICHMOND	TIVOLI
SOUTH BEND	PALACE
SYRACUSE	PICKWICK
TERRE HAUTE	GRAND
VINCENNES	PANTHEON

IOWA

AUDUBON	ROSE
BRITT	CHIEF
CARROLL	CARROLL
CEDAR RAPIDS	STATE
CHEROKEE	ARROW
CLARINDA	CLARINDA
COUNCIL BLUFFS	STRAND
DAVENPORT	*ESQUIRE*
DECORAH	GRAND
DENISON	IOWA
DES MOINES	PARAMOUNT
DUBUQUE	STATE
FOREST CITY	FOREST
FORT DODGE	DODGE
FORT MADISON	FOX
HARLAN	HARLAN
HOLSTEIN	STATE
IDA GROVE	KING
KEOKUK	IOWA
KNOXVILLE	MARION
LAKE MILLS	MILLS
LAKE VIEW	LAKE
MARSHALLTOWN	ODEON
MASON CITY	CECIL
MUSCATINE	*UPTOWN*
ONAWA	IOWA
POCAHONTAS	RIALTO
SHENANDOAH	STATE
SIOUX CITY	HOLLYWOOD
STORM LAKE	VISTA
SPENCER	SPENCER
VILLISCA	RIALTO
VINTON	PALACE
WATERLOO	STRAND

KANSAS

ABILENE	PLAZA
ATCHISON	ORPHEUM
ARKANSAS CITY	HOWARD
AUGUSTA	AUGUSTA DRIVE-IN
BELLEVILLE	*BLAIR*
BELOIT	MAINSTREET
BURLINGTON	PLAZA
CHANUTE	PEOPLES
COFFEYVILLE	TACKETT
COLBY	COLBY
CONCORDIA	STRAND
DODGE CITY	COOPER
EL DORADO	EL DORADO
ELLSWORTH	BELL
EMPORIA	STRAND
EUREKA	PRINCESS
FORT SCOTT	MO-KAN DRIVE-IN
GARDEN CITY	TOWN
GOODLAND	SHERMAN
GREAT BEND	PLAZA
HAYS	FOX
HOISINGTON	ROYAL
HUTCHINSON	MIDLAND
IOLA	*IOLA*
JOHNSON COUNTY	FAIRWAY
JUNCTION CITY	KAW
KANSAS CITY	GRANADA
KINGMAN	MEADE
KINSLEY	PALACE
LA CROSSE	PARAMOUNT
LAWRENCE	GRANADA
LEAVENWORTH	HOLLYWOOD
LIBERAL	TUCKER
LINDSBORG	PLAZA
LYONS	LYONS
MANHATTAN	WAREHAM
MARION	KAW
McPHERSON	MANOR
NEWTON	FOX
OTTAWA	PLAZA
PHILLIPSBURG	MAJESTIC
PITTSBURG	COLONIAL
PRATT	BARRON
RUSSELL	SKY-VUE DRIVE-IN
SAINT JOHN	PIX
SALINA	81 DRIVE-IN
STAFFORD	RITZ
STOCKTON	PARK DRIVE-IN
SYRACUSE	RANCHO 50 DRIVE-IN
WICHITA	CREST
WINFIELD	REGENT

KENTUCKY

ASHLAND	CAPITOL
BOWLING GREEN	CAPITOL
DANVILLE	KENTUCKY
FRANKLIN	*ROXY*
FULTON	FULTON
HOPKINSVILLE	ALHAMBRA
MADISONVILLE	CAPITOL
PADUCAH	KENTUCKY

LOUISIANA

ALEXANDRIA	PARAMOUNT
BATON ROUGE	PARAMOUNT
BUNKIE	FOX DRIVE-IN
HAMMOND	RITZ
HOUMA	PARK
JEANERETTE	STAR
LAFAYETTE	NONA
MONROE	JIM
NEW ORLEANS	JOY
SHREVEPORT	DON
VILLE PLATTE	LARK DRIVE-IN

MAINE

AUGUSTA	COLONIAL
BANGOR	BIJOU
BATH	UPTOWN
BRUNSWICK	CUMBERLAND
HOULTON	TEMPLE
LEWISTON	LEWISTON DRIVE-IN
LIVERMORE FALLS	DREAMLAND
NORWAY	NORWAY DRIVE-IN
PORTLAND	CIVIC
ROCKLAND	KNOX
RUMFORD	STRAND

MARYLAND

ANNAPOLIS	CAPITOL
BALTIMORE	KEITH'S
FREDERICK	OPERA HOUSE
HAVRE de GRACE	STATE

MASSACHUSETTS

FALL RIVER	ACADEMY
FITCHBURG	FITCHBURG
GREENFIELD	LAWLER
HAVERHILL	PARAMOUNT
LAWRENCE	BROADWAY
MILFORD	STATE
NEW BEDFORD	EMPIRE
ORANGE	PIONEER DRIVE-IN
PITTSFIELD	STATE
SPRINGFIELD	CAPITOL

MICHIGAN

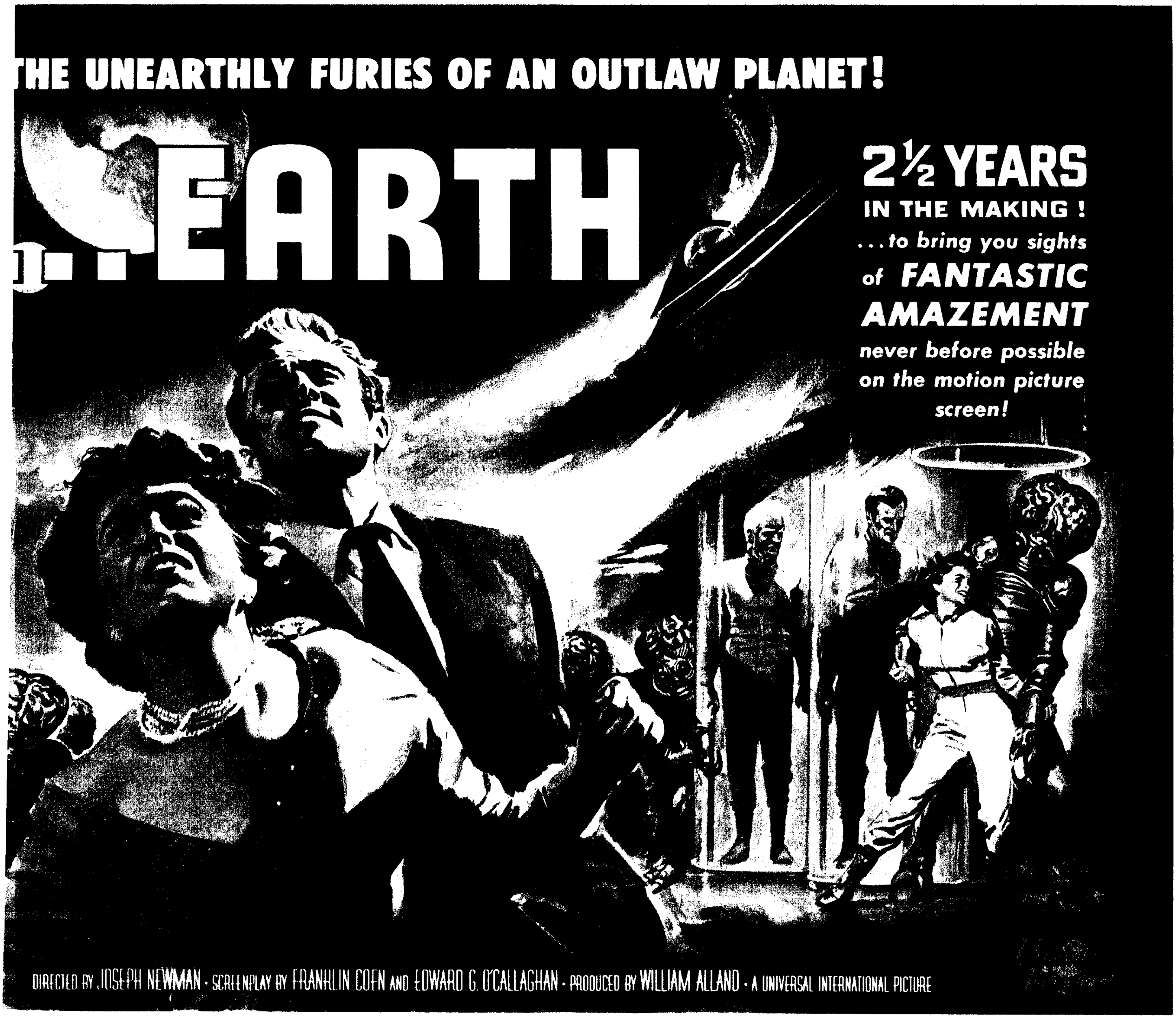
ADRIAN	CROSWELL
ALLEGAN	REGENT
ALPENA	LYRIC
ANN ARBOR	MICHIGAN
BATTLE CREEK	BIJOU
BAY CITY	WASHINGTON
BIG RAPIDS	BIG RAPIDS
BRONSON	BRONSON
CADILLAC	LYRIC
CARO	STRAND
CASS CITY	CASS
CHEBOYGAN	GOLD FRONT
DETROIT	PALMS
EAST TAWAS	FAMILY
ESCANABA	DELFT
FLINT	PALACE
FRANKFORT	GARDEN
GRAND HAVEN	GRAND
GREENVILLE	SILVER
HILLSDALE	*DAWN*
HOLLAND	PARK
IONIA	IONIA
JACKSON	CAPITOL
KALAMAZOO	CAPITOL
LANSING	GLADMER
LUDINGTON	LYRIC
MANISTEE	VOGUE
MANISTIQUE	U. S. #2 DRIVE-IN
MONROE	FAMILY
MUSKEGON	MICHIGAN
NILES	READY
OWOSSO	CAPITOL
PONTIAC	STRAND
PORT HURON	FAMILY
SAGINAW	FRANKLIN
SOUTH HAVEN	MODEL
THREE RIVERS	RIVIERA
TRAVERSE CITY	STATE
YPSILANTI	MARTHA WASHINGTON

MINNESOTA

DULUTH	GARRICK
FAIRMONT	NICHOLAS
HIBBING	STATE
MINNEAPOLIS	LYRIC
SAINT PAUL	RIVIERA
VIRGINIA	GRANADA

MISSISSIPPI

BILOXI	SAENGER
BOONEVILLE	*JERAN*
CLARKSDALE	TYSON
GREENVILLE	LAKE
GULFPORT	PARAMOUNT
HATTIESBURG	REBEL
JACKSON,	ROYAL, MUSIC HALL
MERIDIAN	ROYAL
VICKSBURG	JOY


HE UNEARTHLY FURIES OF AN OUTLAW PLANET!
EARTH
2½ YEARS
IN THE MAKING!
...to bring you sights
of FANTASTIC
AMAZEMENT
never before possible
on the motion picture
screen!
DIRECTED BY JOSEPH NEWMAN · SCREENPLAY BY FRANKLIN COEN AND EDWARD G. O'CALLAGHAN · PRODUCED BY WILLIAM ALLAND · A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

MISSOURI

ANDERSON	LYRIC
AURORA	PRINCESS
BETHANY	NOEL
BONNE TERRE	ODEON
BOONVILLE	LYRIC
BRANSON	OWEN
BROOKFIELD	DeCRAW
CAMERON	SILVER
CAPE GIRARDEAU	STAR-VUE DRIVE-IN
CARROLLTON	UPTOWN
CARTHAGE	66 DRIVE-IN
CLINTON	LEE
COLUMBIA	UPTOWN
CRYSTAL CITY	HI-WAY THEATRE
DE SOTO	COLLINS
DEXTER	FAMILY DRIVE-IN
EXCELSIOR SPRINGS	SILOAM
FAIRMOUNT	MAYWOOD
FARMINGTON	RITZ
FLAT RIVER	ROSELAND
FULTON	FULTON
GRANBY	LUX
HANNIBAL	TOM SAWYER
HARRISONVILLE	LEE
INDEPENDENCE	GRANADA
IRONTON	STATE
JEFFERSON CITY	STATE
JOPLIN	PARAMOUNT
KANSAS CITY	TOWER, UPTOWN
KENNETT	TOMMIES DRIVE-IN
KIRKSVILLE	PRINCESS
LEXINGTON	MAINSTREET
LIBERTY	PLAZA
MACON	MACON
MALDEN	LIBERTY
MARCELINE	UPTOWN
MARSHALL	AUDITORIUM
MARYVILLE	MISSOURI
MEXICO	LIBERTY
MOBERLY	GRAND
MONROE CITY	MONROE
NEVADA	NEMO
NOEL	OZARK
PLEASANT HILL	PEOPLES
RICHMOND	FARRIS
ROLLA	UPTOWN
SAINT JOSEPH	ELECTRIC
SAINT LOUIS	FOX
SEDALIA	FOX
SPRINGFIELD	FOX
TARKIO	TARKIO
TRENTON	PLAZA
WASHINGTON	CALVIN
WAYNESVILLE	FORT WOOD
WEBB CITY	CIVIC
WINDSOR	WINDSOR

MONTANA

BAKER	LAKE
BILLINGS	BABCOCK
BOZEMAN	RIALTO
BUTTE	RIALTO
GLENDIVE	SKYLARK DRIVE-IN
GREAT FALLS	CIVIC CENTER
HAVRE	HAVRE
LEWISTON	JUDITH
LIVINGSTON	STATE
MILES CITY	MONTANA

NEBRASKA

AINSWORTH	AINSWORTH
ALMA	PARROTT
AUBURN	STATE
BEATRICE	FOX
BRIDGEPORT	CENTRE DRIVE-IN
CRETE	ISIS
FAIRBURY	BONHAM
FALLS CITY	OIL CITY
FRANKLIN	ROSEBOWL
FULLERTON	NANCE
GENOA	GENOA
GRAND ISLAND	CAPITOL
HASTINGS	RIVOLI
HOLDREGE	TOWER DRIVE-IN
KEARNEY	WORLD
LINCOLN	LINCOLN
LOUP CITY	LIBERTY
MINDEN	MINDEN
NEBRASKA CITY	PIONEER
NELIGH	NEW MOON
NORTH PLATTE	FOX
OMAHA	OMAHA
OXFORD	GRANADA
PLAINVIEW	PLAINS
SAINT PAUL	RIVIERA
SCOTTSBLUFF	BLUFFS
SEWARD	RIVOLI
WAHOO	WAHOO
WEST POINT	RIVOLA

NEVADA

ELKO	MOTOR VU
LAS VEGAS	FREMONT

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BERLIN	STRAND
CONCORD	DRIVE-IN
DOVER	UPTOWN
LEBANON	OPERA HOUSE
MANCHESTER	STRAND
NASHUA	STATE
PORTSMOUTH	COLONIAL

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE	TERRACE DRIVE-IN
CLAYTON	BRONCO
FARMINGTON	ALLEN
LAS CRUCES	ROCKET DRIVE-IN
LORDSBURG	CORONADO
SANTA FE	SANTA FE
SILVER CITY	GILA
TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES	PALMS DRIVE-IN

NEW YORK

BATAVIA	MANCUSO
BINGHAMTON	CAPITOL
BUFFALO	BASIL'S LAFAYETTE
DUNKIRK	CAPITOL
EAST AURORA	AURORA
HAMBURG	PALACE
ITHACA	STRAND
JAMESTOWN	PALACE
NEW YORK	VICTORIA
NIAGARA FALLS	STRAND
ROCHESTER	PARAMOUNT
WESTFIELD	GRAND

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE	PLAZA
ALBEMARLE	STANLEY
BURLINGTON	STATE
CHAPEL HILL	VARSITY
CHARLOTTE	MANOR
CONCORD	CENTER
DUNN	DUNN
DURHAM	CAROLINA
FAYETTEVILLE	CAROLINA
GASTONIA	WEBB
GRAHAME	GRAHAME
GREENSBORO	CENTER
HICKORY	CAROLINA
HIGH POINT	PARAMOUNT
JACKSONVILLE	STATE
KANNAPOLIS	SWANEE
LAURINBURG	GIBSON
MONROE	CENTER
MOOREHEAD CITY	CITY
MOUNT AIRY	GRAND
NEWBERN	MASONIC
NEWTON	STATE
OXFORD	CAROLINA
RALEIGH	COLONY
ROCKY MOUNT	CAMEO
SALISBURY	CENTER
SHELBY	STATE
SPINDALE	CAROLINA
TARBORO	COLONIAL
WAYNESVILLE	STRAND
WILLIAMSTON	WATTS
WILSON	CENTER
WILMINGTON	MANOR

NORTH DAKOTA

FARGO	GRAND
GRAND FORKS	DAKOTA

OHIO

AKRON	PALACE
ALLIANCE	MORRISON
ASHTABULA	SHEA
BELLEVUE	STATE
CAMBRIDGE	STATE
CANTON	LOEW'S
CHILLICOTHE	MAJESTIC
CINCINNATI	RKO GRAND
CLEVELAND	RKO PALACE
COLUMBUS	LOEW'S BROAD
CONNEAUT	STATE
COSHOCTON	STAR
DAYTON	LOEW'S
DEFIANCE	VALENTINE
DOVER	BEXLEY
EAST LIVERPOOL	CERAMIC
ELYRIA	CAPITOL
FINDLAY	ROYAL
FOSTORIA	STARLIGHT DRIVE-IN
FREMONT	PARAMOUNT
GENEVA	SHEA'S
HAMILTON	RAMONA DRIVE-IN
LANCASTER	LYRIC
LIMA	QUILNA
LORRAINE	OHIO
MANSFIELD	MADISON
MARIETTA	STARLITE DRIVE-IN
MARION	NORTH DRIVE-IN
MASSILLON	LINCOLN
MIDDLETOWN	PARAMOUNT
NEWARK	AUDITORIUM
PORTSMOUTH	GARDEN
SALEM	STATE
SANDUSKY	STATE
SPRINGFIELD	STATE
STEUBENVILLE	PARAMOUNT
TOLEDO	RIVOLI
WARREN	DANIEL
YOUNGSTOWN	PARAMOUNT
ZANESVILLE	WELLER

OKLAHOMA

BROKEN ARROW	NUSHO
CLARENDON	MULKEY
DURANT	PLAZA
LAWTON	DOME
McALESTER	OKLA
MUSKOGEE	RITZ
OKLAHOMA CITY	WARNER
SAND SPRINGS	STAR
TAHLEQUAH	DREAM
TULSA	RITZ

OREGON

ALBANY	VENETIAN
ASTORIA	LIBERTY
BEND	CAPITOL
COQUILLE	ROXY
CORVALLIS	OREGON STATE
EUGENE	HEILIG
KELSO	KELSO
KLAMATH FALLS	PELICAN
LEBANON	KUHN
MEDFORD	CRATERIAN
NORTH BEND	PORT
ONTARIO	CENTRE
PENDLETON	UNITED ARTISTS
PORTLAND	LIBERTY
SALEM	CAPITOL
THE DALLES	CIVIC

PENNSYLVANIA

ALTOONA	STATE
BEAVER FALLS	GRANADA
BRADFORD	SHEA'S
BUTLER	PENN
CHARLEROI	PALACE
CLEARFIELD	SUPER 322 DRIVE-IN
ERIE	SHEA'S
FRANKLIN	KAYTON
GREENSBURG	MANOS
INDIANA	PALACE GARDEN DRIVE-IN
JOHNSTOWN	CAMBRIA
MEADVILLE	PARK
MONESSEN	MANOS
OIL CITY	LATONIA
PITTSBURGH	FULTON
SOMERSET	GOVERNOR
STATE COLLEGE	STATE
UNIONTOWN	STATE
WASHINGTON	BASLE

RHODE ISLAND

NEWPORT	PARAMOUNT

SOUTH CAROLINA

AIKEN	PATRICIA
ANDERSON	CAROLINA
CHARLESTON	GARDEN
CHERAW	CHERAW
CHESTER	POWELL
CLEMSON	YMCA
COLUMBIA	RITZ
EASLEY	COLONY
GREER	GREER
HARTSVILLE	BERRY
ROCK HILL	STEVENSON
SPARTANBURG	STATE
WAGNER	VICTORY
WARE SHOALS	YMCA

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN	ORPHEUM
HURON	STATE
MITCHELL	ROXY
RAPID CITY	STATE

TENNESSEE

BRISTOL	PARAMOUNT
CHATTANOOGA	ROGERS
CLARKSVILLE	CAPITOL
COLUMBIA	POLK
COOKEVILLE	PRINCESS
CROSSVILLE	PALACE
DAYTON	DAYTON
ELIZABETHTON	BONNIE KATE
FAYETTEVILLE	LINCOLN
FRANKLIN	FRANKLIN
HARRIMAN	PRINCESS
JACKSON	PARAMOUNT
JOHNSON CITY	SEVIER
KNOXVILLE	RIVIERA
LaFOLLETTE	CHEROKEE
LAWRENCEBURG	DAVID CROCKETT
LEBANON	CAPITOL
LEWISBURG	DIXIE
MARYVILLE	CAPITOL
McMINNVILLE	PARK
MURFREESBORO	PRINCESS
NASHVILLE	LOEW'S VENDOME
SHELBYVILLE	PRINCESS
SOUTH PITTSBURG	PRINCESS
SPARTA	OLDHAM
SPRINGFIELD	CAPITOL
TULLAHOMA	MARSHALL
WINCHESTER	OLDHAM
WYNNBURG	LAKE COUNTY DRIVE-IN

TEXAS

ABILENE	PARAMOUNT
ALICE	RIALTO
ALPINE	TWIN PEAKS DRIVE-IN
ALVIN	ALVIN DRIVE-IN
AMARILLO	STATE
ANGLETON	ANGLETON
ARANSAS PASS	RIALTO
ATHENS	TEXAN
AUSTIN	STATE
BALLINGER	TEXAS
BAY CITY	STATE
BAYTOWN	BRONSON
BEAUMONT	LIBERTY
BEEVILLE	RIALTO
BONHAM	AMERICAN
BRADY	TEXAS
BROWNFIELD	RIALTO
BROWNSVILLE	MAJESTIC
BROWNWOOD	BOWIE
CHILDRESS	PALACE
COLEMAN	RANCHO
COLLEGE STATION	CAMPUS
CONROE	CREIGHTON
CORSICANA	PALACE
DALHART	EL RANCHO
DALLAS	MAJESTIC
DENISON	RIALTO
EAGLE PASS	EAGLE DRIVE-IN
EDINBURG	CITRUS
EDNA	EDNA
EL CAMPO	NORMANA
ELECTRA	GRAND
EL PASO	ELLANAY
FORT WORTH	HOLLYWOOD
FREEPORT	SHOWBOAT
GALVESTON	MARTINI
GLADEWATER	GLADE
GREENVILLE	TEXAN
HAMLIN	FERGUSON
HARLINGEN	ARCADIA
HEBRONVILLE	RANCHO
HENDERSON	PALACE
HOUSTON	LOEW'S STATE
HUNTSVILLE	LIFE
JACKSONVILLE	PALACE
JASPER	TEXAS
KENEDY	RIALTO
KERMIT	YELLOW JACKET DRIVE-IN
KERRVILLE	ARCADIA
KILGORE	CRIM
KINGSVILLE	TEXAS
LA PORTE	PORT
LITTLEFIELD	PALACE
LONGVIEW	ARLYNE
LUBBOCK	CLIFTON
LUFKIN	PINES
MARSHALL	PARAMOUNT
McALLEN	PALACE
NEW BRAUNFELS	BRAUNTEX
ODESSA	ECTOR
ORANGE	STRAND
PALACIOS	HOLLYWOOD
PARIS	GRAND
PORT ARTHUR	SABINE
PORT NECHES	NECHES
ROCKPORT	SURF
ROSENBERG	COLE
SAN ANTONIO	AZTEC
SAN BENITO	RIVOLI
SAN MARCOS	TEXAS
SEGUIN	PALACE
SHERMAN	TEXAS
SINTON	RIALTO
SNYDER	RITZ
SWEENY	SWEENY
TEMPLE	ARCADIA
TEXARKANA	LEO
THREE RIVERS	RIALTO
TYLER	TYLER
VERNON	PLAZA
VICTORIA	UPTOWN
WACO	ORPHEUM
WEATHERFORD	PALACE
WEST COLUMBIA	CAPITOL
WHARTON	RIO
WICHITA FALLS	STRAND
YOAKUM	GRAND

UTAH

BRIGHAM CITY	ROXY
EPHRAIM	TOWN
LOGAN	ROXY
OGDEN	EGYPTIAN
PAYSON	HUISH
PRICE	CROWN
PROVO	UINTA
ROY	ROY
SALT LAKE CITY	GEM, HYLAND DRIVE-IN
TOOELE	STRAND
VERNAL	MAIN

VERMONT

BARRE	MAGNET
RUTLAND	GRAND

VIRGINIA

DANVILLE	NORTH
HARRISONBURG	STATE
LYNCHBURG	PARAMOUNT
MARTINSVILLE	RIVES
NEWPORT NEWS	PARAMOUNT
NORFOLK	LOEW'S STATE
RICHMOND	LOEW'S
ROANOKE	AMERICAN
STAUNTON	STAUNTON DRIVE-IN, VISULITE
WAYNESBORO	WAYNE
WINCHESTER	PALACE

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN	ABERDEEN
BREMERTON	ROXY
EVERETT	ROXY
MOUNT VERNON	LINCOLN
OLYMPIA	OLYMPIC
PORT ANGELES	LINCOLN
SEATTLE	ORPHEUM
SPOKANE	GRANADA
TACOMA	ROXY
VANCOUVER	BROADWAY
YAKIMA	LIBERTY

WEST VIRGINIA

BECKLEY	BECKLEY
CLARKSBURG	RITZ
HUNTINGTON	PALACE
LOGAN	LOGAN
MARTINSBURG	CENTRAL
PARKERSBURG	PARKER
WHEELING	CAPITOL

WISCONSIN

ANTIGO	PALACE
BELOIT	SHAWANO ELLIS
DELAVAN	LAKE OUTDOOR DRIVE-IN
FOND DU LAC	FOND DU LAC
JANESVILLE	MYERS
JEFFERSON	HIGHWAY 18 DRIVE-IN
LAKE DELTON	DELTON OUTDOOR
MADISON	STRAND
MANITOWOC	MIKADOW
MARSHFIELD	NEW ADLER
MERRILL	COSMO
MILWAUKEE	TOWNE
OSHKOSH	RAULS
RHINELANDER	MAJESTIC
SHAWANO	SHAWANO
STEVENS POINT	LYRIC
WAUKESHA	PIX
WEST BEND	WEST BEND

WYOMING

CASPER	REX
CODY	PARK DRIVE-IN
EVANSTON	MOTOR VU DRIVE-IN
LANDER	DIANE DRIVE-IN
LARAMIE	WYO
LOVELL	HYART
RIVERTON	GEM
ROCK SPRINGS	WEST
TORRINGTON	WEST DRIVE-IN

From light to dark—
and *any* shade
in between!

Toast
the way *you* want it

... with G.E.'s truly automatic toaster!

New low price
$19.95*

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.

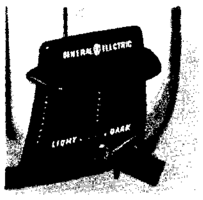
This is the toaster with the simplest, most dependable automatic toasting mechanism ever developed! It gives you toast to your taste every time.

6-position control is one of the new, easy-to-use features of this toaster. Just set it for light . . . medium . . . dark . . . or any in-between shade. Then, count on piece after piece being *exactly* alike.

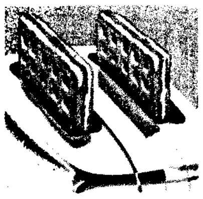
Another pleasing feature of the General Electric toaster is the *extra-high toast lift.* It brings small pieces of toast, muffins and even frozen waffles well up out of the toaster. No more digging for toast—no more burned fingers.

You'll find in this toaster an *extra-large snap-out, snap-in crumb tray* that is completely cleanable in seconds. Just wipe it off with a damp cloth or wash it along with the dishes.

See the G-E Toaster at your dealer's now! Also available with ivory color base . . . $21.95.* General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



6-position control!

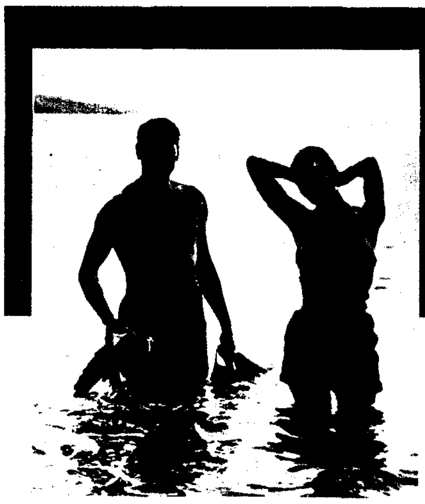


Extra-high toast lift!

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

COLLIER'S CREDITS..



Photographer Conant and Miss Kelly with the sea around them

Seeing as how he's the only friend we have who has carried a lovely movie star across a rock-strewn West Indian beach to protect her tender feet, we hastened to interview photographer Howell Conant upon his return from Jamaica with the star in question—Grace Kelly.

He was forthright. "She's a darned intelligent woman who wants to be a serious actress, but beyond that she's simply a normal girl."

Conant is one of those confirmed skin-divers. He says nothing else really matters and his friends believe they once saw him sitting in a New York motion-picture theater wearing flippers. About the West Indies he makes remarks like this, for example:

"I took all my diving equipment along because, well, I thought, it's nice to be going to Jamaica with Grace Kelly but the spearfishing ought to be pretty good, too."

That's our blasé Howell, happily married father of three! Well, fortunately Miss Kelly took to skin-diving and therefore Mr. Conant was kind enough to make the attractive pictures farther along in this issue.

★ ★ ★

After being graduated from Chicago's Oak Park High School in 1927," Hannibal Coons (Love on a Visa, page 68) writes from his California home, "I spent several confused but pleasant years ringing people's doorbells and selling them sewing machines, violin lessons, magazines, silverware, photographs, all sorts of things. I think of this as my porch period.

"In the meantime, my older brother, who turned out detective stories under the name of Armitage Trail, had written Scarface, the book from which the movie was made, and had suddenly landed in Hollywood at a princely stipend.

"I was encouraged to trade in my samples for a typewriter. I intended to be rich in a matter of minutes. Instead I spent many instructive years writing everything from greeting-card sonnets to night-club acts, mostly for no money whatever. Finally I began selling pieces to our better magazines and here I am, rich and famous, just like Mr. Alger said. Pluck and luck, that's what it takes."

May we add, Mr. Coons also happens to know how to write.

★ ★ ★

I'm not a disillusioned member of some class of 1930, if that's what you're thinking," Charles E. Martin replied when we asked him where he'd gotten the notion for the cartoon on page 58. "I didn't go to the kind of college where they have reunions.

"But a friend of mine had his 25th at an Ivy League college last year. He bought a Jaguar, practically going broke in the process, because he wanted to drive to the reunion in it and make his old classmates feel like bums. Somehow this chap's irreverent behavior evoked the cartoon idea."

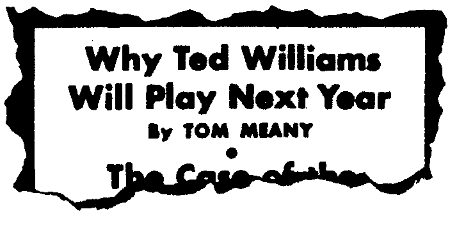
The schools Martin attended that don't have reunions are Boston School of Practical Arts and Massachusetts School of Art. During the thirties he painted for love, and for money took such jobs as designing tombstones and kerchiefs or drawing portraits in night clubs. In 1940 he happened to try his hand at political cartoons for the newly founded newspaper PM, was good at it, and eventually became a most successful magazine cartoonist. His greatest triumph, Martin thinks, was a wartime French comic strip which the OWI dropped into occupied France. He struggled along with it in the dark, so to speak, until finally Adolf Hitler banned it. Martin recalls what happened:

"Just like a four-star review. It became a big hit overnight."

★ ★ ★

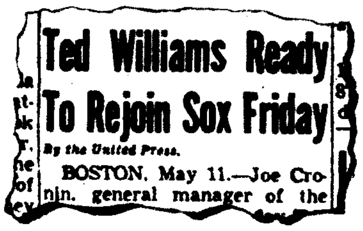
Thanks to Milton Gross and his story, we know the difference between hit-and-run and run-and-hit. He's the one to tell us, too, for he's been writing sports for the New York Post for the last 20 years, and since 1950 has conducted the provocative column, Speaking Out. —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Tom Meany Scores Again!



Why Ted Williams Will Play Next Year
By TOM MEANY
•
The Case of the

Collier's, October 15, 1954



Ted Williams Ready To Rejoin Sox Friday
By the United Press.
BOSTON, May 11.—Joe Cronin, general manager of the

United Press, May 11, 1955

This road earns $368,000 per mile per year

Roads earning money? Absolutely—because to drive on them you pay a "user's fee" in the form of license fees, tolls, gas and other taxes. The more vehicles a road carries the more it earns. If it has the durability to serve a long time and can be built and maintained at low cost per year it earns a profit, as does any sound capital investment.

The road illustrated above is the Hollywood Freeway in Los Angeles. Here's how the earnings of this road can be computed:

The number of vehicles traveling this road per day	120,000
Times the average vehicle tax per mile in Calif.	$ .0084
Equals this road's earnings per day per mile	$ 1,008
Times the number of days in a year	365
Equals the annual earnings of this road per mile	$367,920
Minus the annual cost per mile to build and maintain such a road during its expected lifetime	$181,000
Equals the annual net profit this road earns per mile	$186,920

Concrete highways are the biggest money-makers. They attract the most traffic, have the longest life and lowest annual cost. They usually earn more than they cost to build and maintain. This leaves a profit that helps pay for building additional highways.

Contrast this record with that of less durable pavements. They gobble up more and more of available highway funds just for maintenance, leaving less and less for building new road mileage.

With concrete you get more than money-making highways. You get safe highways too. You *know* you can see better on concrete at night because of its light color. You *know* you can stop faster, ***especially in the rain***, because of its gritty texture, which grips tires—and holds!

They're your highways. Insist on concrete on main roads for safest driving and highest return on your investment. For more information send for a free booklet. It's distributed only in the U.S. and Canada.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Department A6d-92, 33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

This road* earns $85,000

Average daily traffic (40,000) × average Conn. vehicle tax ($.0058) = $232.00, daily earnings per mile. That × 365 days = $84,680, annual earnings per mile. Subtracting $10,000, the annual cost to build and maintain the road for life = $74,680, net profit per mile per year.

**U.S. 5 south of Hartford, Conn.*

This road* earns $38,000

Average daily traffic (14,800) × average Tenn. vehicle tax ($.007) = $103.60, daily earnings per mile. That × 365 days = $37,814, annual earnings per mile. Subtracting $10,000, the annual cost per mile to build and maintain such a road for life = $27,814, the net profit per mile per year.

**U.S. 41 near Nashville, Tenn.*

This road* earns $75,000

Average daily traffic (28,000) × average Ill. vehicle tax ($.0073) = $204.40, daily earnings per mile. That × 365 days = $74,606, annual earnings per mile. Subtracting $15,000, the annual cost per mile to build and maintain such a road for life = $59,606, the net profit per mile per year.

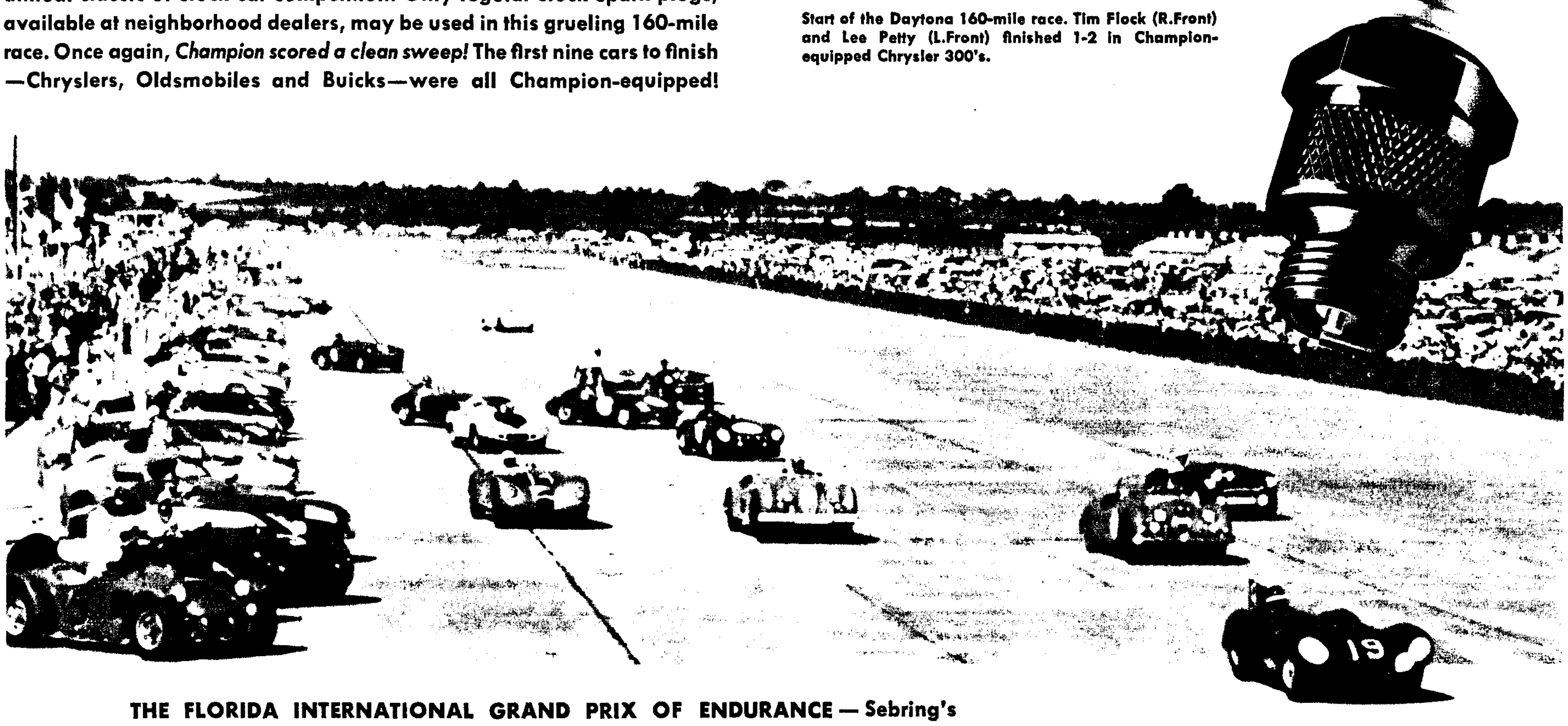
**Edens Expressway, north of Chicago*

To the millions of motorists who insist on 5-RIB CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS for best engine performance

HERE'S MORE PROOF OF YOUR GOOD JUDGMENT!

THE NASCAR DAYTONA BEACH GRAND NATIONAL race is an annual classic of stock car competition. Only regular stock spark plugs, available at neighborhood dealers, may be used in this grueling 160-mile race. Once again, *Champion scored a clean sweep!* The first nine cars to finish —Chryslers, Oldsmobiles and Buicks—were all Champion-equipped!

Start of the Daytona 160-mile race. Tim Flock (R.Front) and Lee Petty (L.Front) finished 1-2 in Champion-equipped Chrysler 300's.



THE FLORIDA INTERNATIONAL GRAND PRIX OF ENDURANCE—Sebring's annual AAA-sanctioned, 12-hour race for sports cars—is another great test of spark plug performance. This year, Phil Walters and England's Mike Hawthorn in a Champion-equipped Type D Jaguar took the checkered flag for over-all winner only 25 seconds ahead of a Ferrari driven by Phil Hill and Carroll Shelby. This Ferrari, also running on Champions, was the grand winner on Index of Performance.

The winning Jaguar (19), owned by Briggs Cunningham and fitted with Champions, roars into an early lead from the LeMans type start.

Better by far for every car, regardless of make or year!

5-RIB
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

"MR. ATTACK" Goes to Washington

By PETER KALISCHER

* * *

Tough, articulate Maxwell (Mr. Attack) Taylor is a storybook general who slipped into German-held Rome during the war, jumped with his paratroops into Normandy, won the Purple Heart in Holland, stopped the Reds in Korea —and has now been named the Army's youngest Chief of Staff since MacArthur

Tokyo

TWO U.S. Army officers and a news correspondent were talking shop not long ago. They were dreaming up a composite Army Chief of Staff, a general who had every qualification in the book. "He should be a paratrooper with a sensational combat record, like Ridgway—maybe with a battle wound," said one officer. "He ought to be a brain like Gruenther," said the other, "and a terrific organizer like Eisenhower." Said the first: "Don't forget, he's got to be young, like MacArthur when he made general. Perhaps he might have some dangerous diplomatic mission on his record, like Clark . . ."

"Okay, knock it off," said the correspondent. "I know you're talking about Max Taylor."

At fifty-three, Maxwell Davenport Taylor is still the youngest full general in the U.S. Army (he got his fourth star two years ago in Korea) and the youngest man to be named Chief of Staff since Douglas MacArthur, who was fifty. Until recently commander in chief of the United Nations forces and the U.S. Far East Command, Taylor has a 33-year service record packed with so many climaxes that no scenario writer would dare put them in one movie.

As a brigadier general Taylor slipped into German-occupied Rome in 1943 to confer with Marshal Badoglio on the eve of the American invasion of Italy. As commander of the 101st (Screaming Eagle) Airborne Division he jumped into Normandy before dawn on D day and was the first American general in World War II to fight in France. He jeeped through enemy lines at night to rejoin his division when it was surrounded at Bastogne. He got the Purple Heart in Holland. He accepted the surrender of German Marshal Kesselring in Bavaria. As Eighth Army commander he contained and hurled back the last savage Communist offensive in Korea.

Paint in, against that background, a 172-pound six-footer, classically handsome—blue eyes and dark hair shot with gray—and you have "Mr. Attack," the name Taylor earned 10 years ago in Europe. But there is also Taylor the linguist, who speaks French, German, Italian, Spanish, Japanese and Korean; Taylor the scholar, who has spent more years in schools than he has leading troops; Taylor the physical-fitness bug: squash, tennis or handball four times a week, winter and summer.

This is the man who could say with pride on receiving a letter from his twenty-year-old son, a plebe at West Point: "Well, Tom did something I didn't at the Academy—he made the choir."

Nevertheless, Taylor remains the least-known important general in the Army. He has been only fleetingly in the public eye; a combination of circumstances and his own undramatic personality made the public look elsewhere. He is outwardly too cold, his mouth too thin, his hair parted too close to the center to be a real "Hollywood" general. But most important, he has a sense of humor that is absolutely fatal to a heroic pose.

"The trouble with Max Taylor," said a general who knows him well, "is that he hasn't any redeeming faults. Soldiers don't cotton to him right away. You have to know him and then you love the guy. He's a paratrooper, he's proud of paratroopers—but it never shows."

On General Matthew B. Ridgway, also a paratrooper, it showed. When Ridgway, through sheer force of personality, rallied the Eighth Army in Korea during the dark winter of 1950-'51, he trav-

INTERNATIONAL

General Maxwell Davenport Taylor

Ike said of him: "The risks he ran were greater than I asked an

With Marshal Badoglio after Italy surrendered in 1943. Before surrender Taylor conferred with Badoglio in Rome

Preparing for D day, Taylor met Prime Minister Churchill and Gen. Eisenhower. Later he chuted into Normandy to become the first U.S. general to fight in France in World War II

eled all over the front wearing a jump harness and grenade over his green fatigues—and they became his trade-mark. Taylor, in the same job, merely wore a small parachute emblem on his chest, and his division patch.

"When I commanded the 101st Airborne Division," Taylor confided, "I used to ask the men how they liked jumping out of planes. I usually got some pretty swaggering answers—it was a great thrill, or it was the only way to get into a fight. One time I asked a tall, good-looking paratrooper how he liked it. 'I don't,' he said. This floored me—all paratroopers are volunteers. I asked him what he was doing in the division. 'I don't like jumping out of planes,' he said, 'but I like to be around people who like jumping out of planes.' I shook that man's hand. Those were my sentiments exactly."

Taylor became a paratrooper, as he put it, "entirely by accident." In late 1942 he was chief of staff under Major General Ridgway in the 82d Infantry Division at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, when word came that the 82d was to form the nucleus for two airborne divisions. Taylor, forty-one years old and a colonel, had undergone the most extensive academic career the Army had to offer. He had graduated from high school at fifteen and from West Point as an engineer officer at twenty—fourth in the class of 1922. Tagged as a whiz kid, he had been through Engineer School, Field Artillery School, Command and General Staff School and War College; he had been a French language student for six months in Paris and a Japanese language student for two years in Tokyo (with a side trip as assistant military attaché to Vinegar Joe Stilwell in Peiping). He had taught French and Spanish at West Point. Crammed to the ears with learning, he asked a sergeant at Fort Benning whether the jump training course was really necessary. "Hell, no," said the sergeant. "You just step out of the plane and hope your chute opens."

Taylor helped convert the 82d into an airborne outfit and fought as its artillery commander in Sicily. On the eve of the invasion of Italy he volunteered for one of the riskiest secret missions of the war.

Mussolini had fled and the Italian government under Marshal Pietro Badoglio had secretly surrendered through an emissary to Eisenhower's headquarters. But the emissary wanted some American insurance against German wrath when the news was announced. It was planned to drop the 82d Airborne on Rome almost simultaneously with the surrender announcement. Before a whole division was risked, however, someone had to scout the situation firsthand.

In Disguise on a Mission to Rome

On September 7, 1943, Taylor and the late Air Force Colonel William Tudor Gardiner, a former governor of Maine, transferred from a British PT boat to an Italian corvette off Sicily and put in at the Italian port of Gaeta. Wearing rumpled uniforms to appear like captured U.S. airmen, they were bundled into an ambulance with frosted-glass windows and driven to Rome, arriving after dark. All that night they conferred with Italian officers.

The Italians' leisurely attitude nearly drove Taylor frantic. They didn't know that the discussed paratroop drop and the landings were only 36 hours away—and, for fear of a leak to the Germans, Taylor couldn't tell them.

Surprisingly, Badoglio was against the airborne operation. The parachuted Americans, he argued, would be slaughtered. Reluctantly—he was born in Keytesville, Missouri, and has to be shown—Taylor became convinced the drop would be suicidal. On the secret radio he advised Eisenhower's headquarters to cancel the operation. Taylor's recommendation undoubtedly saved the 82d Airborne from annihilation. The following afternoon he and Gardiner were driven by ambulance to an outlying airfield (halting once to let a column of German troops march by), and in a few hours were in Tunis—in time to hear the Italian surrender broadcast to the world. "Calling off the drop was the toughest decision I ever had to make," says Taylor. "We wanted to show what airborne troops could do. The capture of Rome from the air would have been one for the books."

Taylor's feat was one for the books—particularly General Eisenhower's. In Crusade in Europe, Ike wrote of Taylor: "The risks he ran were greater than I asked any other agent or emissary to undertake during the war—he carried weighty responsibilities and discharged them with unerring judgment, and every minute was in imminent danger of discovery and death."

Taylor assumed command of the 101st Airborne Division, twin to the 82d, three months before D day. Both divisions were to jump into Normandy before the amphibious assault in order to secure approaches for the landings. Everything was planned to a T—and nothing went according to plan. Taylor's tape-recorded account of the D day jump, as told extemporaneously to West Point upperclassmen, is one of the most revealing of the war:

ther again [illegible] spoke during the war"

Taylor poses with unidentified paratrooper before taking off for 1944 Netherlands jump

British Distinguished Service Order is presented by General Montgomery (l.) for gallantry in action

German Field Marshal Kesselring after his surrender to Taylor in 1945, at war's end

"The planes were very low, coming down to about 500 feet just as we crossed the last English soil and crossed the Channel. . . . As we got near the coast, looking ahead, it looked like a gray wall of some sort—fog. It broke up the tightness of the formation because the flank pilots had the fear, which you and I would have if we were flying, of running into the interior planes . . .

"And then almost as suddenly as the fog had formed, when we got to the Merderet River it was gone, just as we came out into the great stage of history, the most dramatic sight I have ever seen. The entire area was illuminated by flak, by fire of all sorts—somebody seemed to be shooting right at us. Someplace in there we got the red light—four minutes to jump time. I saw the gray line flash by. I saw the Douve River, the Merderet, the landmarks which we had studied so carefully on the maps that you couldn't mistake them. Then I remember a burning plane somewhere down below. Our plane slowed down to jumping speed of 100 miles, the green jump light flashed, and out we went.

"Well, I don't like to call it a personal scare but I get a laugh at my own self in remembering the sensation. The plane rolls on, you see, and there you are hung up in the air, except on all sides you see the firing going on. Sometimes parachuters hit all together and sometimes, due to inexplicable air currents, they are scattered very badly. I saw a hedge line of trees I just wanted to get over and did everything I could to get the chute across into the field I wanted to hit. When you are in the last seconds of landing you don't think very much of anything except to hope that everything is going to be all right.

"Then after sitting on the ground and looking around expecting to find—well, you see, the 506th Parachute Infantry, Colonel Sink and all my friends were supposed to be in this area. Generals plan to land just as comfortably as possible. So when I saw a little movement about the field, I said to myself, 'That's the good old 506th.' I came down with a bang and looked and here was a complete circle of spectators—Norman cows, standing around with that stupid, interested look that a cow has.

"That would have been bucolic enough, peaceful and reassuring, except that just as I was coming down I heard this Kraut firing . . . As I struggled to get out of my chute I just knew that fellow was coming right after me. We didn't have the quick-release parachute then, we had the buckles, and once they got wet in the tall grass—well, I finally cut my way out with my jackknife after ten minutes, got my pistol in my hand and started prowling around the hedgerow. Not a soldier in sight!

"Bear in mind I jumped with thirteen men just a few minutes before and not a sign of life—just people shooting guns in a casual way, off side. The moonlight was very strong that night so I headed for the shadow of the hedgerow. We had a little cricket, a little noisemaker which we were supposed to identify ourselves with to our friends. I had this cricket in one hand, gun in the other when I realized I was walking through a new entrenchment and visualized running into a German garrison. Finally, after twenty minutes of prowling around playing cops and robbers with myself, I heard a sound on the other side of the hedge—was it German or was it American?

"Well, I was just about to give my cricket a cricket when I heard this crick-crick sound. I jumped over and fell on this soldier—one of the finest, most beautiful American soldiers I have ever seen . . . a fine private soldier with his bayonet fixed . . .

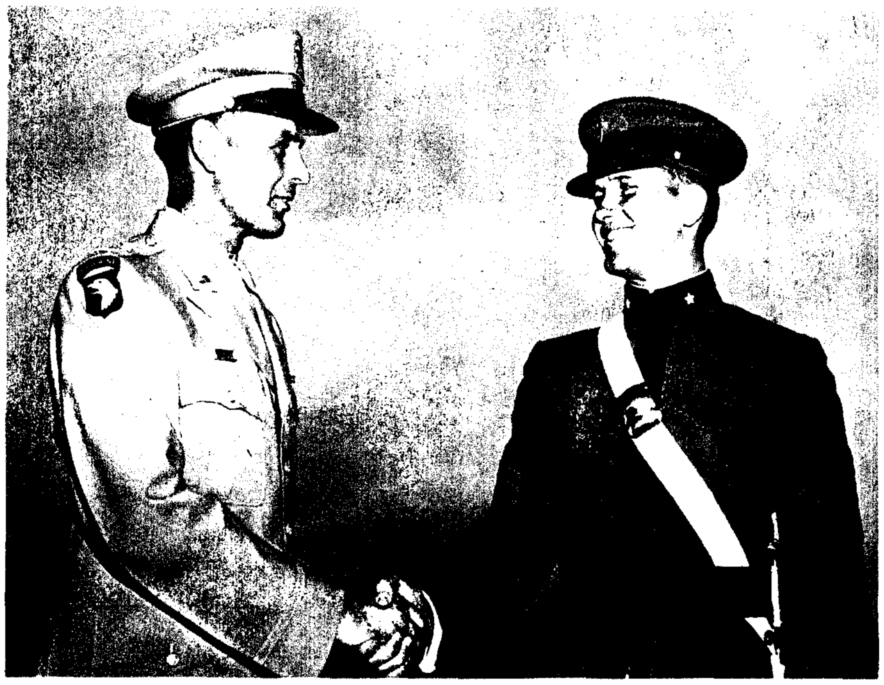
"After picking up my one soldier we started patrolling the field. In an hour we had assembled sixty or seventy men of all types and descriptions. We had everything except the men we really needed—men who could fight with a rifle . . . We had all the telephone operators, the radio people, cooks, K.P.s—and rank. We had rank in excess. Not only the division commander, but General McAuliffe, the artillery commander; Colonel Higgins, the chief of staff, was present; Colonel Sherburne—we had the best rank, but we had nobody to go out and chase Germans."

Adapting a Line from Sir Winston

This curious group, nevertheless, captured Pouppeville—its first objective—after a brisk fight, and cleared the causeway from Utah Beach in time for the 4th Division to roll off unopposed. Said Taylor afterward: "Never have so few been led by so many."

Three months later Taylor jumped with his division on their second D day—a combined British-American drop on Holland, and the biggest airborne operation in history. The 101st took Eindhoven, the first major Dutch city to be liberated, in 24 hours, and battled so magnificently until relieved in November that a British corps commander told the men: "I have commanded four corps in my career, but the 101st is the fightingest outfit I ever had under my command." During the Holland fight Taylor was wounded and collected a Purple

His peace plan: "Tell our children the truth about Communism.



West Point cadets held review when Taylor became superintendent in 1945. Here he greets Cadet First Captain Amos Jordan after review

Named successor to General Van Fleet as UN commander in Korea in January, 1953, Taylor confers with President before departure

Heart to add to the Silver Star he got for his Rome mission, and the Distinguished Service Cross for Normandy.

Along with the wound which earned him the Purple Heart, Taylor learned a lesson—the lesson of the dead horse. On that occasion his division was on one side of the Neder Rijn River and the Germans on the other, and a church steeple gave the only observation. Taylor and his superior, General Ridgway, climbed into the steeple.

"The steeple was a mortar observation post, manned by a sergeant and a telephone operator," Taylor relates. "Ridgway pointed to a clump of woods on the German side and asked the sergeant to put a few mortar rounds in it. The sergeant cranked up the phone and said, 'Hey, Joe, you know that dead horse? Well, fire a couple 200 up and about 50 to the left of the horse.'

"This wasn't orthodox, but the first round was right on target. Still, I felt Ridgway wasn't pleased about the sergeant ignoring the manual. The next time I visited the steeple I told the sergeant he'd embarrassed me in front of the corps commander and now I wanted those mortar shells in the same place according to the book. Well, it took him 15 minutes phoning it in by co-ordinates, and the mortars sprayed the whole countryside and stirred up all the Germans for miles. They began returning fire; but the steeple was safe, it had walls four feet thick. I told the sergeant to do better the next time I came back—and I *would* be back. I got down from the steeple and out of the church just as a German shell exploded in the courtyard. A fragment hit me and as I limped over to my jeep I heard that sergeant yell, 'Hey, the Old Man just caught it in the tail!' Right there I decided there was nothing wrong with the dead-horse system."

When the 101st went into a rest area in France, Taylor was ordered to the United States to inspect the new troop-carrying C-119 Flying Boxcar, just coming off the assembly line. There was newspaper talk of a new German offensive shaping up, but Taylor, fresh from the front, was sure there was nothing to it. "I assured everybody," he said, "that the Germans were licked—I *knew* they didn't have any fight left." But the Battle of the Bulge was on.

By chance, Taylor walked into the Pentagon four days before Christmas—and saw his division on the war map completely ringed by the enemy at Bastogne. He promptly started back.

At SHAEF headquarters in Europe, General Bedell Smith refused him permission to parachute into Bastogne. With a driver and his aide, Taylor jeeped to Luxembourg and then to the front—and then, unwilling to wait, drove three miles through enemy territory to his encircled division, unescorted and drawing intermittent fire all the way. When Taylor got to division headquarters he found his assistant division commander, Brigadier General Anthony McAuliffe, and the staff calmly sipping predinner cognac. "They had no idea, until I told them, that they were the biggest story in the world," Taylor said.

There were 22 days more of bitter fighting, but McAuliffe's defiant "Nuts" to the German surrender demand (Taylor called it "the greatest monosyllable of the war") was now legend; so far as the public was concerned the 101st, first entire Army division to receive a Distinguished Unit Citation, had already won its fight and achieved its glory.

In Douglas MacArthur's Footsteps

Taylor ended the war in command of his Screaming Eagles, whose patch he still wears. At forty-four he was appointed superintendent of West Point, the second youngest in the Academy's history. His three-year administration there has been compared to that of the youngest, thirty-nine-year-old Douglas MacArthur. Both men came to the Academy fresh from the biggest war America had yet fought. Both stressed physical fitness.

Each left an imprint of his personality in the Academy gymnasium. On the walls are MacArthur's Homeric words: "Upon the fields of friendly strife, are sown the seeds that, upon other fields, on other days, will bear the fruits of victory." On the dressing-room scale is Taylor's blunt advice: "This scale is to remind the officers of West Point that a potbelly cannot lead the Corps of Cadets." (In Korea he pointedly kept a scale just outside the room in which he and his staff officers ate.)

Taylor also placed new emphasis on the West Point debating system to improve the cadets' command of English ("The day of the inarticulate soldier is past"), but his distinctive contribution was reorienting the attitude of future commanders toward their men. He went back to the American Revolution to draw the parallel he wanted. "Remember the words which Von Steuben wrote to Europe," he told graduating cadets. "*'The genius of this nation is not in the least to be compared with that of the Prussians, Austrians or French. You say to your soldier, "Do this, and he doeth it." But I am obliged to say, "This is the reason why you ought to do that" and then he does it.'* "

Taylor accepts as a fact—and a challenge—that the average American has little enthusiasm for Army life, that he resents discipline and that the Regular Army officer had better make the best of it. The best of it, he thinks, is the best soldier in the world when properly led—but the officer had better know his stuff.

"War is a terribly serious business, and our citizen soldiers want their lives protected by experts," he told a group of officers recently. "A façade of sham will not serve. If you would have your troops believe that you are strong, you must be strong. If you teach them to be rugged, you must avoid the soft life yourself."

Taylor's own mode of living comes close to being Spartan. He doesn't smoke; he is a one-Scotch-at-a-party man—chiefly to make guests feel at ease. Lunch is a sandwich and milk at his desk. Dinner is usually a formal function, presided over by his attractive wife Lydia, whose nickname—Diddy—graced three World War II jeeps.

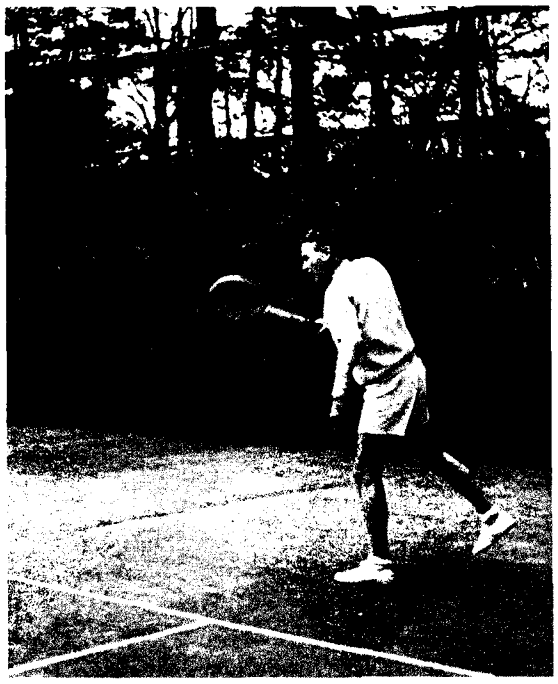
A quietly devout nondenominational Protestant, he once sent a letter of congratulation to the Eighth Army chaplain in Seoul for having an overflow Sunday congregation that kept Taylor from getting a seat. "As I have always looked forward to the day when Eighth Army jails and hospitals would be empty and the churches full," he wrote, "I am happy to find that at least the latter condition is being fulfilled." He requested a seat be reserved for him in the future "as a leading sinner in this community."

Since Taylor's day is organized like a timetable he feels he must exercise vigorously in a hurry—therefore he plays tennis, handball or squash with

nd their children the truth about democracy"

About to leave for Asia, Taylor bids good-by to his wife and son Thomas, now at West Point

After prisoner-of-war exchange, Taylor greets Maj. Gen. William Dean, just released by Reds



Taylor, an exponent of physical fitness, plays tennis often. This picture was made in Tokyo

the best competition available. His favorite tennis partner in Tokyo is Corporal Grant Golden, nationally ranked number ten until he went into the service. Taylor plays well and always as grimly as though he were in the Davis Cup finals against the Russians.

There is a theory that Taylor is "fitness crazy" because he subconsciously feared his scholarly side would label him a bookworm. (He prefers Greek plays to whodunits.) Someone even asked him if he hadn't found an anti-intellectual bias in the Army. Taylor was shocked. "It just doesn't exist," he said. "The Army doesn't aim to produce stereotype minds, despite the popular impression. War today is four-dimensional—military, political, ideological and economic. Nobody should rise above the rank of corporal who doesn't have some conception of these elements."

Taylor got his baptism in the four-dimensional war against Communism when he was appointed the first U.S. commander in West Berlin to hold both civilian and military authority. From September, 1949—the month the Berlin airlift ended—until he went to Washington 18 months later, Taylor fought the exasperating, hair-trigger battle of pressure and counterpressure with the Russians.

Taylor remembers the period as a triumph of teamwork with the British and French representatives of the Allied Kommandatura, and the late Mayor Ernst Reuter of Berlin. He charmed Berliners by addressing gatherings in German—which he learned in his spare time—just as he was later to astound Koreans with speeches in their native tongue. (Told that an emotional old Korean woman had wept when she heard him, Taylor asked, "At what I did to the Korean language?")

After Berlin, Taylor spent two years in the substratosphere of the Pentagon, first as Army Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations (G-3), then as Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations and Administration.

The Korean war was two years and eight months old when Lieutenant General Taylor became the Eighth Army's fourth commander, succeeding General James Van Fleet in February, 1953. ("It's the same old anti-Communist duster with a new handle," Taylor told the press.) It was a stalemated war by then—on the battlefield and the truce table—the kind of war Taylor had predicted in 1948 when he told a group of air cadets at Maxwell Field, Alabama: "I think it is wrong to assume dogmatically that all wars will be total wars with the complete physical destruction of the enemy as the objective of the armed forces. I don't believe nations are going to embark on such all-out wars unless there is no other way out."

Galled by "Stand Pat" Policy in Korea

There was a way out in Korea and it was as galling to Mr. Attack as it had been to other commanders thirsting for victory on the peninsula. The policy was: stand pat, keep your casualties down and hurt the Communists into wanting a truce.

Taylor—straight from Washington—knew that the Eisenhower administration, like Truman's, had decided that all-out victory in Korea was not worth the price or risk of an all-out war. So Taylor fought defensively and carried out what Van Fleet had begun—the training of the growing Republic of Korea army. In July the Chinese Communists launched their biggest offensive in two years. The South Koreans retreated, held and then counterattacked under the most intensive artillery and rocket barrages of the entire war. The enemy suffered 28,000 casualties, the ROKs half that many.

"We proved free Asians can learn to defend themselves against Communized Asians," Taylor said.

The shooting had barely stopped when Taylor launched two projects in Korea which came second only to keeping in combat readiness. He sent 18,000 GIs who hadn't finished elementary school through special Army classes to give them the equivalent of an eighth-grade education. ("We're the richest country in the world," Taylor said, "yet 5 per cent of our soldiers are illiterate and 10 per cent can't show evidence of four years' formal education.") He also initiated Armed Forces Assistance to Korea—AFAK—which combined $20,000,000 worth of Army supplies with Korean labor and basic materials to rebuild hundreds of war-shattered communities.

When Eighth Army headquarters moved to Japan last November, Taylor became commander of all U.S. ground forces in the Far East. Four months later he was appointed UN and FEC commander, succeeding General John E. Hull. Taylor had hardly moved into his Tokyo headquarters and begun grappling with problems of Japanese rearmament before he was being sized up for the job of Army Chief of Staff. He was named to the job last month.

Never has a member of the Joint Chiefs, the top military council of the nation, required higher qualifications. Dr. James Conant, former president of Harvard and present U.S. ambassador to Germany, has declared, "I am appalled by the job in purely technical terms. To plan production and use of weapons not yet developed and to anticipate with any certainty the technical progress of a potential enemy in a rapidly moving area seems almost humanly impossible."

In addition the job requires the specialized gift of getting along with the other Joint Chiefs—and Congress. Taylor has managed to go on record on nearly every controversial issue without putting his foot in his mouth or getting anybody mad at him.

On the over-all composition of the defense establishment he is a "balanced-forces" man. "I don't mean forces of equal component parts, or based on fixed ratios," he said. "Air power is our initial line of defense. But no one has proved to my satisfaction that we will have only world wars to be settled only by big bangs. I'm surprised the lesson of Korea hasn't received more reflection. Specific cases have a way of differing from expected patterns in many ways but the infantryman at one time or another becomes indispensable."

Before mention of nuclear weapons was put off limits for generals, Taylor pointed to a defense weakness the Communists may still exploit. "The atomic bomb," he said, "is no weapon to counter a *coup d'état.*" Should a friendly city be infiltrated by Communists then "airborne troops appear to be an ideal weapon for the police of the free world."

Someone once asked him what he thought was the best way for the free world to lick the Communists. "Tell *our* children the truth about Communism, and *their* children the truth about democracy," he said. ▲▲▲

Detroit Is Working on Your Car of Tomorrow

TURBOCARS

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

Engineers are making rapid headway with a startling engine which will revolutionize transportation. Capable of harnessing jet power for use in cars, the engine, when perfected, will be lighter, pack more punch, give a much smoother ride and provide simpler operation—all at lower cost

IF YOU chance to be walking the streets of Detroit one of these days, you might encounter a very unusual automobile, although you probably would not recognize it as such. You might see what appears to be an ordinary red and white passenger car, no different from the thousands of others weaving through the traffic of the world's auto center.

But lettered in chrome on the front-door panels you would see the words "Turbine Special." And if you were particularly observant, you might detect a difference in the sound of the engine, a whistling rush of air, not unlike the sound of a gentle wind sweeping through a grove of trees.

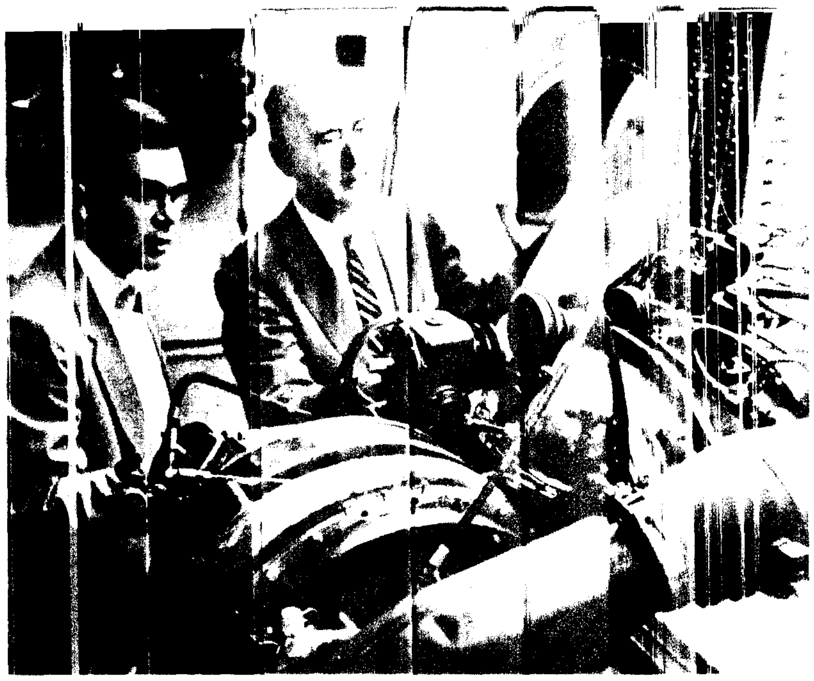
A glimpse under the hood would show you why. The aluminum-shrouded plumbing behind the grille is obviously quite different from the standard piston engine in your family car. It is, in fact, a radically new automotive power plant that promises a great upheaval in private and commercial motor transport. It will change the design of your car of tomorrow, increase its performance and provide a number of operating dividends. It will have a heavy impact on the automotive and allied industries, such as petroleum companies and parts suppliers. Your service-station operator will have to gear his business to a new type of vehicle; his mechanics will have to learn much of their trade all over again. An exciting innovation in vehicular transport, the new power plant differs from today's auto engines as much as they differ from the steam and electric motors of an earlier era.

The new engine, known as a gas turbine, is essentially an adaptation of the principles of jet propulsion to automotive power. The Turbine Special is a 1955 Plymouth, a research tool of Chrysler Corporation, one of four major automobile companies in the United States devoting a lot of research energy and millions of dollars a year to perfecting this new type of auto power. The other companies working on turbine-powered autos are Ford, General Motors and Studebaker-Packard.

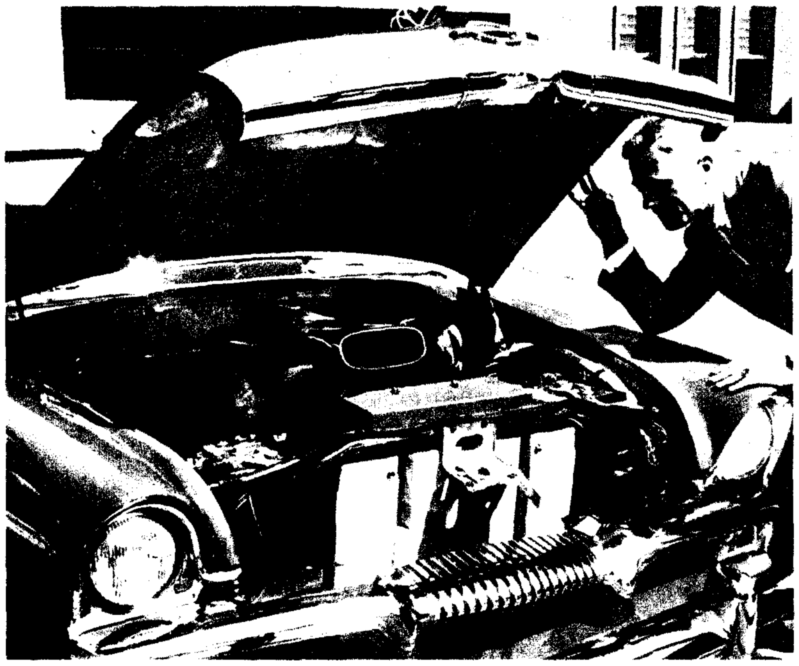
Although the turbine auto is not yet ready for the commercial market, you will be hearing a great deal about it. It will arrive, in some form, within the next 10 years, and shows promise of supplanting the piston engine as the power source for passenger cars in the decade following.

Here are the advantages offered by the turbine-powered automobile, or turbocar, assuming full development of what is today only an experimental project:

- The engine will be considerably smaller and lighter, permitting a change in design to provide greater space for passengers and luggage (it will probably alter, to some degree, the external appearance of the car itself).
- Fuel costs probably will be lower, because the turbine promises greater mileage per gallon.
- Riding will be even smoother than in today's supersmooth cars, for the turbine, having no pistons or connecting rods, is free of vibration.
- Drive mechanisms will be simplified, because the basic engine operates much like current automatic transmissions.
- Since the turbine is by nature a very simple engine, maintenance will be easier—both on the mechanics and on your pocketbook.
- There will be less obnoxious exhaust gas.
- Horsepower for a given size and weight can be greatly increased, making for better over-all car performance.

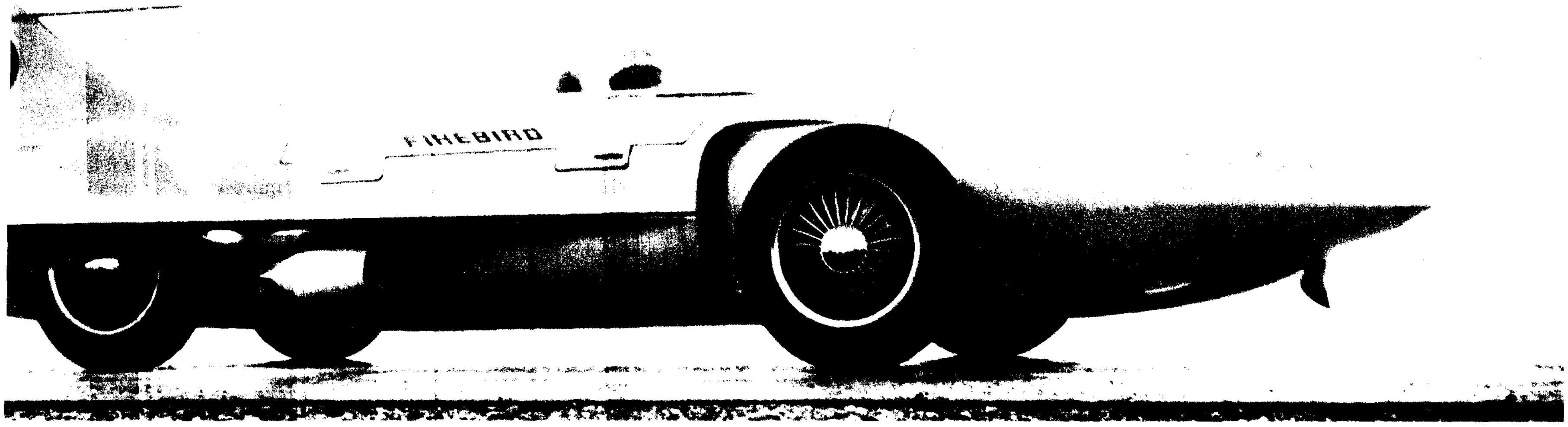


Dr. Andrew A. Kucher (right), director of Ford's Scientific Lab. and his assistant Dr. Donald M. Frey check over the company's test turbine motor



Chrysler's George Huebner, Jr., developed Turbine Special, a '55 assembly-line Plymouth fitted with the new engine, which has been driven in traffic

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER



GENERAL MOTORS PHOTO

General Motors' Firebird was built solely as an experimental car to determine what problems turbine engine poses for passenger cars. Streamlined body is designed for high-speed tests

- The engine needs no cooling system—so you will have no worries about radiators boiling over, or the need for antifreeze in cold weather.
- It appears now that the combination of small engine size, lighter weight, fewer parts and simplified transmission will lower the cost of the auto itself. That, however, is still in the "maybe" category. No one connected with the various turbine projects is prepared to make a cost estimate yet.

Sounds attractive, doesn't it? But don't let it influence your plans for that new auto. In a decade of automotive turbine research, remarkable progress has been made, but the turbocar is still a long way from your local salesroom. Says Chrysler Corporation's George J. Huebner, Jr., executive engineer in charge of research, speaking of the Plymouth Turbine Special:

"The fact that we are already operating a turbine-powered automobile in downtown traffic might lead one to believe it is closer to commercial production than it actually is. We could probably build a marketable turbine auto today—but it would leave a lot to be desired, and it would be fantastically expensive.

"The auto buyer has become accustomed to something approaching perfection in his new car. So before we can market the turbine auto our job is to develop the potential of the engine without sacrificing efficiency, and at the same time keep the cost down. We've made a great deal of progress, but we have a lot of problems left. However, we haven't yet run into a problem that we don't think we can whip, and we at Chrysler are mighty enthusiastic about this project."

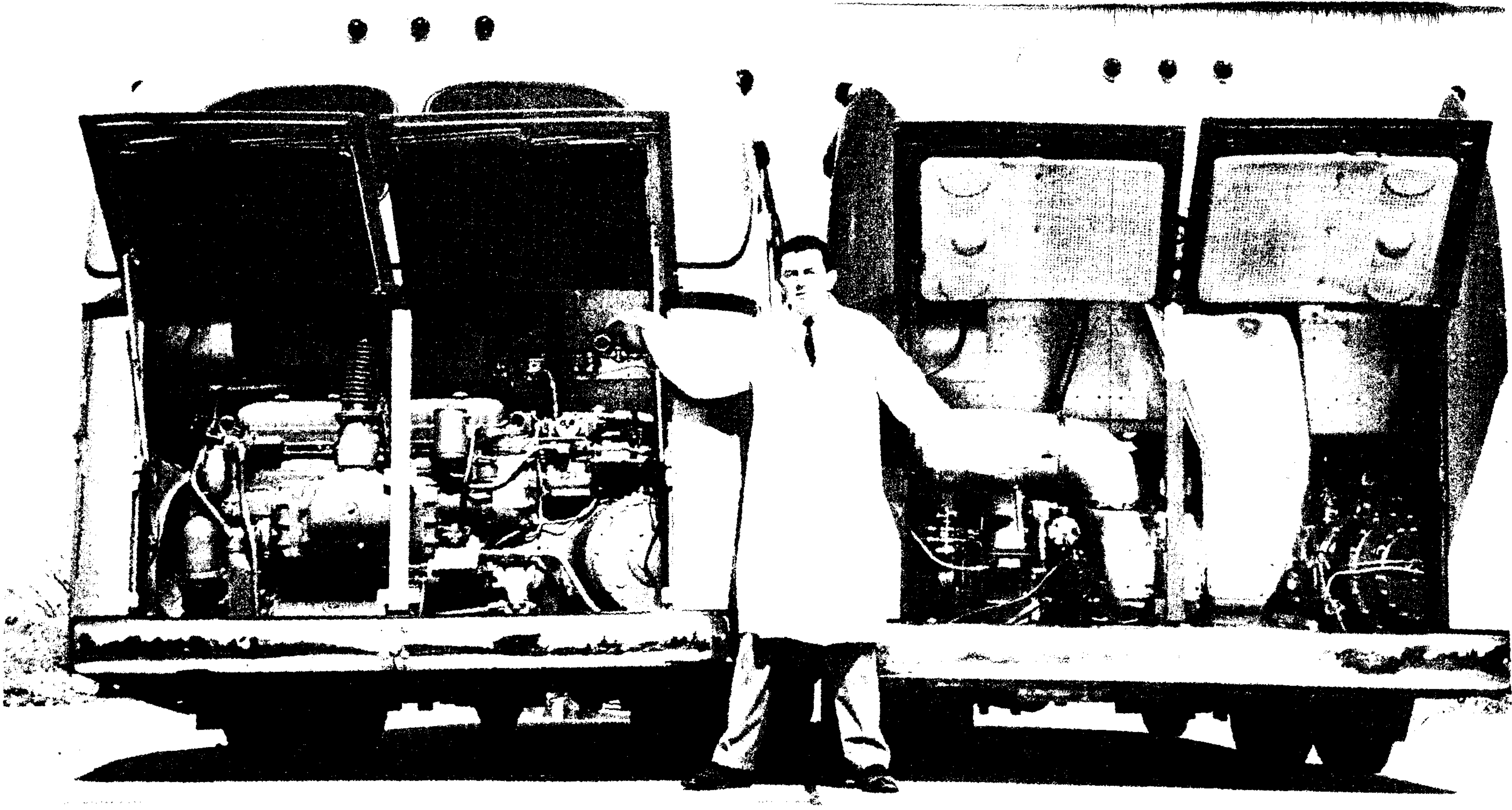
Still Many Obstacles to Be Overcome

Huebner isn't talking about how long it will take to solve those problems, but because Chrysler is so closemouthed about how many answers it has found, there is a suspicion in industry circles that the company is closer to a production turbocar than might be expected. Be that as it may, no one disputes that there are a good many obstacles still to be overcome.

"Basically, there are two types of problems," states Dr. Andrew A. Kucher, director of Ford Motor Company's Scientific Laboratory in Dearborn, Michigan. "There's the engineering problem, which requires development of a turbine as efficient and economical as the piston engine. And there is the manufacturing problem—the problem of developing inexpensive materials able to withstand the high temperatures at which the turbine operates. Neither problem appears to be insoluble. All of us at Ford who are intimate with the turbine project have become increasingly convinced that the turbine will eventually supplant the piston engine in passenger cars."

On one point everyone is agreed: even after "T-Day," the date when a fully developed turbine will be ready to be turned over to the designers and manufacturers, there will be a lag of from two to five years before the first production turbocar takes to the highways. It will take that long to design and build a new car to take full advantage of the turbine.

Some estimates list 1960 as the date when the turbocar will make its appearance in limited numbers. On the pessimistic side, there is a minority element which questions whether the turbine will ever achieve the degree of efficiency required for



General Motors engineer Bill Spreitzer shows compact turbine engine in bus (right) compared to a standard diesel motor (left). The turbine engine, with 325 hp, is nearly twice as powerful, weighs 1,500 pounds less

passenger-car operation. The bulk of opinion lies between these extremes, and a consensus timetable would go like this:

Within the next five years, the turbine may make its appearance in some specialized vehicles, either military, or off-the-road equipment like tractors or earth movers.

In the 1960-'65 period, it will probably turn up in buses or trucks, and toward the end of that half decade you may see turbine-powered sports or luxury cars.

After 1965, the turbine will make a gradual but consistent encroachment into the field of passenger-car power, until, at some indeterminable date, it becomes the primary motive source. One fact which may delay large-scale use of the turbine is that automobile manufacturers have by no means abandoned the piston engine. They are constantly turning out better-performing high-compression, high-efficiency engines, raising the goals the turbine must attain in order to compete.

What is an automotive gas turbine? You might say it is a small-scale jet engine, except that in an aviation jet the exhaust itself provides the motive power. In an auto, the jet exhaust is used to turn a drive shaft which moves the car wheels.

How the Turbine Wheel Functions

To the drive shaft is affixed a multibladed pin wheel, five or six inches in diameter. The jet exhaust, nothing more than heated air, is directed at the blades of this turbine wheel, causing it to rotate like a windmill, except considerably faster—up to 25,000 revolutions per minute. Rotation of the turbine wheel causes the drive shaft to rotate, conveying motion to the car itself.

To get the high jet velocity needed to turn the turbine wheel, the air must first be compressed and then expanded by burning in a burner chamber. In the fore part of the engine section, where the cooling fan is located in an ordinary car, is a rotating "impeller," a fan with many blades which sucks the air in from the atmosphere and compresses it. The air is then forced into a burner chamber where it is ignited and burned by a fuel sprayed into the chamber. The burning imparts high velocity to the air stream, which then passes through the turbine section.

To get the desired performance out of a turbine engine, the air taken in from the atmosphere must be heated to about 1,200 to 1,600 degrees Fahrenheit. To achieve this intense heat would take too much fuel for economic operation. For economy, there has to be a method of heating the air *before* it is burned.

Chrysler, Ford and General Motors are working on devices which take care of this preheating. Such a device, known as a "regenerator" or "heat exchanger," is already operating in the Chrysler Turbine Special. It uses the hot exhaust air to preheat the cool air just sucked in from the atmosphere. At the same time, the exhaust air is cooled to an acceptably low temperature before it passes again into the atmosphere through the exhaust pipe.

Originally, it was feared that turbine engines would never be economical. Such fears have largely dissipated. It is now felt that fuel consumption will be on a par with that of the piston engine, and some engineers think it can be made even better.

"A turbine engine is by nature better adapted to high-speed operation," I was told by Dr. Donald Frey, assistant director of Ford's Scientific Laboratory. "Even now, the turbine is more efficient than the piston engine at auto speeds of 40 miles per hour and above. Below that speed, efficiency falls off. Actually, the motorist spends the greater portion of his driving time at speeds under the 40-mile-per-hour level, so it is in that area that fuel economy research must be concentrated."

In tests a year ago, Chrysler's Turbine Special averaged 14.9 miles per gallon at a constant highway speed of 40. Since that time, the company presumably has been able to better that figure, but Chrysler is not commenting, for reasons of competitive security.

Despite the fact that test vehicles have compiled an impressive number of hours, by far the major portion of the work is being done in the laboratories. Researchers know that a turbine will power a car; what they want to know now is how to make it the most efficient engine possible. For this reason, the greatest emphasis is being placed on solving the problems of each of the parts or sections. Perfection of each of the components will provide a complete power plant of higher performance, greater dependability and lower fuel consumption than is now available.

Aside from fuel economy, there are other problems to be overcome. The high temperatures characteristic of turbine operation demand development of cheaper heat-resistant alloys for certain parts, and the manufacturing teams must figure out ways of mass-producing these parts. The turbine power plant is smaller today than piston engines of comparable power, but it must be made still smaller to take full advantage of its potential. Some new system of braking must be devised; in your present car, if you take your foot off the accelerator and put it on the brake, the engine assists in the braking action because of loss of compression. In the turbine, there is no loss of compression, and you get no comparable assist.

Production Cost Must Be Brought Down

Finally, there is the cost. A small experimental gas turbine today costs about $20,000. Along with research on each of the components, there must be a cost-reduction research program, for unless the cost of the engine can be brought down at least into the same general bracket as the piston engine, it will not be suitable for general passenger-car use.

Chrysler's Huebner tells of an interview with some representatives of a parts supplier which illustrates the cost problem. The parts-supply company had had some experience in building aircraft gas turbine parts and its representatives asked Huebner about the possibility of turning out automotive turbine wheels for Chrysler.

"How much can you build them for?" Huebner asked.

The supplier's men thought that, in production quantities, they might be able to get the cost down to about $1,500 each.

"When I told them that we figured the price had to be less than $25," Huebner recalls with a chuckle, "there was an absolute, shocked, horrified silence." Chrysler is still shooting for the $25 turbine wheel—and has convinced the same supplier that it can be done.

Some problems which appeared serious at the outset of turbine research turned out to be no problem at all. For example, researchers asked, what happens to the passenger if the high-speed turbine wheel loses one of its blades? They discovered that nothing happens to the passenger; the metal shroud encasing the turbine will contain the blade and it will be no more serious than an ordinary engine failure.

Or what about the heat generated by the high-temperature operation of the turbine? It was found that lightweight aluminum shielding over the engine would protect the passenger compartment and the engine hood from the heat.

Based on experience with aircraft jet engines, it was initially believed that the noise level would be too high for automotive use. But General Motors Corporation fitted a turbine installation to an experimental bus, the "Turbocruiser," and found that noise posed no serious problem.

"The unmuffled version of the turbine is certainly noisy," says W. A. Turunen of GM's Research Laboratories Division, "but we found that ordinary sound-deadening methods would take care of it very effectively. Most of the noise, or at least the most disagreeable part of it, comes from the air inlet to the compressor. In the Turbocruiser, we were able to cut the noise to an acceptable level by the use of a very elementary silencer. The Turbocruiser exhaust is unmuffled, but it, too, can be brought down to a lower level by use of a different type silencer."

With Turunen and another GM research engineer, Ralph Richardson, I took a demonstration ride in the Turbocruiser on the test track at GM's $100,000,000 Technical Center near Detroit. In three tenths of a mile on the measured track, the bus picked up to a speed of 60 miles per hour—partly, Turunen explained, because this particular turbine had a much higher power rating than the diesel engine normally used, but also because of its better acceleration characteristics. Acceleration was very smooth, and the noise level, even without an exhaust muffler, was no more objectionable than that of standard commercial buses.

Chrysler technician William Venton assembles turbine engine. The new motors will have no carburetors, piston rings, cooling equipment

Despite the fact that it is almost twice as powerful as the standard bus diesel, the 325-horsepower GM "Whirlfire" GT-300 turbine fits into the normal bus engine compartment with plenty of room left over—enough, perhaps, to accommodate the regenerator which the current installation does not have. The bus operator's panel is standard, except for a few instruments which would probably not be needed in a commercial installation.

Perhaps the most important feature of the Turbocruiser is its light weight, which may make it especially attractive to bus and truck operators to whom added pay load means added revenue. While providing almost double power, the Whirlfire weighs 1,500 pounds less than the normal diesel used in the same size coach, a weight saving that can be translated into dollars.

The Turbocruiser is one of two GMC turbine installations, the other being the radically designed "Firebird," which might be loosely termed a passenger car although it was never intended as such. Its 370-horsepower Whirlfire GT-302 permits it a theoretical top speed of well over 200 miles per hour, so it was designed accordingly. With a streamlined nose, cockpit canopy, high tail and a winged fuselage, it looks more like an airplane than a road vehicle. The Firebird, built purely as a test vehicle, has no muffling system or regenerator; GMC was aware of the noise and fuel-economy problems, so the simplest installation possible was used to find out what other problems the turbine posed.

In addition to the Chrysler Turbine Special and the two General Motors projects, only two other turbine test vehicles have been built in the United States. A nonautomotive company, Boeing Airplane Company of Seattle, Washington, tested a turbine engine of its own design in a heavy-duty truck for more than 2 years (Collier's, September 18, 1953). The experiments were discontinued last year, as soon as Boeing felt it had learned as much as it could from roadtesting, but the Boeing engine has been installed in a racing car which is being used by the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company to test tires. The car, which has hit 140 miles per hour, was exhibited at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway last month.

Ford Motor Company does not yet have a test vehicle, but the company has made sufficient progress in the laboratory so that a passenger-car installation can be made in the near future. GM plans a similar installation.

Studebaker-Packard Corporation is working on several applications of the turbine engine in other fields, including a contract for a Navy high-performance ship. The company has not built an automotive turbine, but is conducting a series of design studies and is "keeping well attuned to the auto market," according to engineering vice-president W. H. (Bill) Graves. Studebaker-Packard is looking into a regenerator system, but hints that it has something else up the corporate sleeve with the statement that it is "investigating other promising methods of obtaining maximum fuel economy."

A ride in a turbocar is not much different from an ordinary auto ride, although generally it is smoother, according to Gerald DeClaire, Chrysler project engineer on the Turbine Special, who has been test driver on a number of runs.

"The instrument panel differs only slightly from that of the standard Plymouth," he says. "Starting is identical—just a turn of the key. It takes four to seven seconds after starting before the car is ready to move, while the engine is getting up to speed. While it's cranking up, the engine sounds something like a vacuum cleaner.

"There is also a little lag on acceleration, but once it gets going it's just one smooth flow of power with plenty of pickup. You can't stall the engine—at least I've never seen it stalled. On the highway, there's no vibration at all. It's a perfectly smooth ride, as though you were being pulled along by another car or coasting in neutral. The engine noise is different, a little higher in intensity, but not objectionable. It seems to me that the noise is not as apparent—you notice road sounds more than you would in an ordinary car, like the noise of other cars or the tires on the highway. Braking is difficult—it decelerates slowly."

The braking problem, the noise level and the slow initial acceleration are points which Chrysler is confident it can overcome, DeClaire says.

"The interesting point, I think," he adds, "is that no one pays the slightest attention to our car in downtown traffic. Once in a while someone notices the noise difference and throws us a quick glance, but that's all. In a way it's a little disappointing. We think we have something pretty good and pretty startling, and it never gets a tumble."

In many respects, the turbocar will differ little from today's autos. There will be virtually no change in your standard driving equipment; you will have the ordinary steering wheel, brake and accelerator combination. You will still have a starter on the dashboard and a starting motor under the hood, although you will need only one spark plug for initial ignition and it will probably last you for the lifetime of the car, since it performs its function only once a trip.

When You Explore Under the Hood

Some parts under the hood will be eliminated completely—all the cooling equipment, for example. In other cases, a current part may be eliminated only to be replaced by a new one—the carburetor will go, but in its place will be a fuel spray system for the burner chamber. You'll never have to replace piston rings—there won't be any—but you may have to have the regenerator cleaned every now and then.

Your service-station operator will have to stock a new type of fuel because the turbine engine needs no high-octane gasoline. Fuel cost? That's still a moot point, but one petroleum research engineer thinks you'll be getting more mileage than you get from your present car, assuming, of course, that the turbine and regenerator meet efficiency expectations.

"Based on a 90-per-cent-efficient heat exchanger," he says, "the fuel consumption rate might get up to 28 or 29 miles per gallon in a standard passenger car." The actual cost of the fuel per gallon, the same expert feels, might drop because a simpler fuel can be used in the turbine, which is not very fussy about what it burns. However, the fuel cost can't drop very much. Refined gasoline would sell today for 12 cents if it weren't for taxes, distribution costs and profits to the various handlers. Even with the new engine, those costs will remain, so the only chance for a price cut is in manufacture, possibly a penny a gallon.

As to the external appearance of your car of tomorrow, the pattern is necessarily vague.

"There is no doubt," says GM's Ralph Richardson, "that the introduction of a small and compact engine unit will give the body designers wide latitude in increasing passenger and luggage space." But, he adds, it's too early to predict what transformations in body styling will occur.

One possibility suggested is a return to smaller automobiles. But Studebaker-Packard's Bill Graves disagrees. "People want the biggest package they can get for their money. An automobile is built to carry people and luggage, and the more room you can give them the better off you are from the sales standpoint. People are going to continue to want the biggest cars they can afford."

Another suggestion is that the small power plant might permit placing both the engine and the luggage compartment in the rear, making for the teardrop effect sometimes depicted in artists' conceptions of futuristic autos.

Engineers are willing to admit that this change is a possibility, but none of them is enthusiastic about it. An engine, however small and light, still weighs something, and putting it in the rear of the car tends to upset stability and interfere with steering ease.

Regardless of what form body styling takes, the turbocar offers so many advantages that it will probably gain quick public acceptance. That fact is fully recognized by the auto industry, one of the most fiercely competitive in the world, and the various companies are working vigorously to be first on the road. If this competition upsets the timetable, the turbocar may put in its appearance earlier than anyone now thinks. ▲▲▲

By EVELYN HARVEY

The Key to Kelly

AFTER A SPELL in the limelight, every celebrity acquires a "public face." The façade is a hodgepodge of fact, fantasy and circumstance created by a curious public and a prodding press. Grace Kelly is no exception. In the year during which she's become the undisputed queen of the younger first ladies of films, she has been pigeonholed as a white-gloved Main Liner, a fragile, frosty beauty with a will of tempered tungsten. But has anyone really seen Kelly, the Kelly behind the cliché? Recently, in a six-day respite from her fish-bowl existence, she journeyed to Jamaica, B.W.I., went barefoot, studied undersea life through a snorkel-rigged face mask, behaved—almost—like any twenty-five-year-old girl on vacation on a tropic isle. But because the aura of awe engendered by Grace Kelly's public face persisted, snapshot-happy tourists hesitated to approach her. Mere millionaires on holiday stood modestly by and watched. "It may be lese majesty," said an onlooker, "but it reminded me of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Bermuda in 1953: there were no trumpets; she didn't have to say a word, but you knew Elizabeth was queen. Well, even in face mask and flippers, Kelly is a queen, too."

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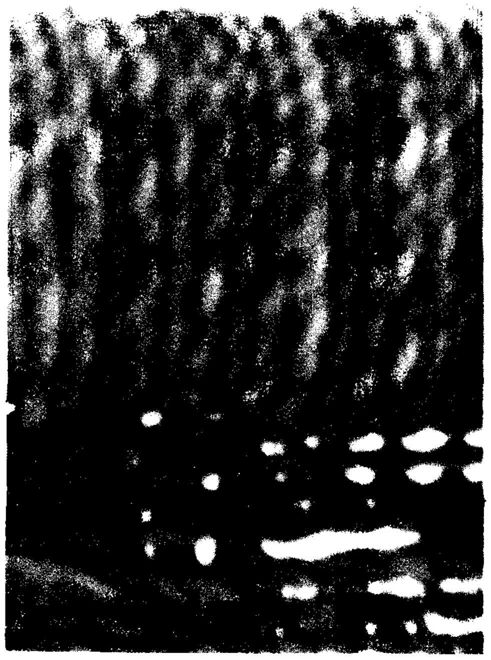
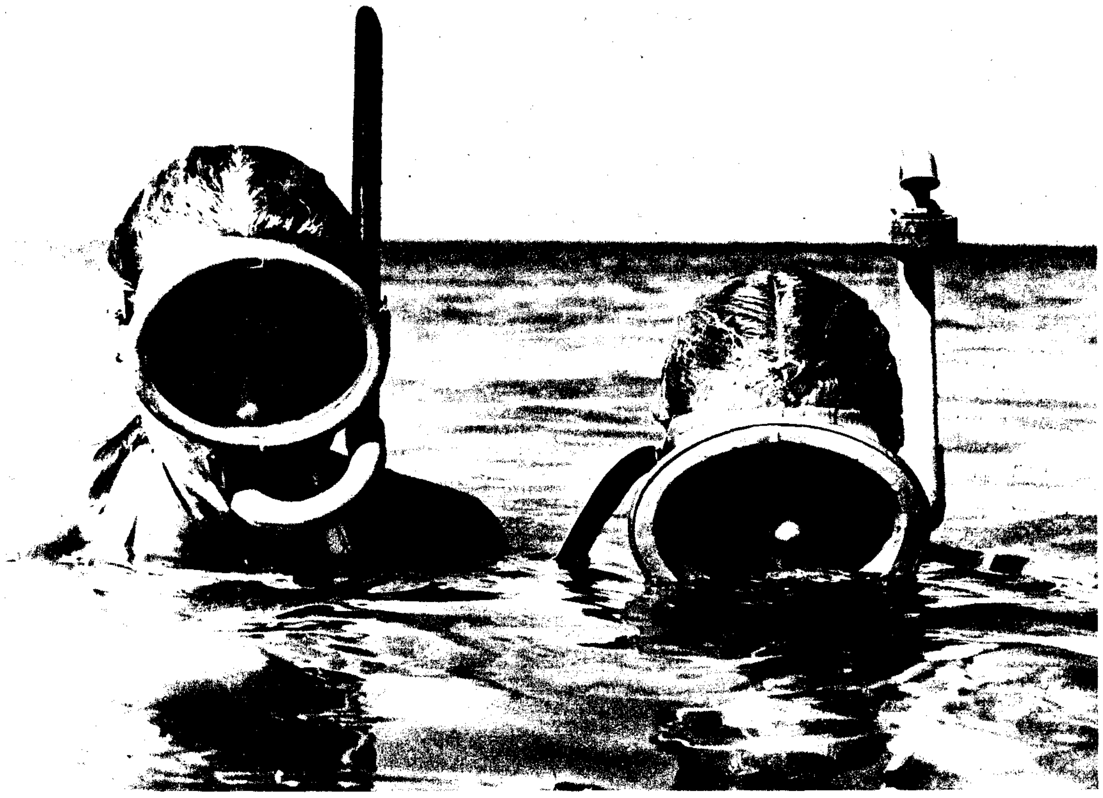


A candid look at an Academy Award winner on a tropic-island holiday reveals Grace Kelly as few filmgoers have seen her

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HOWELL CONANT

Grace, in bare feet and boy's shirt, proves what most publicity photographs only suggest: that Miss Kelly has beautiful legs

A coral beach, a camera and Kelly



Sisters in snorkels: Grace, left; Peg, right. After Jamaica indoctrination, the star has become a mask-and-fin enthusiast

Like most royalty, whether to a scepter or to celluloid born, Grace Kelly is less formidable than her public face indicates. Twice a day she climbed down from her cliffside cottage to the hotel's small crescent-shaped beach, accompanied by her older sister Peggy (Mrs. George Davis) and armed with skin-diving equipment. On the beach she pursued her quiet hobbies—rock gathering and shell collecting. And she was rarely without her two cameras.

Grace is no fumbling shutterbug ("I read about photography in a book"). "She shoots through leaves and that kind of thing," says Howell Conant, who made this exclusive photographic record of Kelly's Caribbean retreat. "I gave her some tips about lighting and exposure, but mostly I was worrying about my own pictures and how to catch her in candid situations." So when she tried out one of her more unexpected accomplishments (a couple of jujitsu holds she picked up from Marine friends of her brother) Conant wasn't ready.

"She walked up to me, that fragile-looking girl, put her arm around my neck, then reached down, got me by the ankles and tossed me on my back."

"I think," says Miss Kelly, "it made him mad."

CONTINUED

Lensman Kelly likes to catch subjects off guard, above focuses on sister Peggy Davis

Much-photographed Kelly considers ideal pictures of self are pretty and poised, automatically resists unusual candid-Kelly photo (left)

Ambling through shallow surf, actress, who makes habit of collecting things, goes hunting for shells

On rowboat trip across bay, Grace makes friends with native children, right; perches in prow of fishing dory, above

On cottage terrace, Conant cracks Kelly calm with relentless click of 35-mm. camera, catches range of expression from poise to horseplay. He calls her "Queenie," nickname she graciously accepts

Out of the limelight, Grace is almost never without glasses. Below, she sets out on brisk walk up Jamaica hills

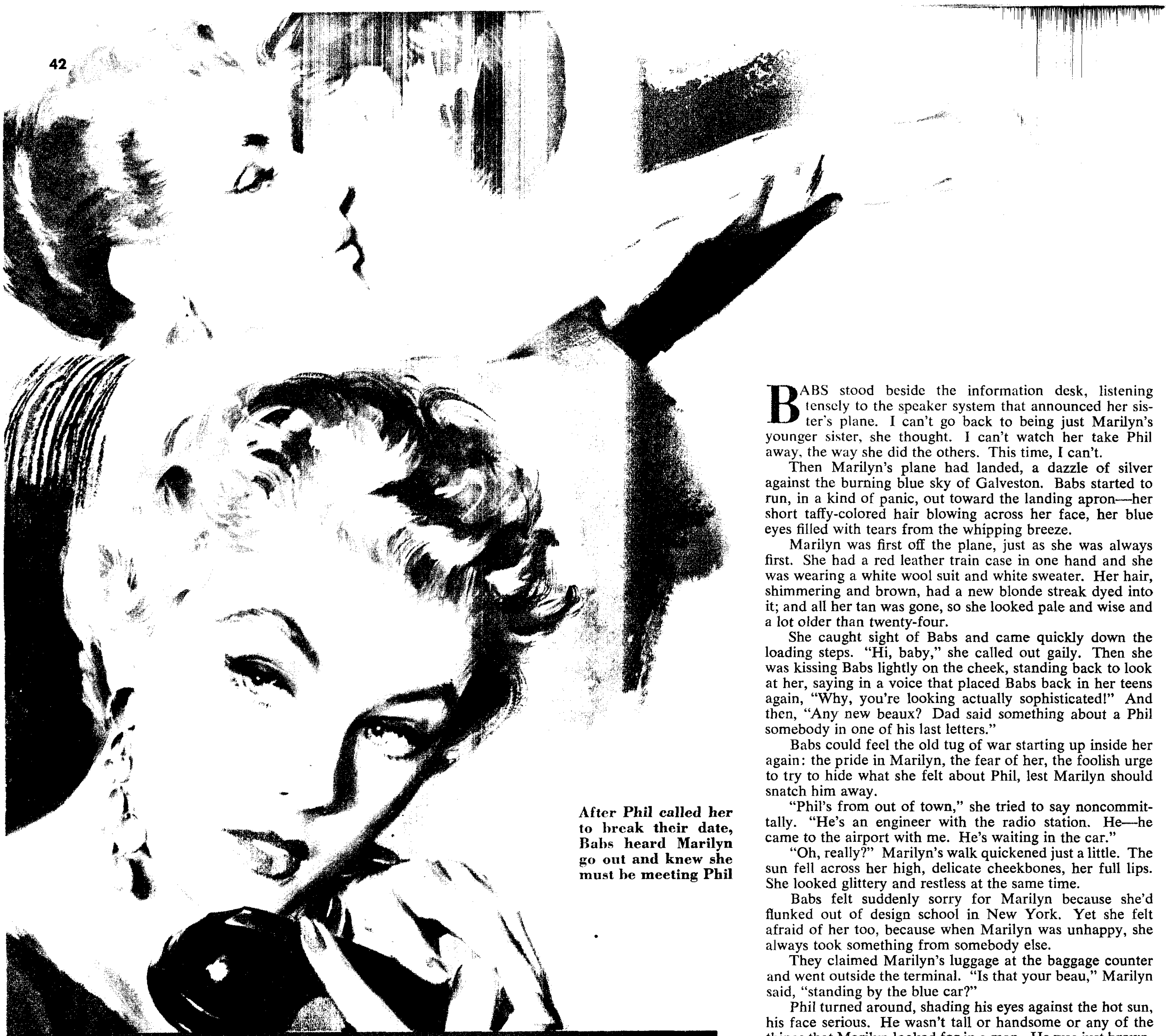
As Montego's ranking guest, Grace Kelly was a cotton-and-cashmere phenomenon among gaudier personalities. She enjoys clothes ("the classic kind that slide right through fashion"), and has an enthusiasm for good food that must be lightly curbed ("If you want pretty dinners on weekends, you have to pay").

Kelly is no coiner of bons mots, but she has a fund of free-and-easy conversation and a gently antic humor—for example, she likes to disguise herself by changing the part in her hair. Throughout her vacation, she avoided the rum-and-tennis atmosphere of cosmopolitan Jamaica, as well as tourist goals like the primitive jungle country a few miles inland. Except for beach sessions (and Mass on Sunday at a nearby Catholic church) Grace stuck close to her terrace with a stack of underwater books (including Rachel Carson's The Sea Around Us, Cousteau's The Silent World) and daydreamed of trials and triumphs to come.

"One has different goals at different periods," Miss Kelly explains. "I'd love to get married and have children. But I hate to plan—for next year, even for next week. And there's a superstition of the theater that if you want a thing badly, you mustn't talk about it. It's the sure way to lose."

The comment is perhaps the key to Kelly. ▲▲▲

In twilight beach portrait, Grace Kelly is pensive, pretty, serene



After Phil called her to break their date, Babs heard Marilyn go out and knew she must be meeting Phil

GIVE HIM TO ME

BABS stood beside the information desk, listening tensely to the speaker system that announced her sister's plane. I can't go back to being just Marilyn's younger sister, she thought. I can't watch her take Phil away, the way she did the others. This time, I can't.

Then Marilyn's plane had landed, a dazzle of silver against the burning blue sky of Galveston. Babs started to run, in a kind of panic, out toward the landing apron—her short taffy-colored hair blowing across her face, her blue eyes filled with tears from the whipping breeze.

Marilyn was first off the plane, just as she was always first. She had a red leather train case in one hand and she was wearing a white wool suit and white sweater. Her hair, shimmering and brown, had a new blonde streak dyed into it; and all her tan was gone, so she looked pale and wise and a lot older than twenty-four.

She caught sight of Babs and came quickly down the loading steps. "Hi, baby," she called out gaily. Then she was kissing Babs lightly on the cheek, standing back to look at her, saying in a voice that placed Babs back in her teens again, "Why, you're looking actually sophisticated!" And then, "Any new beaux? Dad said something about a Phil somebody in one of his last letters."

Babs could feel the old tug of war starting up inside her again: the pride in Marilyn, the fear of her, the foolish urge to try to hide what she felt about Phil, lest Marilyn should snatch him away.

"Phil's from out of town," she tried to say noncommittally. "He's an engineer with the radio station. He—he came to the airport with me. He's waiting in the car."

"Oh, really?" Marilyn's walk quickened just a little. The sun fell across her high, delicate cheekbones, her full lips. She looked glittery and restless at the same time.

Babs felt suddenly sorry for Marilyn because she'd flunked out of design school in New York. Yet she felt afraid of her too, because when Marilyn was unhappy, she always took something from somebody else.

They claimed Marilyn's luggage at the baggage counter and went outside the terminal. "Is that your beau," Marilyn said, "standing by the blue car?"

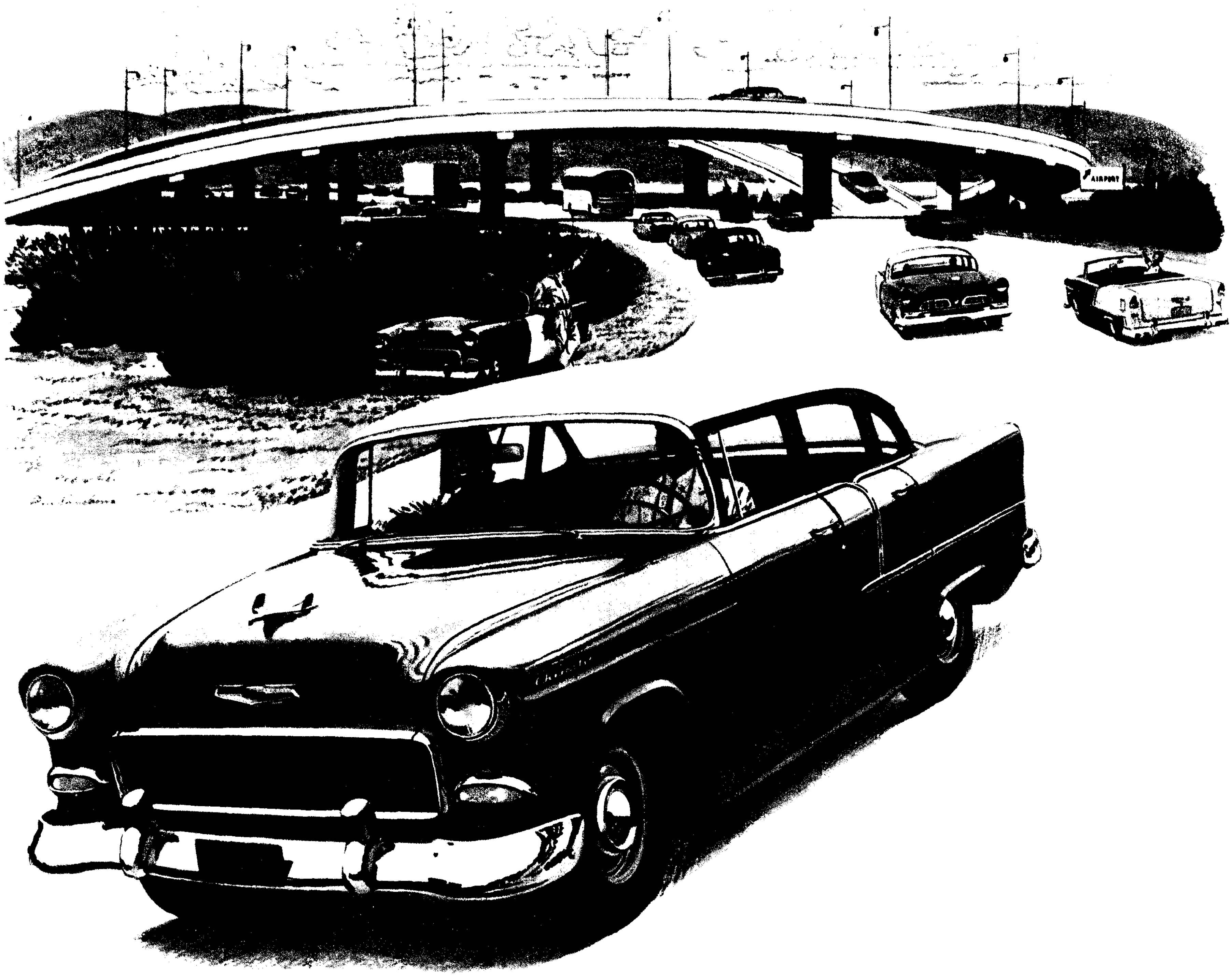
Phil turned around, shading his eyes against the hot sun, his face serious. He wasn't tall or handsome or any of the things that Marilyn looked for in a man. He was just brown-haired and blue-eyed, and closer to Babs than anyone she had ever known. And yet she didn't know much about Phil, actually—only that he'd grown up in New Jersey, that there were five in his family, that he'd wanted a job down here on his own and that now he was here he liked it. She knew only that he'd given her the most wonderful summer of her life: evenings at the Parisian Room, where Marilyn went and Babs had never been before; lunches at the Galvez beside the pool; night drives along the Freeway. She loved to hear his voice, to touch his face; she wanted to marry him.

"Phil," she was saying in an uncertain voice, "this is Marilyn, my sister."

Marilyn seemed about to put out her hand. Then her expression hardened in a kind of cold, intimate challenge. She stood gazing at Phil, while Babs thought in a wild storm of protest: Oh, Marilyn, he's nobody you'd ever pick, if I hadn't found him first! We aren't kids any more, playing games. I'm getting to be a woman, and I've got to have something, somebody, that's mine—not mine and then yours and then nobody's, the way it's always been!

"What does a man like you find to do in a dull little town like this," Marilyn was asking Phil, "where everyone is so—well, small-townish and uninteresting?" She tossed off

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY



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the words, then slid into Phil's car.

Phil stood there, holding the car door. Then he said absently, "Come on, Babs, get in."

Babs got in beside Marilyn—not beside Phil, because Marilyn had already taken that place. Just last night she herself had been sitting there beside Phil, riding along in the moonlight with her head on his shoulder. "Tomorrow," she had told him, in a tight, unhappy voice, "tomorrow my sister's coming home. She—she's beautiful. She's four years older than I am, and I guess—well, I guess she's more attractive. In school, they always used to say, 'Oh, Babs is cute, but you should see her sister!' And any boy I ever looked at or liked—well, Marilyn could take him away. And she always did."

"And what did you do about that?" Phil had said.

It had seemed an odd question. She'd never thought much about it, really. "Well, I guess I was miserable for a while—and then I'd try to fight," Babs had said. "But Marilyn always gets what she wants . . ."

"I don't think Galveston is dull," Phil was saying to Marilyn now, as he got in beside her. "Fact is, I was offered a job in New York with one of the networks, but I came down here instead. I like it."

"You came down *here?*" Marilyn said with that light, baiting laugh, "when you had a chance in New York?" She laughed again, surer this time. "Haven't you any ambition, or wasn't it much of a job?"

The car swerved as Phil turned to look at Marilyn. Marilyn smiled. "I'll tell you about that sometime," Phil said. "I had my own reasons for leaving the East and coming here—"

"Phil's doing wonderfully," Babs said quickly, but nobody seemed to hear her.

Marilyn smiled again. It was what she had wanted: a personal argument, the barriers broken down, an antagonized curiosity in Phil, which she'd know how to use later.

BABS turned her gaze away. An unwanted memory rushed back: another day, another boy—the first boy she'd ever cared about—and Marilyn, in a sand fight with him. How had it started? Who had started it? Babs never knew. She only knew that Bob Cameron was a boy Marilyn had never even glanced at until Babs had begun to date him. Somehow, sand had got into Marilyn's eyes during that fight, and then Bob Cameron had his arm around Marilyn, wiping away the sand.

Marilyn's steady beau, standing beside Babs, had laughed and said, "The neatest trick of the week. Boy, did she take *him* over fast!" And Babs, fifteen then, had thought: No, no, she wouldn't—not my sister. She knows I like Bob. But then Marilyn had started going out on mysterious dates, and Bob had stopped calling Babs.

Marilyn and Phil had stopped arguing now. Marilyn had stopped it, just as suddenly as she had started it all. "If you don't mind," she was saying as Phil turned into their street, "I'd like to drop by your station someday and talk over a fashion program I thought up in New York. You could help me, I think."

"Phil's an engineer," Babs said. She knew her voice sounded hurt, angry, accusing—just the way she didn't want it to. "He doesn't have anything to do with programing at the station."

"Oh, Babs, dear," Marilyn put in smoothly, "*do* let me finish."

For just an instant Phil waited, looking at Babs with an expression of anger, almost of challenge. Then he said: "I'll introduce you around the station, Marilyn, if that's what you want. Come over any weekday."

This was the way it always happened, Babs thought: the challenge, the sudden flare of interest, the getting together.

As soon as Phil stopped the car, Babs flung open the door, rushed across the walk, up the steps and into the house. "Babs?" her mother called. "Where's Marilyn, darling?"

"She's out front—getting her bags out of the car. With Phil."

MRS. HELBURN had on a crisp blue cotton dress, which made her eyes look bluer and her curly silver-gold hair look fresh and glossy. She stood gazing at Babs, a slight frown between her brows. "Why didn't you stay out there with them?" she said.

"Oh, *Mother,*" Babs burst out angrily, "you just don't understand!"

She ran up the stairs to her room, slamming the door, feeling guilty and wretched, knowing she was being childish and that her mother actually *did* understand a little; but even if she knew about Marilyn, what could she do about it?

From downstairs, Babs heard the sound of Marilyn's laughter. She stood fighting the tears, while the room—which was still a young girl's room with its gingham curtains and organdy bedspread—swam before her eyes.

And then she heard Phil's footsteps on the stairs, sure but light, as he came up with Marilyn's suitcases. She slapped powder on her nose and opened the door, her back rigid, her chin too high.

In the dimness of the hall, Phil set the cases down, came over and looked at her. Something like pity was in his eyes. Then he put his hand, light and casual, on her arm. "See you, Babs," he said, then he turned and hurried down the stairs.

After a while, Babs heard the locks click open on Marilyn's suitcases, and the rattle of clothes hangers in the closet. And she thought: I've got to do something. I've got to stop her.

She ran a comb quickly through her hair and went down the hall to Marilyn's room—the same hall where they had once played hide-and-seek and had pillow fights and had crept out on cold Christmas Eves to watch their parents decorate the tree.

Marilyn, Marilyn, Babs thought with a heavy heart, what's happened since we've grown up? Why must we hate each other and compete this way? Neither of us can ever win at the game you're trying to play.

The room was already cluttered with Marilyn's clothes. She spun around, smiling at Babs. "Hi," she said. "Come on in while I unpack."

Babs sat down on the old blue velvet hassock, and they talked about all the unimportant things, talked around the real thing. And she felt apprehension growing in her as she watched Marilyn—who had gone away last year only four years older than she, but who had come back a whole lifetime older: a year-alone-in-New-York older.

Marilyn was taking a framed photograph from her suitcase, and Babs saw that it was a photograph of a man—very good-looking, with cynical dark eyes. Babs seized on it with a kind of desperate hope. "He—he's awfully handsome, Marilyn," she said almost breathlessly. "Is he someone you met in New York? Somebody special?"

Marilyn glanced down at the picture with a look that was at once vain and defeated. "Oh, he's just a new man I met," she said too casually. "A guy who didn't work out."

Babs jumped up and walked to the window, looking down at the yard she didn't see, the trees she didn't see, thinking: Why, just for once, can't she find somebody she can love and be nice to? Why can't she stop tormenting every man she meets, so she can be loved and stand to see somebody else loved? . . .

"Phil's attractive," Marilyn was saying. "How long have you known him?"

"About three months," Babs said reluctantly. "I met him one day when he came into Dad's office." She took a deep breath. "He burned his hand on some wiring that short-circuited at the station. Dad treated the burn and Phil asked me to have a Coke with him. And that was how we met . . ."

She stood still, looking down at the old cottonwood tree in the yard below, which still had their tree house, hers and Marilyn's, nailed in its lower branches. And she thought: It's outlasted our childhood, our friendship, our trust. And then suddenly, almost before she knew it, she'd turned to Marilyn and she was saying: "Marilyn, I'm in love with Phil."

For a long while there was only a soft rhythmic scraping sound as Marilyn filed her nails. Then she said: "How old is Phil, Babs?"

"He's twenty-six."

"And you're just twenty, aren't you?"

"You *know* how old I am!" Babs braced herself against the window sill, gripping it so hard her knuckles turned white. "I know what you're trying to say—that Phil's closer to your age. Well, it's true, he *is* older. He's just old enough so that he's the first person I've ever gone out with who seemed to understand!"

Marilyn's expression was curious. "Understand what?" she said.

About you! Babs wanted to shout. He understands that I couldn't bear to lose him to you—the way I've always lost everybody, everything I cared about, ever since we've grown up. But suddenly the fight in her collapsed. Maybe Phil didn't understand after all. Maybe she'd only hoped that he did. Maybe everything had gone well this summer only because Marilyn hadn't been home, because Phil hadn't met her until today.

IN THE mirror opposite the window, Babs caught sight of herself—her eyes hurt and desperate, her nose a little pink, her hair sun-bleached and wind-blown—looking just the way she shouldn't look with Marilyn. She looked vulnerable, inadequate, and somehow younger than she was.

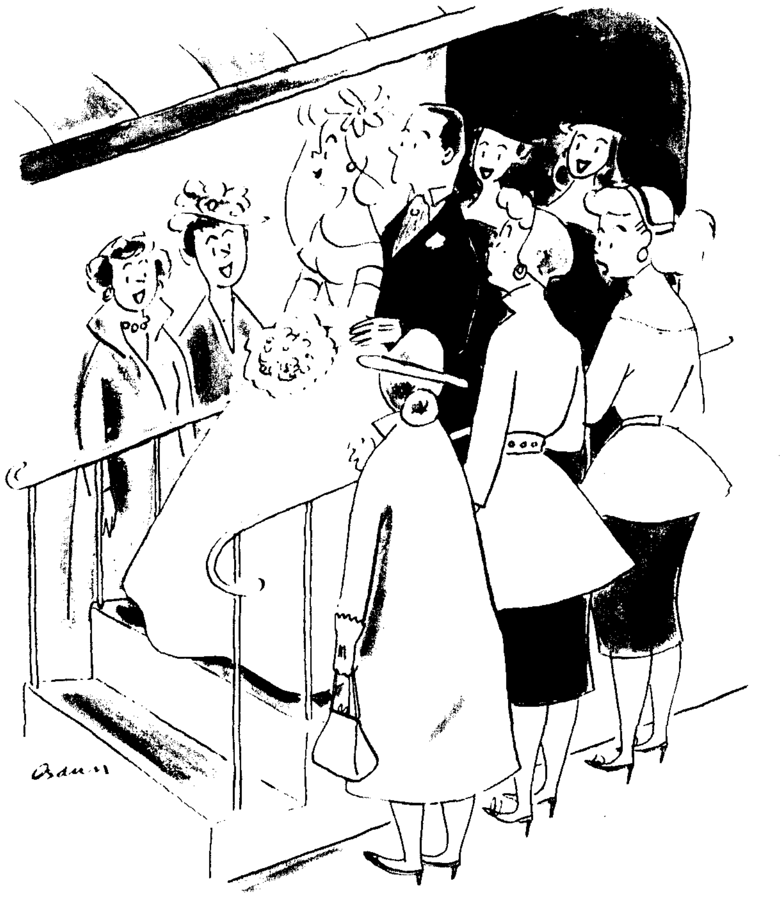
"Is Phil coming to my party tomorrow night?" Marilyn asked. "I mean, you're dating him a lot, aren't you?"

"I date him every night," Babs said too defensively. "He—we've been going steady. We have a date tonight."

But at eight, Phil called to break the date, the first he'd ever broken. He was working at the studio. He couldn't get away until quite late.

"Of course, I understand," Babs said, dressed and waiting in the smart cocktail dress Marilyn had insisted on lending her, wearing the orange-red nail polish Marilyn had told her to borrow because it was all the news this year. "It's all right, Phil. I'll see you tomorrow night."

She sat for a long while in the dark hall, her hand still on the telephone, and after a while she heard Marilyn go out quietly, not saying good-by to anyone, but slipping out the side door so no



COLLIER'S "She was the one who advised me to play hard-to-get with him . . ." KATE OSANN

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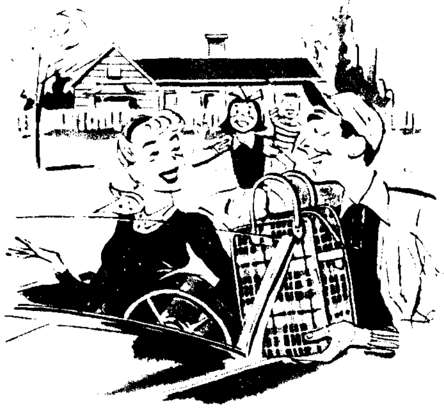

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one would ask her where she was going. Babs put her head down on the table, but somehow she couldn't cry.

It was after midnight when she heard Marilyn come in, tiptoe lightly down the hall and close her door softly.

When dawn came, Babs was still awake. She sat for a while, staring out at the red sun as it rose over the Gulf.

The rest of the day, helping out at her father's office, seemed endless. I won't think about them. she would decide. I won't think about Marilyn and Phil. Then suddenly, when she was showing a patient into her father's office or typing up routine bills, it would hit her like a stab: Was that *his* car that brought Marilyn home last night? Were they dancing at the Parisian Room? Or sitting close at the Galvez, with the moon coming up over the Gulf, the way Phil and I did that first night?

At six, her father closed up the office. "You'd better go home and dress for the party, hadn't you?" he said.

When Babs got home Marilyn was already dressed—not in the kind of dress you'd buy in Galveston, but the kind you'd find in New York: a black-satin strapless, jeweled with jet and pearls. There was a kind of bright, wild exhilaration about her.

"Wear this," she said, and tossed Babs a peacock-blue satin sheath. It had a matching stole, studded with seed pearls.

"I don't want—" Babs started to say. Then she picked up the dress aware that it would bring out her tan make her almost as beautiful as Marilyn.

She put it on quickly, before she could change her mind, and standing there before the mirror where she could see both Marilyn and herself, she knew she looked almost as beautiful; they were just about equal. Only their wills seemed unequal: Marilyn's was wild, perverse, extrovert; her own was intense, but held inside so it hurt only her, like the cutting edge of a knife.

PHIL arrived ahead of the others. Instead of the casual sport clothes he always wore with Babs, he had on a dark blue suit and a carefully knotted tie. He looked tired, older, much more sophisticated.

When Babs said hello to him, she scarcely saw him. She saw instead all the questions, the doubts that had been weaving in and out of her mind. She saw Phil as she had imagined him last night, kissing Marilyn, holding her too long, promising to meet her after the party tonight.

"Look, let's get out of here for a minute, shall we?" Babs said. "There's something I've got to ask you, Phil."

On the porch, she faced him, her hands trembling. "Where were you last night?" she demanded. She could hear her own quick, uneven breathing while she waited for his answer.

He said simply, "Why?"

"Because Marilyn went out, and you broke our date. I thought you might be with her."

He tensed. "Why didn't you ask Marilyn that question?"

"Because she wouldn't tell me. She never does."

"No," Phil said, and the word dropped into the stillness, hard, almost frozen. "I wasn't out with Marilyn last night. I was at the studio, where I told you I'd be. Marilyn came by, but I didn't go out with her. She called somebody else."

He waited for a long moment, then he said, "Do you believe me, Babs?"

She wanted to so desperately that it was an ache inside her. For a moment, she almost did. But then she remembered that other time; Bob Cameron had said he wasn't going with Marilyn either—until it all came out.

"Don't you know," Phil said at last, "that there isn't any happiness for you, ever, if you don't believe in yourself or anyone else?" His voice turned hard. "You're not really a woman, the way I thought you were. You're still just a kid sister."

Marilyn's laugh, giddy and too excited, cut through the dark. "Let's go in," Phil said.

Marilyn was watching for them, waiting for them. She broke away from the group of men she was with and came straight across the room. There was something unswervingly determined about her as she stopped in front of Phil. "I've been wanting to talk to you about some more ideas on that program," she said, "but there are so many people in here. The porch"—she glanced from Phil to Babs, her eyes mocking and bright—"really isn't a bad idea. So take *me* out there now."

For just a moment, Phil looked at Babs, and then turned back to Marilyn. "Okay, Marilyn," he said. "Why not?"

Something inside Babs seemed to crack, to explode. Her hand flew up in a wild arc and stopped just short of Marilyn's startled face.

"Babs!" Marilyn gasped. The party had come to a sudden standstill, but Babs was scarcely aware of it. Her breath was coming fast, her cheeks burned.

"You're never happy!" Babs cried. "Never, never, never, and you can't bear anybody else to be happy. I asked you to leave Phil alone, because this time I can't bear it! I won't stand for it!" She knew she was breaking up everything, ruining Marilyn's party, and she didn't care. She saw the group of staring, startled faces—and Marilyn's face, with its uncertain smile that seemed somehow almost relieved. And then somebody, it was her father, had hold of her arm.

She must have got upstairs somehow, because she was there, later, when the telephone started ringing.

"It's for you," her mother called from downstairs.

The party had long since broken up. The house was dark, still. She stumbled downstairs and picked up the telephone numbly. "I want to talk to you, Babs." It was Phil's voice. "Now."

Her need for him made her feel suddenly weak. She looked down at Marilyn's crumpled peacock-blue satin dress, which she still wore. "I can't," she said. But she knew she had to.

Ten minutes later she met him on the side porch, where he'd asked her to. She couldn't have said why. It was cold and Phil put his coat around her. "I'm going to take you for a drive," he said. "We've got to talk. And then I'll bring you right back."

WHEN they came to a street light, Phil stopped his car suddenly and pulled a snapshot out of his wallet. "Look at this," he said.

It was a picture of someone who looked a lot like Phil. The man had his arm around a girl who was dark and almost beautiful. "My brother," Phil said. "My older brother, Gerald, and his wife, Dee. Dee used to be my best girl, until I introduced her to Gerald. And she wasn't the first girl he took away. It was a habit Gerald had." His words had an odd, rusty sound, as if they had been stored away too long and were only dragged out now by force, when they were needed.

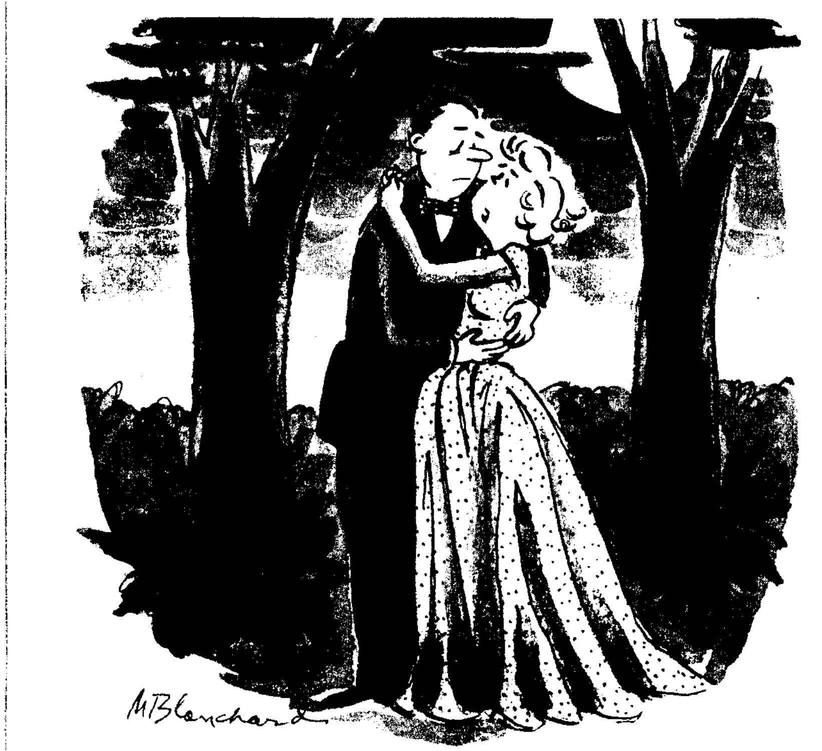
Babs handed the picture back slowly, and when she looked at Phil it was almost as if she were looking into a mirror: the kid brother, grown up; the kid sister who hadn't, until tonight, really grown up at all. "Why, you *forced* me to fight Marilyn," she said wonderingly, "didn't you?"

"Look," he said, "you couldn't be happy—we could never be happy together—if you hadn't had it out with Marilyn the way you did tonight. I learned that myself, the hard way."

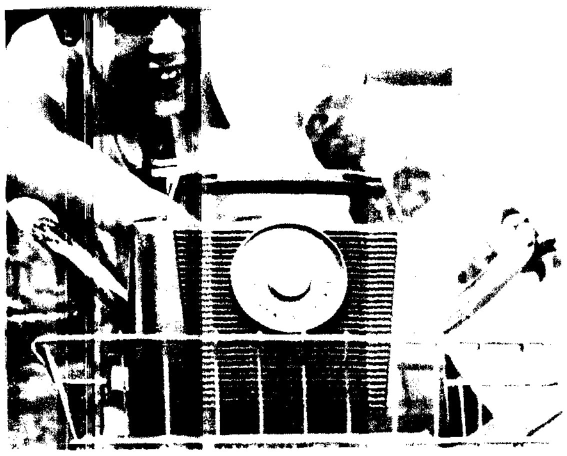
Overhead, a plane flew low, an airliner like the one that had brought Marilyn home—was it only yesterday? "I guess," Babs said, "that I could never hate Marilyn, no matter what she did. I guess I loved her too much to fight back at her—until I loved somebody else more."

"Sure, I know," Phil said. "Marilyn's a terrific girl." He gave a deep, warm laugh and reached out for Babs. "But you should see her sister!"

—HERBERT A. FRANCIS



COLLIER'S "I hate you" MARTHA BLANCHARD



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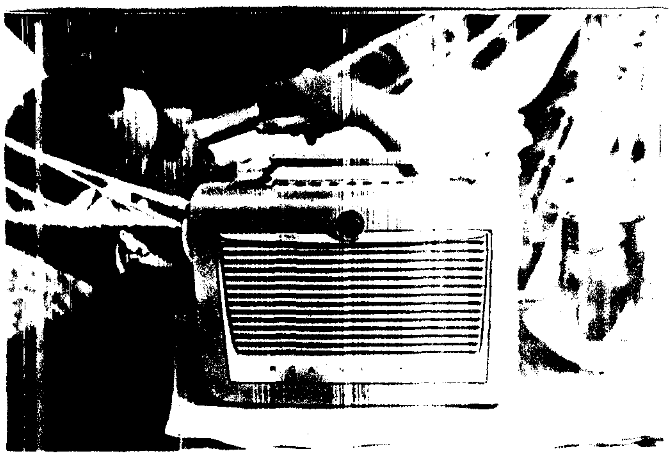

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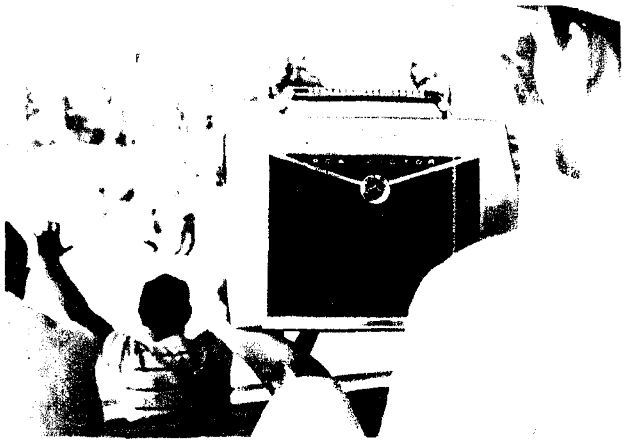

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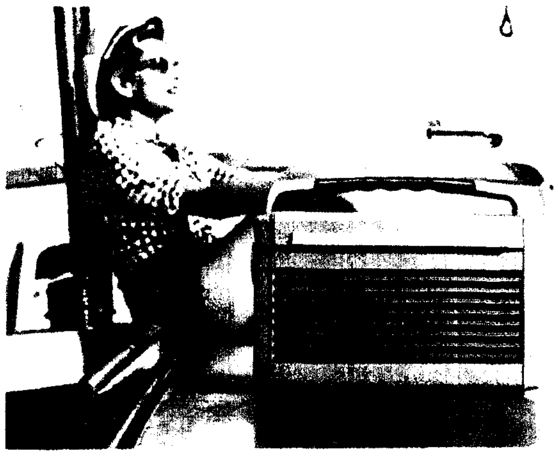
Actual stroboscopic photograph shows "Impac" case surviving fall on hard flagstone terrace.



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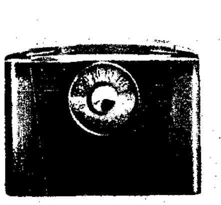

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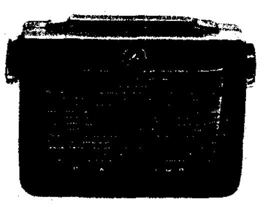

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Rep. Celler (right), shown with author Spindel, heads House group working on anti-wiretap laws

WERNER WOLFF

WHO ELSE IS LISTENING?

How to Stop WIRETAPPING

By BERNARD B. SPINDEL with BILL DAVIDSON

There's no certain technical defense against electronic eavesdropping, an expert says. That leaves only one way to halt this threat to our traditional right of privacy: new, rigidly enforced laws to control the snoopers' activities

I TAPPED my first telephone when I was twelve years old. The victim was a young girl in my neighborhood in the Bronx in New York City. I had developed a puppy-love crush on her and I wanted to find out who her boy friends were. So I used techniques taught me by a retired telephone-company employee who frequented a radio repair store where I practiced my hobby of electronics. I listened in on the girl's conversations—and those of her father and mother—for two weeks.

Since then I have tapped perhaps 3,000 phones and installed about 1,000 electronic eavesdropping devices—hidden microphones, tiny radio transmitters and the like. I did my undergraduate work in electronics snooping in the late 1930s and early 1940s when I was a radio technician and did wiretaps in my spare time; I earned my master's degree in eavesdropping in World War II in the U.S. Army Signal Corps, which loaned me out to various government agencies; and I got my Ph.D. in the postwar period while operating as a private detective and as an electronics expert available for hire by other detective agencies all over the country.

My long education in ways and means of invading privacy has led me to one major conclusion: there's no complete, practical, technical defense against electronic eavesdropping; the only feasible source of protection is stringent legislation—accompanied by an awakening of the public to the dangers to their constitutional right of privacy raised by new electronic devices and techniques.

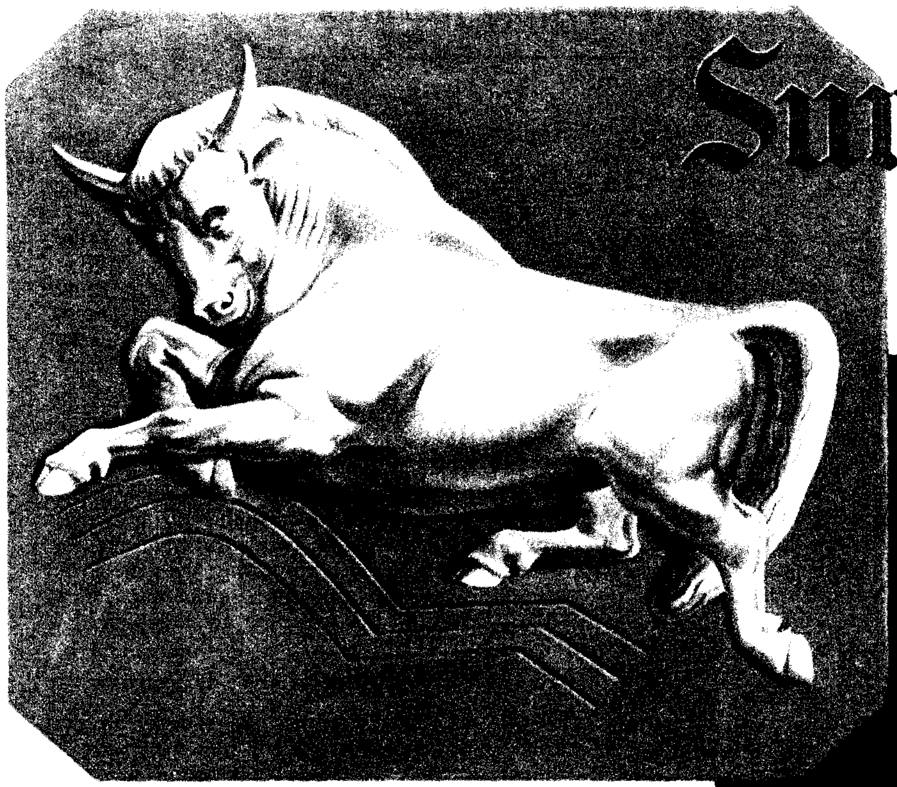
There's no way an ordinary citizen can tell for sure whether anyone is listening in on his telephone line. Most people think that clicks and fading tip them off if wiretappers are at work. That's an old wives' tale. A properly installed tap gives no clue whatever to its presence. Other people have come up with the myth that you can foil wiretappers by using your phone in a bathroom or kitchen with the water faucets turned on full force. But if the other party can hear you, so can the wiretapper. Moreover, the expert electronic eavesdropper can filter out all extraneous noise in recordings of a conversation.

There is a variety of so-called "tap testers" on the market. They do little but lull those who use them into a false sense of security. I know from experience that they will reveal only the most elementary type of wiretap. I have come up against them perhaps 25 times, and not once have they betrayed my taps.

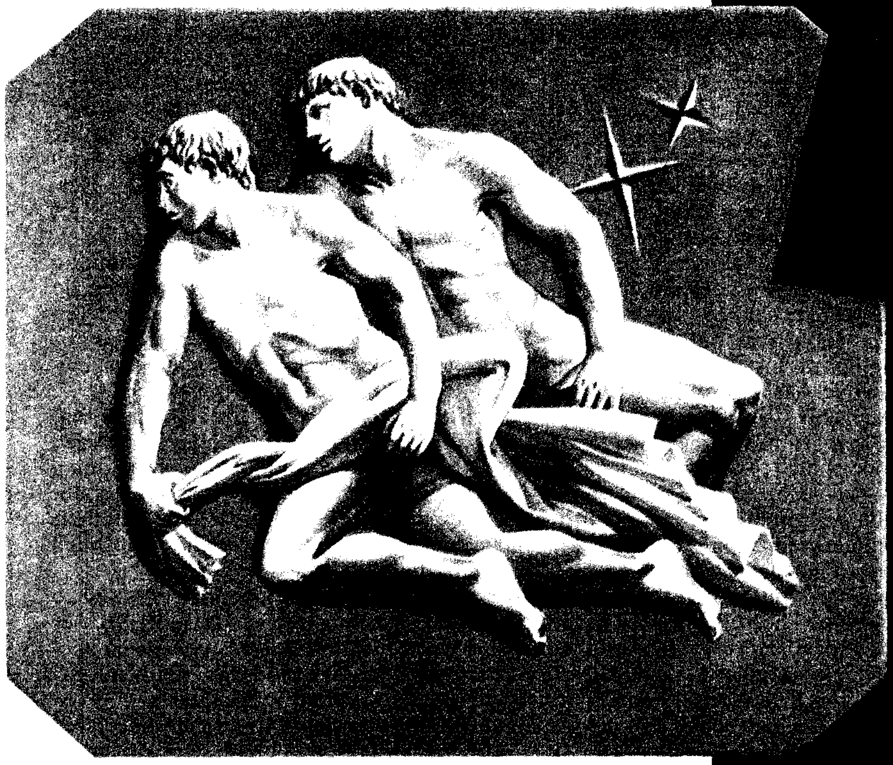
In one recent case, my client was a television producer involved in a cross-petition divorce case. He knew his wife had obtained grounds for divorce against him and was planning to ask for sizable alimony. His best defense, he figured, was to try to get similar evidence against her. That was where I came in. I installed a wiretap on the family phone at a bridging point in an apartment-building basement near their home, connecting the terminals of the phone to another line running to a hotel about three blocks away. Then I rented a room in the hotel and set up my "plant," or listening post. The moment I started to check the line, I heard an almost inaudible low-frequency sound. It tipped me off immediately that there was a tap tester on the phone.

This particular type is placed next to the phone and connected to the line. Before someone makes a call, he presses a button on the device; if there is any electronic unbalance on the line—such as

Sure as the day You were born...

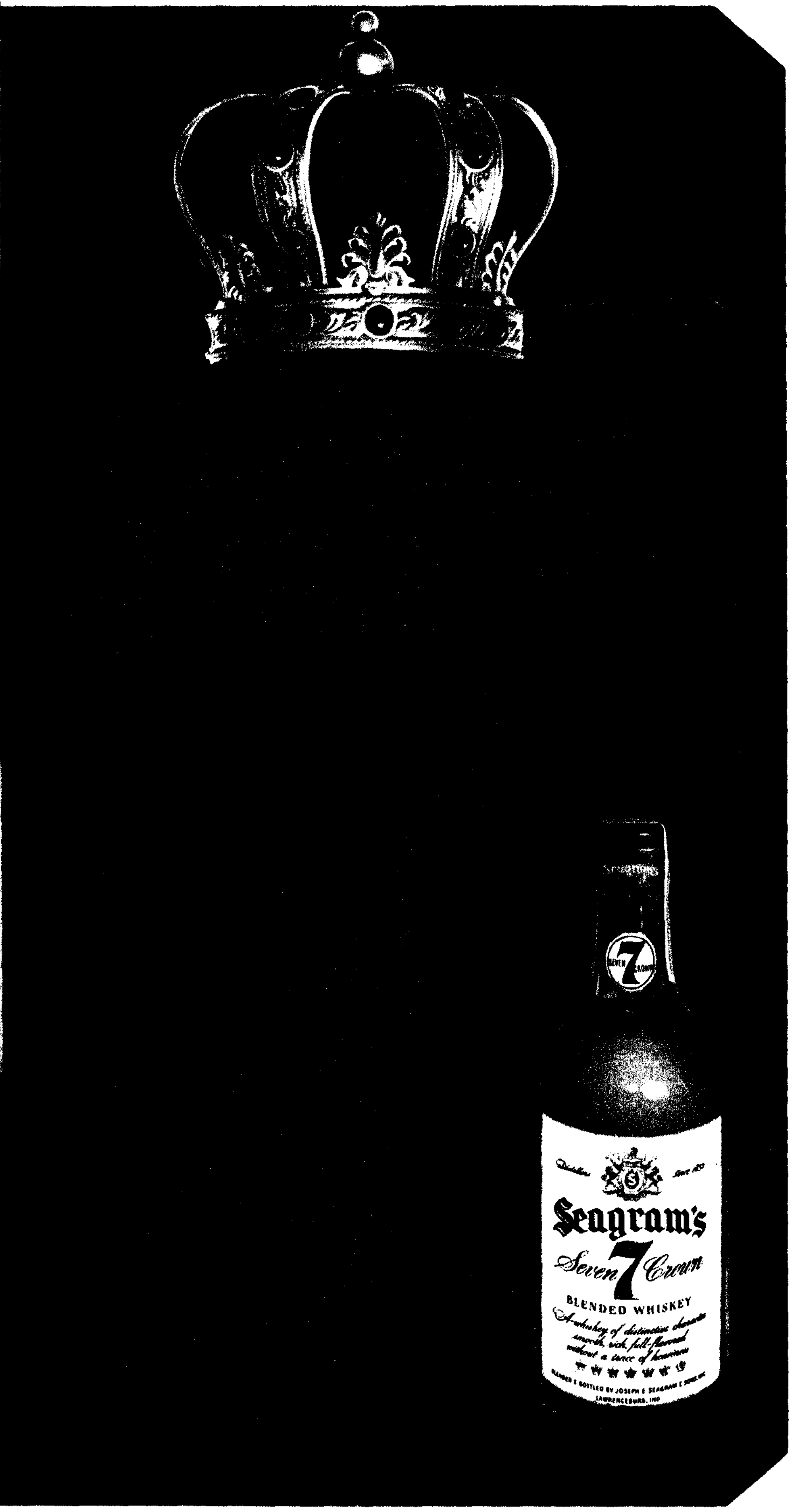


TAURUS (April 20—May 21) Taurians have great determination. Also, they appreciate the finest in food and drinks. So naturally they insist on Seagram's 7 Crown.



GEMINI (May 22—June 21) People born under the sign of Gemini are genial and likable. They enjoy parties and sociable evenings—particularly when Seagram's 7 Crown is served.

But no matter when you were born... any day between January 1st and December 31st, you're sure to like Seagram's 7 Crown. That's the wonder of America's favorite whiskey—it has a wonderful taste and wonderful smoothness that *everyone* appreciates...every time!



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would be caused by an ordinary wiretap—a meter registers the fact.

To foil the device, I merely yanked my clips off the line and installed a specially designed electronic unit. The signal from my client's phone then fed into a series of radio tubes which automatically compensated for any unbalance caused by my wiretap—and the tap tester continued to register that the line was safe. My client's wife, deluded into carelessness, held long, intimate conversations with a man friend. The conversations were preserved on tape by my recording machines.

A Terrible Shock for a Lady

When the case came to trial a few weeks later, the errant wife still firmly believed that no one could have eavesdropped on her conversations. She was visibly shocked when we started to play the recordings, and she whispered nervously to her lawyer. He addressed the judge. "Don't play them," the attorney said. "We concede that it's her voice and that the conversations took place." The judge held that both husband and wife had committed adultery and threw out the cross suits for divorce.

In all my years as a civilian wiretapper, I have been caught at work only once—and that was by a suspicious bookmaker who had had long experience with police wiretappers. On every other occasion I have worked unmolested at telephone-company terminal boxes—in basements, on telephone poles and in back yards. Most people assume that I'm a telephone repairman because I carry the same tools. Several times I have installed wiretap connections on telephone poles while chatting amiably with a policeman lounging in the street just below.

If you suspect that your line is being tapped, you can notify the telephone company or call in a private technician like me. All the telephone company or other technicians can do, however, is to check all the lines and terminal boxes between your home and the telephone exchange. They look for wires connecting your telephone line with another pair of outgoing wires. If they find them, they can destroy the tap by yanking out the connecting wires—but that's no guarantee that the tap won't be put back there or somewhere else five minutes later.

Moreover, certain types of wiretaps are all but undetectable. I recently demonstrated to a Congressional subcommittee investigating wiretapping a still-secret method which uses no visible connecting wires whatever—yet enables a tapped conversation to flow between terminals of the tappee's telephone line and a plant. In a recent divorce case in a Midwestern city, I used this method because the wife involved had had previous experience with wiretappers and she was ultracautious. My invisible tap withstood 16 inspections by telephone-company technicians and private detectives—and three months later trapped her making dates with her boy friend.

Another nearly undetectable device is the induction coil, which intercepts the magnetic field of a telephone line and picks up conversation when merely placed or held near the phone; no physical connection is needed. The induction coil does have some limitations, however. As I told the Congressional subcommittee, the best chance of foiling an eavesdropper lies in using a pay phone next to a window in which there is a neon sign. It's unlikely the pay phone would have a regular tap, and the transformer of the neon sign emits enough electronic noise to drown out any conversation that might be picked up by an induction coil.

But even then you might not be completely safe. A big wiretap center uncovered recently in an apartment on East Fifty-fifth Street in New York City cut directly into eight telephone exchanges handling most of the city's big businesses, the wealthiest Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue homes, many foreign consulates and the UN headquarters. The tap lines ran from the main frame of a big telephone building in the block behind the apartment. The center could tap some 100,000 phones with the ease of a telephone girl operating a switchboard. There was not a single tap-free telephone on the East Side of New York between Forty-fifth Street and Sixty-fifth Street.

Obviously telephone-company employees were involved (no one else has access to the main frame of a telephone exchange), and two phone technicians were soon indicted by a grand jury and dismissed by the telephone company. A few weeks later, a private detective was indicted as the mastermind of the operation. The 14-count indictment charged the detective with attempting "to obtain detailed information on certain persons he was investigating privately for some of his clients."

Various Victims of Wiretappers

Among those whose phones were tapped were a former law partner of New York's police commissioner, an art dealer, several models, some erring husbands and wives and a big pharmaceutical house. A reliable source told me that a typical client of the illegal wiretap center was an insurance investigating bureau trying to run down information on suspicious-looking claims. The press said another client was the late financier, Serge Rubinstein, who operated on the premise that the most efficient way of doing business was to know what your opponent was up to at all times.

COLLIER'S "Hey, whatta you getting that old thing down for?" HERB GREEN

The ease with which electronic eavesdroppers can listen in on almost anyone's conversation makes all the more frightening the fact that defense against them is so difficult. The snoopers use hidden microphones, tiny line-carrier transmitters which transmit the human voice over ordinary electric power lines, contact microphones which enable them to listen through solid walls, minute radio transmitters that can be hidden in a couch, a brief case or a vase of flowers—plus a dozen other diabolical listening devices. To make reasonably sure that a room is free of "bugs," as we call the electronic eavesdropping gadgets, you would need a minimum of $25,000 in equipment—and even then you'd have no absolute guarantee that it was clear.

First of all, you'd need a sweep signal indicator. The device scans all known radio frequencies. If a radio transmitter were hidden in the room, the sweep signal indicator would indicate its presence. Next you'd need a metallic object locator—similar to the mine detectors used by the Army but many times more sensitive. This gadget will locate every nail in a wall and trace all wiring. It can distinguish between wiring that carries normal house current and wires with the low-voltage current which electronic eavesdroppers use for hidden bugs.

Another expensive but necessary device is a radio signal carrier detector, which tells if power lines are carrying a signal. A fourth device is a special high-frequency generator, which sends a signal over the telephone lines. After placing the signal on the line, the technician goes to all terminal boxes between the room he is sweeping and the telephone exchange. If he picks up his signal anywhere but on the lines belonging to his client, he knows that someone has "cross-patched"—visibly or invisibly—a wiretap or a bug (which also can transmit messages over telephone lines). Several other gadgets also would be needed.

To be completely safe against electronic eavesdropping today, you would have to construct a special conference room deep in the interior of a large building. The room would have to be windowless to protect it from the parabolic microphone (whose dish-shaped "ear" can pick up and amplify conversations through open windows from some distance away). The room would have to be encased in heavy metal to thwart any still-secret eavesdropping devices set up outside the room and to reduce the effectiveness of any radio transmitters hidden inside.

Within the metal sheath there would have to be an inner shell of transparent plastic, separated from the metal by about six inches and resting on transparent plastic supports. This would foil contact microphones which, when placed against a resonating surface such as a nail driven through a wall, pick up conversations on the other side of the wall. Moreover, all the wiring in the room would be visible through the plastic shell; any tampering with the lines would be immediately apparent. There would, of course, be no telephones.

Prohibitive Cost of Privacy

The government is moving in the direction of such top-secret conference rooms. It already is using a metal sheath in the form of steel mesh embedded in the walls. But can the ordinary citizen indulge in such prohibitively expensive means of assuring himself the privacy guaranteed by our Constitution? Of course not. That's why I say there's only one feasible defense: new laws that would make electronic eavesdropping a felony and provide stiff jail sentences for violators.

Let's take a look at the laws as they stand now. In a memorandum to the Senate Judiciary Committee on April 28, 1954, U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., wrote: "Ten states permit the authorized tapping of wires. Twenty-three states, although limiting in some form the tapping of wires, do not prohibit the admission in evidence of information obtained in violation of their laws [which would include evidence obtained by wiretapping]. . . . From this analysis it would follow that although many states have declared that evidence obtained by wiretapping is illegal evidence, more than 30 states apparently allow the admission, in their courts, of evidence obtained through the tapping of wires."

Federal agents are not permitted to use wiretap evidence in federal cases—and that's why the espionage conviction against former government girl Judith Coplon was reversed even though Justice Learned Hand declared that her guilt was plain. Notwithstanding, the FBI has been allowed to tap wires by authorization of the Attorney General since 1941, and the Justice Department reported in April that the FBI was tapping nearly 150 phones—all in connection with national security cases.

Our state laws are a hodgepodge—mostly, according to William Foley, counsel of the House of Representatives subcommittee investigating wiretapping, because the statutes were passed many years ago for the principal purpose of protecting telephone-company property rather than the privacy of citizens. In New York, an assistant district attorney or any police officer above the rank of sergeant can get a court order to wiretap from any lower court judge, and witnesses have testified at Congressional hearings that judges often do not even look at an application before signing it.

The court orders are used mainly in bookmaking and prostitution cases,

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Every single car part in that picture represents an exclusive, extra value that *only* Plymouth offers in the low-price 3 . . . over and above Plymouth's top size, top power and taut, poised beauty.

They are just a *few* of the big Plymouth exclusives that mean so much to your driving pleasure and safety. They really pay off, too, in lower maintenance cost . . . and higher value at trade-in time!

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This year, of all years, look at all 3! Isn't Plymouth your *wisest* choice?

PowerFlite and all Power Driving Aids at low extra cost. See "PLYMOUTH NEWS CARAVAN" with John Cameron Swayze on NBC-TV; "SHOWER OF STARS" and "CLIMAX!" on CBS-TV

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WEEK-END TRIPS ARE INEXPENSIVE when you go by car. The whole family travels for the one low cost per mile. You can go anywhere you want, when you want . . . for a refreshing swim, a tour of a historic spot, a picnic meal in the open country . . . and your car brings you right home to your front door!

by the mile!
CONTAINS
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CAR TRAVEL is carefree travel because of the men who run the nation's 200,000 service stations. These independent businessmen are always ready with a friendly, helping hand to make your driving pleasant.

COLORFUL SCENE. Visitors pause at Battle Monument while touring West Point. There's a memorable, historic spot in your own part of the country. Plan a one-day jaunt to visit it with your family. It's a fun-filled way to get your money's worth out of your car investment.

it gets cheaper by the mile!

VACATION BY CAR. Cost per mile is so low that you can afford to take a long trip by car. And you can take side trips to enjoy scenes such as this one at Horsetail Falls, Oregon. Remember, if you leave your car home, you still pay most of the cost of owning it and miss a lot of vacation enjoyment besides.

AAA FIGURES show why you can add miles at low cost. Your fixed costs—the major items in car expense—don't change even when you drive a few thousand extra miles. In fact, the more miles you drive, the lower the cost per mile . . . and you get extra money's worth from your car.

Figures prove your cost per mile goes down as your yearly mileage goes up

Leaving your car home in the garage costs you almost as much as driving it. Figures compiled by the American Automobile Association show that gasoline and oil costs are only a small part of the total expense of car ownership. The fixed charges —insurance, license fees and depreciation—cost the most.

Insurance and license fees remain about the same whether you drive five thousand miles a year or fifteen thousand. The same holds true of depreciation. If you have any doubts about this, just see how little more an automobile dealer can allow for a low-mileage used car. You'll find that trade-in values are based largely on the year and condition of a car—with little attention given to mileage.

Of course you'll use more gasoline and oil as you drive more. But U.S. oil companies have held their prices so low (even with the taxes on gasoline) that after you've paid the initial costs of car ownership, additional mileage costs very little. For example, as shown on the chart, the family that drives 5,000 miles this year by car will pay about 5.2¢ per mile for each member of the family. The family that drives 15,000 miles will pay only 2.5¢ per mile . . . 52% less!

So, to get your money's worth out of your car investment, use your car more. Take your family on a motoring vacation . . . shop by car . . . enjoy week-end trips. And remember, when you drive more, it gets cheaper by the mile!

YEARLY DRIVING COSTS FOR AVERAGE FAMILY

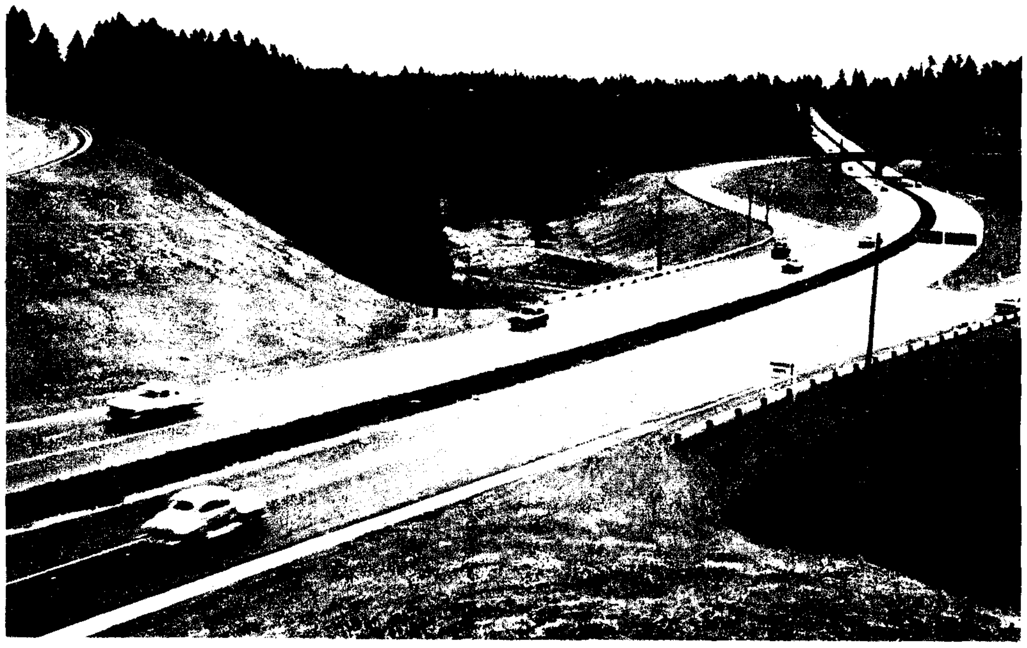
(HUSBAND, WIFE & ONE CHILD)

For **5,000** *miles**		*For* **15,000** *miles**
$477.36	*Depreciation*	**$477.36**
104.46	*Insurance*	**104.46**
16.83	*License fees*	**16.83**
114.50	*Gasoline and Oil*	**343.50**
37.00	*Maintenance*	**111.00**
25.50	*Tires*	**76.50**
$775.65	TOTAL FAMILY COST	**$1,129.65**
5.2¢	*Cost per mile for each member of family*	**2.5¢**

*SOURCE: AAA

DRIVE MORE

...it gets cheaper by the mile!



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"FORESTER FROST"
A new summer drink
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RECIPE: Muddle a teaspoon of sugar and a splash of water in a tall, chilled glass. Add the juice of ½ lemon. Pack with crushed ice. Add 1½ oz. Old Forester, pour in a teaspoon of creme de menthe, and stir vigorously. Garnish with cherry and lemon peel. "There is nothing better in the market."

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BROWN-FORMAN D AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

and William Keating, then counsel for the New York City Anti-Crime Committee, told the Congressional subcommittee that police use their wiretaps mostly to shake down bookies and pimps. Many of these court orders are for taps on pay phones; an innocent private citizen using one of the phones conceivably could become the blackmail victim of a corrupt cop.

There were more than 1,200 legal wiretaps in New York last year. Add to that an estimated 4,000 illegal taps by unscrupulous police and private individuals and you get some idea of how electronic snooping has grown in this country.

In 32 states, it's legal to tap your own phone to obtain evidence against, say, a philandering spouse or a dishonest employee. Also, I know of only one state, Massachusetts, where there is any prohibition at all against the newer forms of eavesdropping with such devices as hidden microphones and radio transmitters. I shocked the Congressional subcommittee recently when I told them some of the dangers of these loopholes in the law. I said: "Assume that I have bugged the confessional booth of a Catholic church. A confession of a crime to a priest is supposed to be a privileged communication. Yet the law in my state of New York says that by virtue of the fact that the conversation was overheard by me, a third party, the privileged status no longer exists. Furthermore, a recording of that conversation is considered competent evidence and could be used to obtain a conviction against the confessor. Extend this to an attorney-client relationship. The implications become frightening. Federal laws covering this form of eavesdropping are nonexistent. Yet it violates the basic principles of freedom."

That's why, even though I have operated within the law, I have grave misgivings about my work. Nearly all of my cases have involved bugging or the tapping of my clients' own phones. Both practices are legal, but it worries me to think of what might happen if my methods or equipment got into the wrong hands.

Bugging a Union Headquarters

Not long ago, for example, I was called to a big Southern city to bug and wiretap a union headquarters. The union president suspected that there were one or two disloyal individuals on his executive board. I worked all night every night for two months in the union headquarters building. When I was finished, I had tapped the entire phone system and equipped it with an automatic selector that permitted the president of the union to monitor any phone by remote push-button control. I also had hidden microphones in the men's rooms, in the cafeteria and in the reception room.

With the aid of these devices, the president caught two union leaders accepting bribes from business officials. The electronic setup was one of my best. But it's troubled me ever since. The current president of the union is an upstanding, honorable man. But—I ask myself—what might happen if a dishonest, power-hungry man succeeds him? A corrupt official could use my system for blackmail, intimidation and spying into private lives.

When I accept a job, I never know—except by instinct—whether the motives of my client are honorable. In one Midwestern case, I provided my client with several tiny recording machines such as fit in a shoulder holster under the coat. He convinced me he wanted them to record conversations in crucial business conferences without his opponents' knowledge. But after I left, he went one step further. Some of his associates were summoned before a grand jury. To ensure that they did not double-cross him, I heard later, he made each man wear one of the hidden miniature recorders into the jury room. Thus he violated the law by eavesdropping on grand-jury hearings, the secrecy of which is a jealously guarded American right.

When Many Secrets Are Bared

Even in a routine divorce case, the lives of many people are laid bare in my wiretap recordings. I hear discussions with psychiatrists, doctors, intimate friends. I hear other people reveal wrongdoings that have no connection with the case on which I am working—and I often wonder if my client might use this information dishonestly later on. In a divorce case, moreover, I sometimes must employ devices which may give my client—or even the victim—ideas about other possible uses of them.

Once in New York City I had to get evidence against a philandering bakery executive who was holding trysts at night in the parking lot of his bakery. The lot was surrounded by a high fence, topped with barbed wire, and the gate was triple padlocked. It would have been impossible to break into this stockade for a normal raid, so I resorted to electronic means.

One evening when the executive's car was parked outside his home, I drove up alongside and got out as if to check my tires. I then dropped a tiny radio transmitter—no bigger than a pack of king-size cigarettes—into the back of the executive's car. I reached in and pushed the transmitter under the front seat. Later that night, I sat in my car outside the barricaded parking lot and with a powerful radio receiver recorded every sound of the executive's meeting with his girl friend. The evidence helped my client, the bakery executive's wife, get her divorce—but in the interim the executive had found the transmitter in his car. I've sometimes wondered since, what if he decided to use it for business intelligence purposes against his competitors?

On the other hand, I know how important electronic monitoring can be as part of a citizen's paramount right of self-defense. One of my best friends today is an ex-client, a West Coast TV personality. He suspected that his wife was unfaithful and that she was trying to maneuver him into a divorce with crippling alimony payments. Being blameless himself, he at first refused to believe what he suspected. He was working himself into a state of nervous collapse when another detective agency referred him to me.

I convinced him that he ought to install a wiretap on his own phone—to learn the truth once and for all. I connected the tap in the basement of his building and set up my plant in a vacant apartment just above his. For eleven weeks we listened to the wife and her lawyer plot to take the husband for every cent he had, and finally we overheard the wife arrange a rendezvous with her boy friend in his apartment. We raided the apartment at 4:00 A.M. My client got his divorce—and was not required to pay alimony because of his wife's proven misconduct. If it hadn't been for the wiretap, my client might have lost his children, his home and much of his income.

Electronic monitoring may even prevent a murder. One of my former clients, a New Jersey union leader, was involved in a jurisdictional dispute with another union, later revealed to be controlled by a mob element. I had put a tap on my client's phone in a successful maneuver to catch a disloyal subordinate. The tap was still on when my client received a call from an official of the rival union. After identifying himself, he said, "Stay out of this neck of the woods, or they'll find you floating in the river." After several more threatening calls, we played the recordings for the attorney of the opposing union. Not only did my client get an amicable settlement of the jurisdictional dispute, but the rival union offered him a bodyguard. "If anything happens to you," they said, "we don't want to be blamed for it."

Murder Threat Was Carried Out

A similar case—but one that had a less happy ending—involved Tommy Lewis, president of a building-service employees union that controlled workers at the harness-racing tracks in New York State. Lewis called me back from a Montana vacation after his life had been threatened over the phone. He suspected that someone in the union was working with the thugs who were threatening him. The very day I completed my bugs and wiretaps, Lewis was killed by a hired gunman at his apartment house. I'm convinced that if I'd got my recording machines operating a day earlier, he'd be alive today. I know from experience that his best insurance policy would have been tape recordings of the conversations among the plotters.

There is no area where defensive wiretapping and bugging are more vital than in the business world. One of my clients is a big Eastern chain of auto-supply stores. Its electronic-brain business machines had revealed that one of the larger stores was requisitioning considerable more merchandise than it was selling. The company had put private detectives to work in the store, but after several months they hadn't found any evidence of wrongdoing. However, within three hours of installing a tap on the store manager's phone we heard the manager brag to another store manager how he had worked out an ingenious method of selling $36,000 worth of merchandise on his own in such a way that the merchandise wouldn't show up in his bookkeeping until a much later date. The manager was arrested the next day and signed a confession.

A Salesman under Suspicion

But all electronic eavesdropping is not so easy. Perhaps my most difficult case involved an importer of Swiss watch movements who was having trouble with a high-priced salesman. The salesman was suspected of breaking his contract with the company, and the importer wanted recordings to prove it. He wouldn't let me tap the salesman's phone, so I had to install a concealed microphone in an air-conditioning duct in his office and run my bug wires all the way to the rear of the loft. The only place for me to hide with my recording machine was in a vault where hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of watch movements were stored.

I had to work all night to run my bug wires into the vault in such a way that the alarm wouldn't go off and warn the salesman. But the worst was yet to come. I was shut in the vault at about 9:00 A.M.—and suddenly I thought I would go out of my mind. Some 50,000 watch movements, each wound by machine every day, were ticking all at once. It sounded like a waterfall, or the dripping of a thousand faucets. No medieval Chinese torture could have been worse. Finally, about 11:30 A.M., I heard the salesman say to the president of the company, "Sure I'm swindling you, but there's nothing you can do about it. I'm breaking this contract verbally, but I'd like to see you prove it with no witnesses."

That was all I needed to hear. I grabbed my recording machine and a moment later my client opened the vault door to let me out.

While I continue to do such self-defense eavesdropping jobs, I go through a constant moral struggle about them. It has colored my whole thinking about legislation to control electronic eavesdropping. On the whole, I'm for an outright ban. As Attorney General Brownell said, "Wiretapping has been brought into disrepute because of widespread abuse of it by private peepers." He might have added—abuse by some official peepers, too.

From experience, however, I know that some exceptions must be made. First, I think wiretapping and bugging by the FBI and other government agencies should be permitted in treason, sabotage and national-security cases—but only under the most careful safeguards. If spies know they may be tapped and bugged, they will be forced to contact their accomplices in the open. Even so, such wiretapping would be so subject to abuse that I think a nonpartisan six-man federal commission of leading citizens should be set up to pass on all federal wiretap orders before they are issued.

Second, I think we should retain the right of a citizen to wiretap and bug his own premises for self-defense. But here, too, I would set up strict safeguards. I think we should license all technicians in the field (no license is required today) and police their activities. If anyone misuses information obtained from self-defense wiretaps, he should be given a long jail sentence.

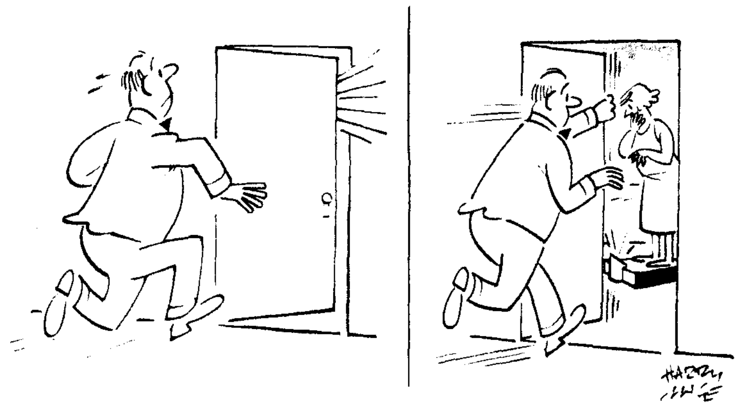
It would be idealistic, of course, to expect such drastic laws overnight. But at least we're moving in the right direction. Although there have been 11 previous Congressional investigations of wiretapping without positive results, the current probe—by a House Judiciary Committee subcommittee headed by Representative Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.)—appears determined to take constructive, realistic action. Congressman Celler appreciates the problem. He told me, "We cannot legislate for just the telephone when electronic devices seem to be equally dangerous and there is no law at all controlling them."

Wiretapping—a Federal Crime?

William Foley, the subcommittee counsel and a former Brooklyn assistant district attorney, says: "We're going to recommend legislation that will set up a new crime—wiretapping—for the first time. We'll make it a federal offense, a felony punishable by at least a year and a day in jail. We'll also make it a crime to use the fruits of wiretapping, even though the user doesn't actually tap the line himself. We think we can make all wiretapping a federal crime because all telephone lines have interstate connections. Once the crime is established, we'll set up exceptions—such as cases involving the national security, in which we'll insist on proper safeguards. We'll probably recommend that federal wiretap orders must be signed by federal district judges."

How would such legislation affect me? It probably would put me out of business. But I don't care. I can still design and manufacture specialized electronic equipment for the law-enforcement agencies that will be permitted to operate under the new laws.

In fact, I'll be happy to get out of the profession of eavesdropping, for as Congressman Celler has said: "The more we delve into this grave matter, the more we realize how the safety of our country depends on the protection of the privacy of the citizen as guaranteed by the Constitution—the privacy of his home, his business and the free words which he utters to his free fellow Americans."



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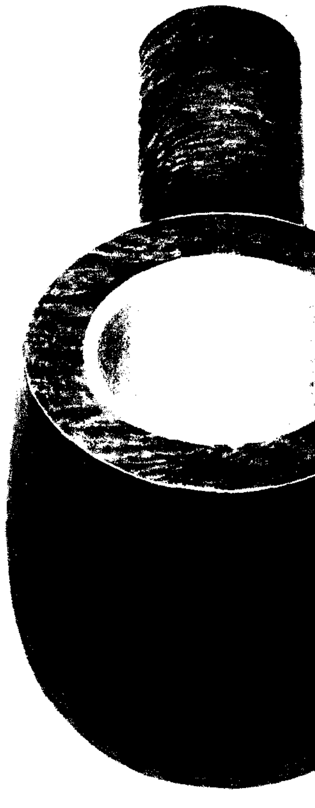

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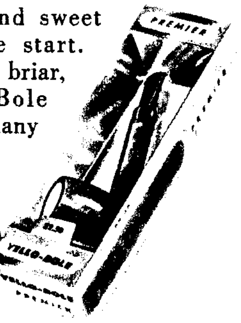

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The SERMON MY FATHER FORGOT

It was an important day for my father, and everything went wrong. He had to do something drastic—but I never knew he'd go that far

By HOPE SHELLEY MILLER

WHEN my father got the invitation to preach at Lake City he said that the congregation would all faint before he started to preach, when they saw us walking down the aisle. I could tell, though, he still hoped they might want him even with a lot of children. And Mother said that Mr. James Allen, the chairman of the pulpit committee which was looking for a new minister, knew Daddy had four—and soon would have five—children to support when he invited him. Mother also said that maybe they wanted a minister with a family big enough to keep the mice out of the parsonage.

People are always joking about the Lake City parsonage. It's a big old spooky place, and it takes too much coal for the furnace, and you have to keep a cat or set mousetraps. But it has four bedrooms, which is what interested me.

What interested my mother was the bigger salary. I hate to say it but my mother is a Martha, like the one in the Bible, always thinking about food and grocery bills and the material side of life. I take after my father, who is a thinker and a scholar. Especially on the Book of Job. So I was glad when he decided to preach his Job sermon at Lake City. It's one of my favorite sermons.

But Mother said it wasn't suitable for hot weather, that when it was so hot people were sticking to the pews, they didn't want to think too much—like about Job and his troubles or the Problem of Evil in the World. I don't think a woman ought to argue with her husband, and I certainly don't intend to when I get married. But when I woke up that hot Sunday morning I was afraid Mother was right. I could feel that sizzling wind coming in the window, and I knew the congregation would probably go to sleep, and I'd have to spend the rest of my life in the same room with Cynthia and Ellen.

It's not that I don't love my sisters, most of the time anyway, but once you're in junior high you need a room of your own with no kids' junk strewn around. And no wildlife! Because when you live with my sister Ellen you're living in a zoo, or maybe an aquarium. Every morning when I woke up I could see the fish sloshing around in their bowl and hear the turtles scratching in their pan. It's enough to drive anybody mad.

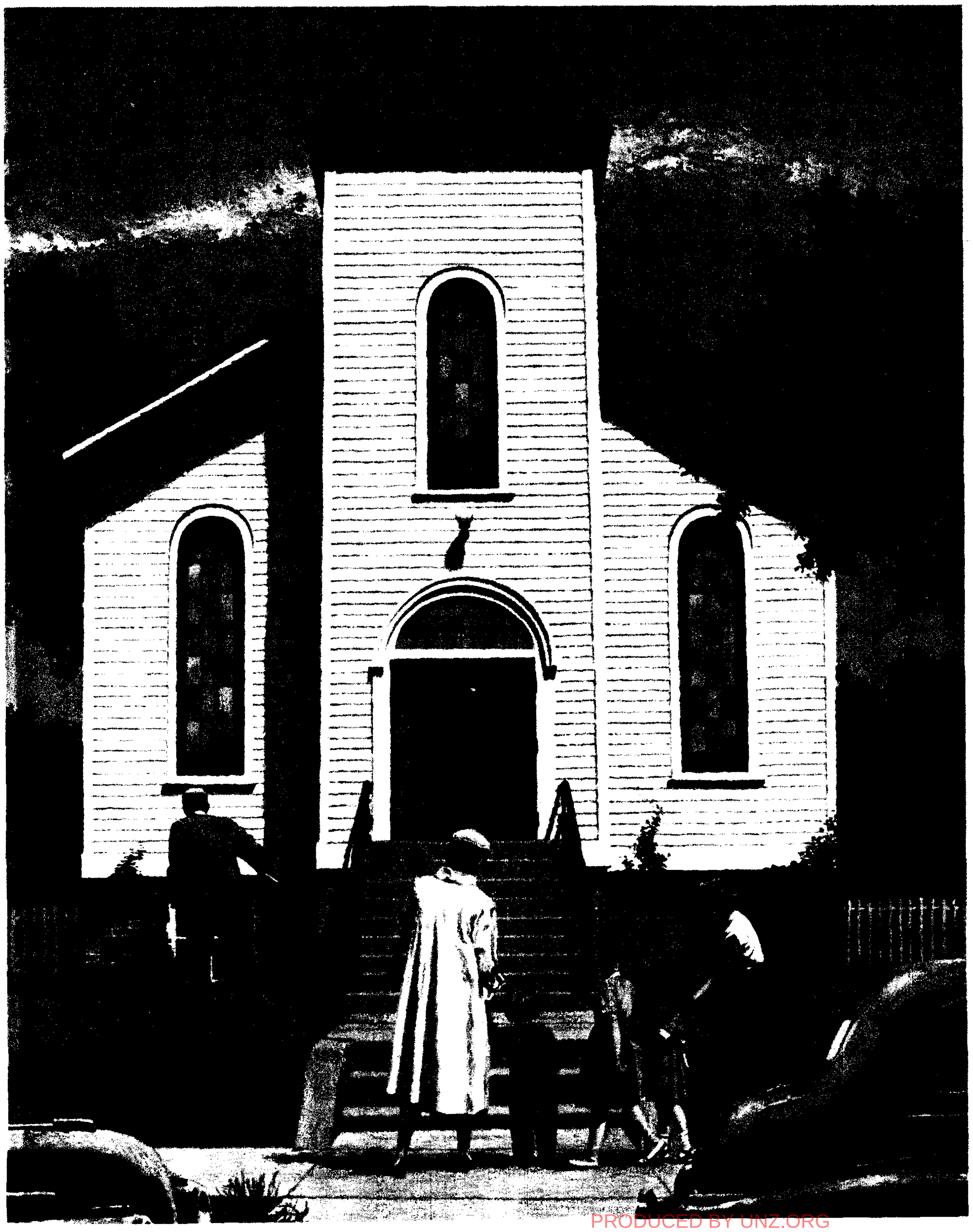
It was the frogs that really got me, though. Ellen had seventeen of them, all raised from pollywogs and living in a tub on the back porch. And there was this one weird white one, Albino, that was practically her heart and soul. Don't ask me why there was one white frog in the midst of sixteen mud-colored ones, except that my father says there are many wonders in the universe that man can't explain. It was Daddy who named him Albino and explained to Ellen about pigment in the skin and the different-colored races on the earth and how God made them all. Trust my father to start with one white frog in a tub and come up with a sermon on all God's creation.

It's not as if Ellen were a moron or anything—she learned to read all right last year—she's just crazy about animals. Mother says maybe she'll grow up to be a naturalist and we'll all be very proud of her. I wish she'd hurry up.

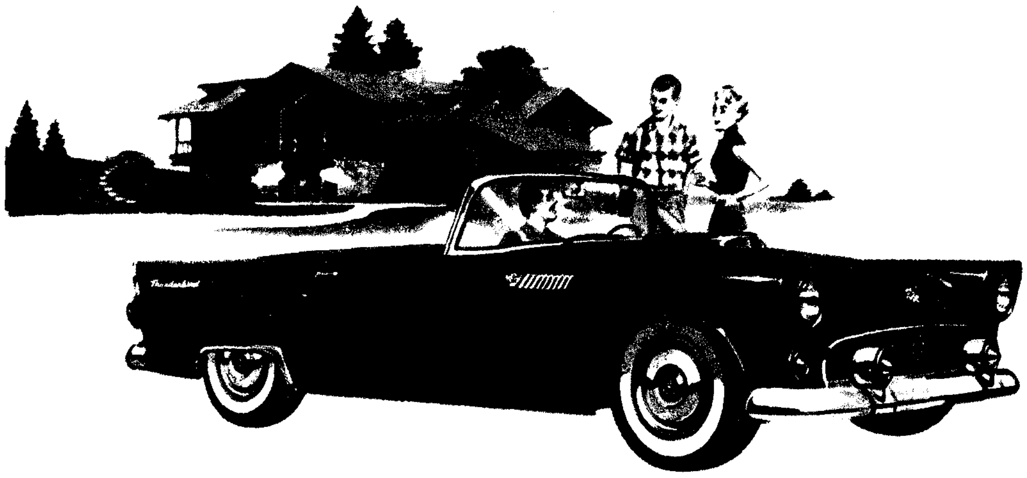
I guess we'll all be very proud of my sister Cynthia too. She's going to be a ballerina, or thinks she is. She picked prunes last summer for Deacon Parker to get money for ballet lessons. But then Miss Slater, who's been worrying about everybody else's sins ever since Noah was in the Ark, heard we were going to have a dancer in the family and trouble really broke loose. Mother says there are always unhappy people everywhere who think other people's pleasure is wicked.

I'm glad that at least my talent is a little more private. I like to write poetry, but if I write love son-

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN



My father could sneak in with the choir, but we would have to parade right down the aisle



The fabulous Ford Thunderbird which has captured the fancy of America with its long, low exciting styling and its split-second Trigger-Torque power, has set the pace for all '55 Fords.

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● The way it looks . . . the way it goes . . . the way it's built . . . *everything* about the 1955 Ford shows it was cut from the same cloth as the heart-stealing Thunderbird.

You'll see the resemblance in the graceful flair of Ford's long, low lines . . . and in the skillful harmonizing of interior colors.

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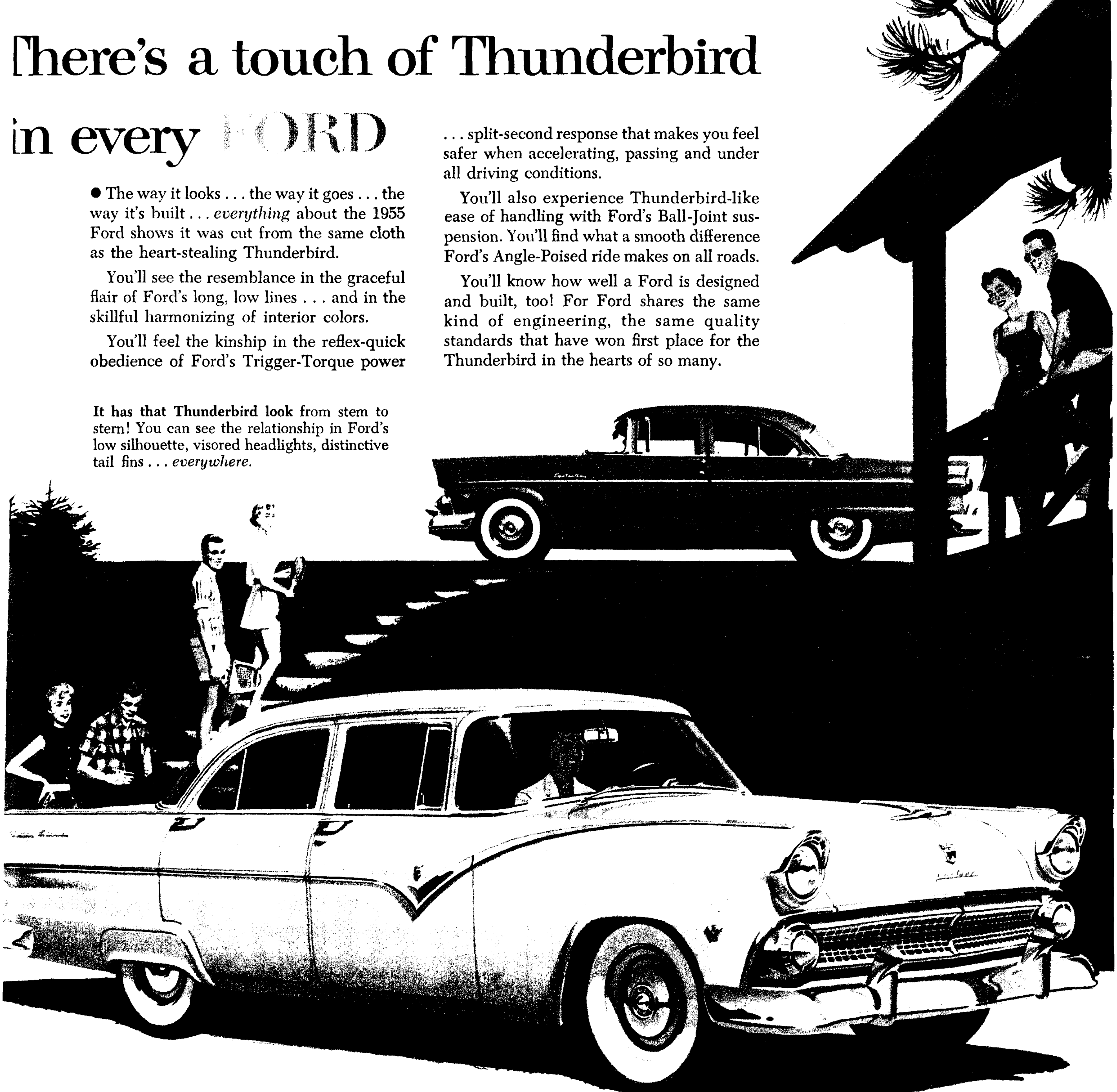
You'll know how well a Ford is designed and built, too! For Ford shares the same kind of engineering, the same quality standards that have won first place for the Thunderbird in the hearts of so many.



It has that Thunderbird look from stem to stern! You can see the relationship in Ford's low silhouette, visored headlights, distinctive tail fins . . . *everywhere.*

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The minute it rains you're thankful for windshield wipers — and for the vacuum power that operates them. You'll be doubly content if you have a combination AC Fuel *and* Vacuum Pump because the vacuum booster section goes into action fast when you accelerate — smooths, steadies, strengthens wiper action — makes for clearer vision and safer driving!

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Have your fuel pump checked if it is three years old — and — if you should need replacement, be sure it's an AC, *and* best of all, an AC Combination.

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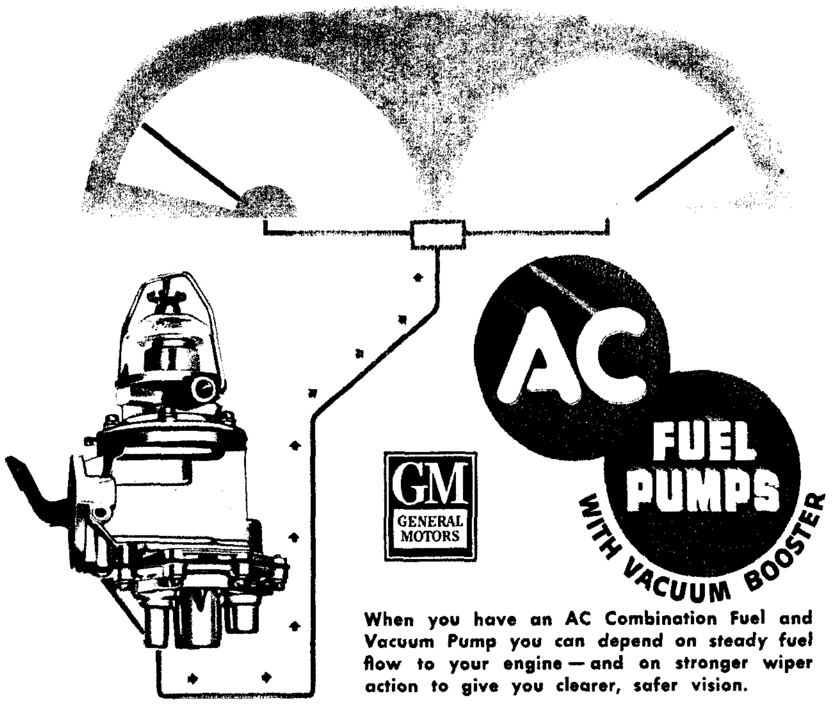

When you have an AC Combination Fuel and Vacuum Pump you can depend on steady fuel flow to your engine — and on stronger wiper action to give you clearer, safer vision.

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COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

nets or anything that would cause trouble for Daddy, I lock them in a box and Miss Slater doesn't have to know. And later if I decide to publish them I can always do it under a pseudonym. Pauline Gaines doesn't sound awfully poetic anyway.

But dancing has got to be public, though if your father is preaching a tryout sermon in a new church you don't have to walk down the aisle in your ballet shoes. Not unless you're my sister Cynthia. For a nine-year-old she certainly doesn't use much judgment. Of course she had forgotten to clean her sandals on Saturday night—she always forgets—so she had to do it Sunday morning. But then, because Daddy wanted to be at Lake City early, she put them out in the back yard in the sun so they'd dry faster.

I was in the kitchen while she was cleaning them, busy stuffing my dear brother Duncan with mush. He's three and can feed himself if you've got the day for it, which we didn't have. So I was giving him his breakfast, and Cyn—what a name for a minister's daughter—was messing with the white shoe cleaner. And then Ellen came trailing through the kitchen, still in her nightgown, on the way to the back porch to say good morning to her frogs.

ALL of a sudden Ellen let out this horrible screech, and Mother came tearing downstairs and Daddy came out of his study, scattering his sermon notes all over the floor. And there was Ellen standing in the doorway in her pink nightgown, not looking in the least like anybody that would grow up to be a naturalist with that long silky hair of hers and those eyelashes. She was crying and sticking out her hand at us. And there in her hand, with his legs stretched out stiff, was Albino. Out of all the mornings in the year, that frog had to pick this one morning to die.

Daddy took one look and gathered up his sermon notes and went back into his study and shut the door. I felt terribly sorry for him. In a little while he'd be preaching to a whole crowd of strangers sitting there making up their minds whether they could stand to listen to him every Sunday. A dead frog was a big help, and Ellen screeching.

Mother put her arm around Ellen and they went upstairs. By the time I was through digging the mush out of Duncan's ears they were back down again with the box for the pearls Daddy gave Mother for their fifteenth wedding anniversary—not real, of course, but quite nice. Only now, instead of the pearls, there was Albino lying on the white satin. Ellen was still sniffling, but you could tell she felt better now she had a coffin for that stupid frog.

We all sat down at the table, and Mother dished up the cereal and wanted to know where Cynthia was. Nobody knew. Daddy came and drank his coffee; he never eats breakfast on Sunday morning—I guess it gives him indigestion when he starts to preach. Anyway, we were all there in the kitchen when the door opened and in came Cynthia dangling something limp and white, like a hunter with a dead rabbit. "Rags took it," she said, very dead-pan. (Rags is our wirehair.)

Mother put down her spoon and just looked at Cynthia. But Ellen commenced giggling. For anybody who'd been so mournful ten minutes ago she was awfully happy, but that's the way kids are. She started this sort of chant: "Cyn's got to go to church barefoot, Cyn's got to go to church barefoot . . ."

"Barefoot, Cyn barefoot," Duncan started in, banging his high-chair tray.

Cyn didn't say another word. She's funny that way. She just clams up and you never know what she's thinking or whether she even cares. She just walked over and dropped the shoe into the trash basket and marched upstairs.

"What is it?" Daddy said.

Mother got up and fished out the shoe and stood there holding it. "It *was* her shoe," she told Daddy. The strap was chewed off and the sole was loose. Rags had done a fine job.

"Doesn't she have other shoes to wear?" Daddy acted like he thought we all had six or seven pairs.

Mother shook her head, still standing there holding the shoe. "I gave Cynthia's school Oxfords to the rummage," she told Daddy. "They were too short for her and too narrow for Ellen."

"We'll have to buy her a new pair," Daddy said, very far-off. I guess his mind was still on Job and he didn't even remember the stores aren't open on Sunday.

"Tomorrow," Mother said, and she dropped the shoe back into the trash basket and poured Daddy some more coffee. Then she came back and sat down at the table, but she didn't start to eat. And the next minute in stalks

Cynthia and sits down and asks for the sugar and starts putting it on her cereal. And what did she have on her feet? Her ballet shoes, all neatly laced up around the ankles.

"Where's the rest of your costume?" I asked her, very sarcastic. She killed me, sitting there like the Great Stone Face, eating cold cereal and wearing her ballet shoes. But of course she didn't even bother to answer. So Mother gave me a dirty look and told me to take Duncan upstairs and get him into his new suit, the one my Aunt Cynthia sent for his birthday.

DUNCAN really looked awfully cute when I got him dressed. I began to hope everyone would just see him waddling down the aisle so funny and fat and round, and forget to look at the rest of us, even Cyn's feet. But then I turned him loose for about two minutes while I put on my lipstick, and that fixed everything. Dum-Dum he calls himself and from now on it's my name for him, whether Mother likes it or not.

I was just finishing with the lipstick—this is the first year I've been allowed to wear it and it takes me a while to get it on smooth—when Ellen came upstairs panting, "Come to the funeral, come to the funeral, it's right now."

I went downstairs with her, thinking Duncan would be there. And Mother was standing in the hall wearing her hat and the big linen summer coat she always wears over her maternity dress, and holding her bag and gloves. And Daddy was there holding the Bible and his sermon notes and looking at his watch. "We're late now," he told Ellen. "You'll have to bury your frog some other time."

Ellen was all ready for church in her blue piqué dress that my Aunt Cynthia sent for her birthday, and her blue hair ribbon. But she was still clutching Albino's coffin and now she started to cry. "The grave's all dug," she told Daddy. "I dug the grave and picked the flowers. We've only got to put the dirt on and say a prayer." But Daddy was looking too mad to pray.

And then Mother began to hum a tune. It was a song they sing in the Primary nearly every Sunday:

All things wise and wonderful,
All creatures great and small,
All things bright and beautiful,
The Lord God made them all.

And Ellen was standing there with the tears running down her face, not caring about Daddy's sermon on Job or the bigger salary or the parsonage with four bedrooms or anything but this foolish frog in his white satin coffin.

Mother didn't say a word or even look at Daddy. She just stood there humming kind of softly and putting on her gloves. You could see Daddy's neck bump up and down above his collar when he said, "Five minutes for a funeral."

So we all trailed out into the back yard to bury Albino—Ellen in her blue piqué dress and still carrying the coffin, Cyn in her ballet shoes, Mother in her hat and gloves and coat, and Daddy still carrying the Bible and his sermon notes. And there sitting in the grave Ellen had dug, scooping up dirt with both hands, was my dear brother Dum-Dum in his nice new blue-and-white suit. He smiled at us and stood up, looking like a big mud pie with a few streaks of himself showing through.

"Why didn't somebody watch him?" Mother sort of moaned and sat down in one of the canvas yard chairs like she was too tired to get up again, ever.

Ellen put the coffin in the grave and Daddy shoveled in some dirt. Then Ellen and Duncan put the flowers in a big mound on top, nasturtiums and pansies and three roses. "Pray, Daddy, pray," Ellen said.

So we all bowed our heads while Daddy prayed: "Our Father, we thank Thee for the world Thou hast made, all creatures great and small. And if it be Thy will, may we arrive at this church service we have been invited to attend, before the benediction. Amen."

It wasn't exactly a funeral prayer, but it suited Ellen fine. She started skipping and bouncing around the yard the way she does when she's happy, and then she sang: *"All things wise and wonderful, All creatures great and small . . ."* And Duncan bounced and sang behind her like a fat mud pie.

But Mother didn't even seem to know the funeral was over. She just went on sitting there in the canvas chair with this tired, faraway look on her face. And Daddy was standing there looking first at her and then at his watch, like just noticing the time would keep us from being late.

Somebody had to do something, so I went inside and got my raincoat and buttoned it over my good skirt and blouse and then snagged Duncan as he bounced past and dragged him inside and peeled his clothes off him. And believe me I gave him the fastest scouring of his life. He didn't even have time to catch his breath to cry. I gave him a couple of swipes with a towel, once I got him clean, and left him standing in the bathtub while I hunted clothes to put on him. There were a lot of old, patched blue jeans and faded shorts hanging in the closet, and the little red jersey suit he had worn in the Christmas program.

I thought it would serve him right if he broiled, and anyway Daddy was preaching a winter sermon if he ever got there to preach at all. I kept wishing that just once we could afford a baby sitter.

WHEN I brought Duncan down, Mother didn't even say a word about his Christmas suit. She just popped him into the back seat—which is where he rides so he can't bounce himself through the windshield—and got in between him and Cynthia.

I got up front with Ellen and Daddy, and we got started at last, good and late. But we couldn't drive fast. Until enough people get married we can't drive over forty miles an hour. It used to be when Daddy had a wedding we'd all go to the drive-in for hamburgers and milk shakes and then maybe to a movie afterward, if nobody needed new shoes or a tooth filled. But now all the wedding money goes into our tire fund, only there isn't enough yet.

So it was already ten thirty when we stopped for the light at the junction, which is still twenty-five miles from Lake City. It was bad enough that we were going to be late, but then while we waited for the light, Daddy started looking for his sermon notes. We all remembered then how he'd laid them down on the table in the back yard while he shoveled the dirt into Albino's grave. He's always laying important papers down and Mother's always picking them up. Only this time she hadn't, and now it was too late.

"You never do read your sermons anyway, dear," Mother said. Daddy didn't say anything; he just put his foot down hard on the accelerator and the

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Facts about cigarette smoking

It would take many a volume to hold all that has been written on this subject. The flow has been endless because the subject seems to be endlessly interesting to people. But out of all this conjecture and opinion several *facts* clearly emerge. *Facts* . . . not suppositions. *Facts* . . . not theories. *Facts* . . . clear and indisputable.

1. For centuries fine tobacco has given solace and pleasure and relaxation to man. Some inner need, especially in times of tension and turmoil, seeks such comfort. And tobacco offers it unstintingly . . . to all men at all times in all places.

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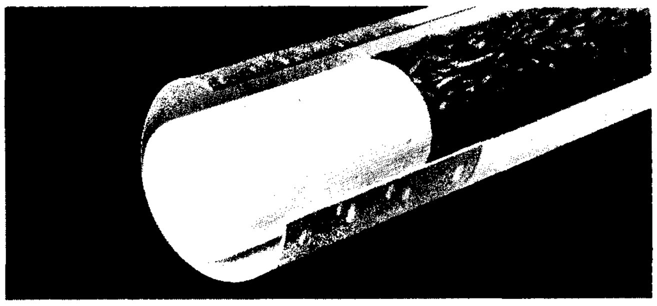
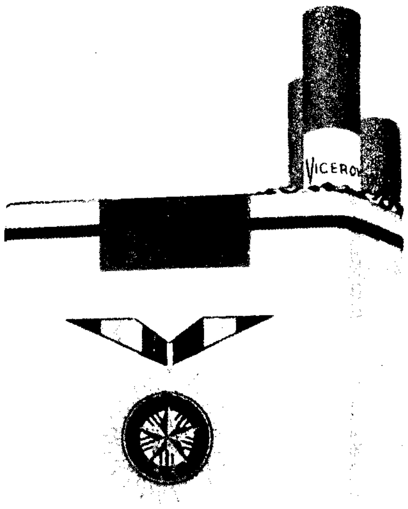




VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
KING-SIZE

speedometer needle moved up to sixty.

"No one will notice," Mother said, "if you happen to leave out something."

"The congregation will no doubt count it a blessing," Daddy said, louder than he needed to.

"I didn't mean that, dear," Mother said in the soothing voice she uses for Duncan when he falls and bumps his head. "I just meant you hardly ever use your notes."

"A tightrope walker," Daddy said in his loud voice, "hardly ever uses a safety net—until he slips. My notes," he practically yelled at Mother, "are a safety net against distraction."

"You mean," Mother said, still in her soothing voice, "the chronic coughers?" That's Daddy's name for the people who never have anything the matter with their throats till the sermon starts.

"And the crying children!" Daddy put his foot down harder and the speedometer needle moved over to seventy. I started listening for the noise of a blowout.

"The crying children, or the muddy ones?" Mother's voice coming from the back seat sounded like she was talking to herself. "A safety net against distraction," Mother said. "It's what we're all looking for, isn't it? Maybe even the people here at Lake City. You ought to preach a sermon on that sometime, Paul." I knew then, when she said his name, that she was talking to Daddy and not just to herself. I couldn't tell whether Daddy even heard, but the speedometer needle started dropping back—back to fifty and then to forty.

IT WAS five minutes after eleven when we parked in front of the church at Lake City. Daddy could go around and sneak in with the choir, but the rest of us had to wait while Mother found a bathroom for Dum-Dum, and then go parading right down the center aisle. Talk about tightrope walkers and safety nets, we certainly looked like a circus parade.

First came Mother, in that full coat that looks like a tent, with Dum-Dum waddling beside her in his fire-engine suit. It served him right but I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, he looked so hot; his fat cheeks were the color of the red jersey. But Mother looked as cool and calm as if she were strolling along in the woods somewhere, enjoying the scenery. I was really proud of her.

Next came Cynthia, very dignified, walking all alone in her ballet shoes, and staring straight ahead, which it would have been nice if the congregation had. But everybody turned to look at us, and the worst was Mrs. James Allen, the wife of the chairman of the pulpit committee, which had invited Daddy. She turned her head clear around and smiled at us. And of course Ellen smiled back.

I thought: Well, at least *she* looked like a minister's daughter ought to, her blue piqué dress and her blue hair ribbon. But then I saw she was holding one hand cupped, and she kept pecking in every now and then. It might be only a pretty rock or a bright-colored leaf she'd picked up, but with her you never know; it could just as well be a mouse.

The usher took us clear down to the second row, where they put deaf people, and I was wishing I was deaf, dumb and blind. It was wonderful to sit down, even with everybody staring at the back of your neck. But then we stood up again to sing the doxology, and a woman right behind us sang very loud and off the tune the way Miss Slater does. I knew then Mother was right about the same kind of people being everywhere.

Then I looked at Daddy and he was singing and smiling at us as though he didn't even care that we'd disgraced him. And Mother was smiling back as if to say that everything was fine and not to worry. For a minute I didn't even care about the parsonage with four bedrooms or having to be in the same room with Cyn and Ellen and the fish and the turtles for the rest of my life. I felt good—until Daddy started to preach and I knew he'd forgotten his sermon.

HE HADN'T just forgotten little bits here and there, the way Mother had said the congregation wouldn't notice: he'd forgotten it all. It wasn't even the sermon on Job or the Problem of Evil in the World. He was talking along about everyday trials and small worries and petty vexations that wear out our hearts and our tempers. And then he began telling about Rags and the shoe, and next about Albino's funeral. And people began to smile and even to laugh, and of course to look at us. I felt all fluttery and sick at my stomach.

Then people weren't laughing any more and it began to sound like a real sermon. And just then I looked at Ellen, and she had opened her hand and I saw what was in it. Dum-Dum saw too and made a grab. I knew there was going to be a fight, and if my father hadn't taught us it was wrong to pray for our own petty, personal whims and wishes I would have prayed right then and there for a bolt of lightning to strike us all dead.

I don't know whether Daddy saw Dum-Dum make his dive across Mother's lap or not, but he quit preaching and raised his hand for the benediction, just in time. And then Mr. James Allen, the chairman of the pulpit committee, was patting Ellen's head and telling her how he used to raise frogs when he was a boy. I looked and saw this big brown fuzzy caterpillar crawling away down the pew. Ellen had dropped it when Duncan dived for it, but she was too busy talking to Mr. James Allen about frogs to notice.

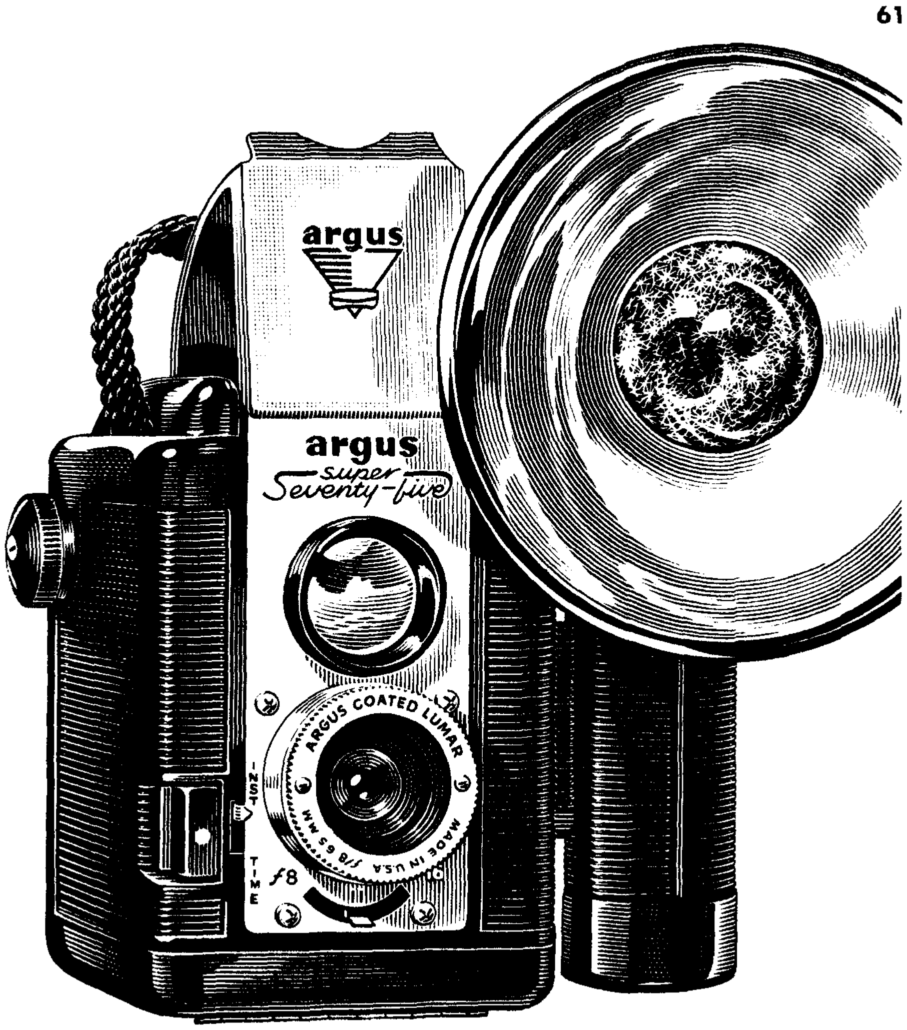
And Mrs. James Allen was holding Dum-Dum so he couldn't go after it. "Such a fine sermon," Mrs. James Allen was saying to Mother. "And to think how they've been stewing—James and the rest of the committee. Everybody knows he's a fine scholar and a fine preacher, they kept saying, but a minister has first of all got to be human."

"A man with four children and a fifth on the way?" I asked them. "How can he help being human?" Mrs. Allen started laughing at that and tickling Dum-Dum under the chin till he laughed too. And Ellen was still talking away to Mr. Allen while the caterpillar crawled off down the pew.

"And now," Mrs. Allen told us all, "you're coming out to our place and eat chicken dinner, so when James gets his stomach full I can tell him 'I told you so.' You know you can't tell a man that on an empty stomach."

So we all had chicken dinner and afterward we went to see the parsonage. There are a lot of mice, and the room I'm going to have is quite small but very cozy and private. And Mother says I can put a bolt on the door so I can lock myself in. I only hope I won't miss the fish and the turtles when I wake up in the mornings—I'm pretty used to having them around.

—HOPE SHELLEY MILLER



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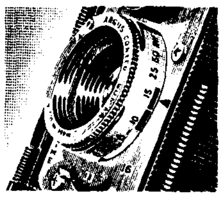

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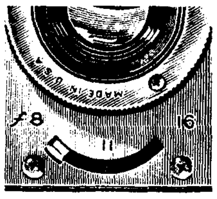

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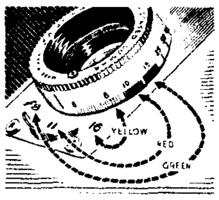

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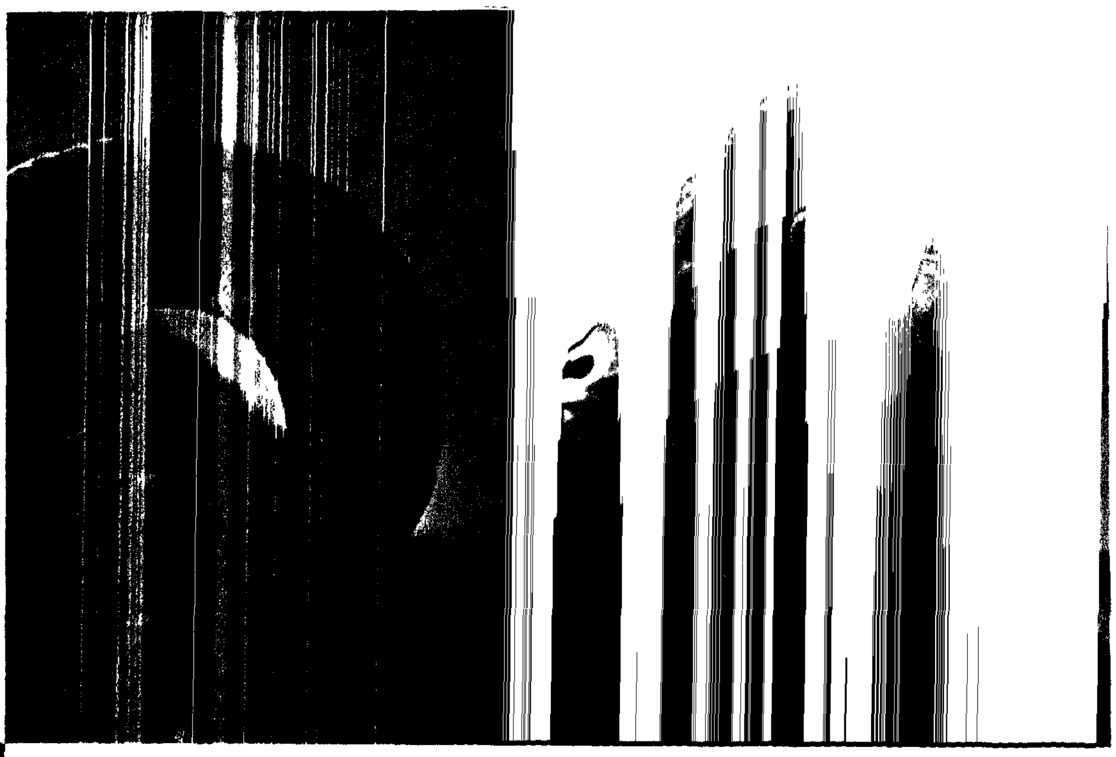
THE MARVELS IN OUR MUSEUMS:

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE



Bighorn sheep, dramatically silhouetted against painting of Rockies, lives on mountain crags, higher than almost any other large game beast

Rare guanaco, taken in field trip near Santa Cruz, Argentina, stands poised haughtily before a mural of its native horizon

Nature Is Full of Surprises

Colorado's Denver Museum of Natural History houses the great game animals of two continents, each in a native setting rich with the wonders of life and growth

AMERICA'S museums of natural history are exciting places to visit because they have exciting tales to tell. The story of animal life always has been one of the most popular in our museums; today, with a modern approach to animal display, it's a better, richer, more informative story than ever before.

The new approach is apparent to every visitor to the Denver Museum of Natural History, in Colorado, which houses one of the best animal exhibits in the country. Most traditional animal habitat groups contain no more than native settings built around model animals. But no one at the Denver Museum uses the phrase "habitat group" any more. The term is, instead, ecological group: the association between organisms and their environment. And the difference, as explained by Museum Director Alfred M. Bailey, is this: In a conventional display, the animal is the star, the setting a sort of supporting cast. But in an ecological group, the animal is a mere featured player in a huge cast including many other forms of life which occur in the same environment. Such a display takes many times longer to construct than the habitat group; but most museum experts—and most visitors—agree that it's worth the effort.

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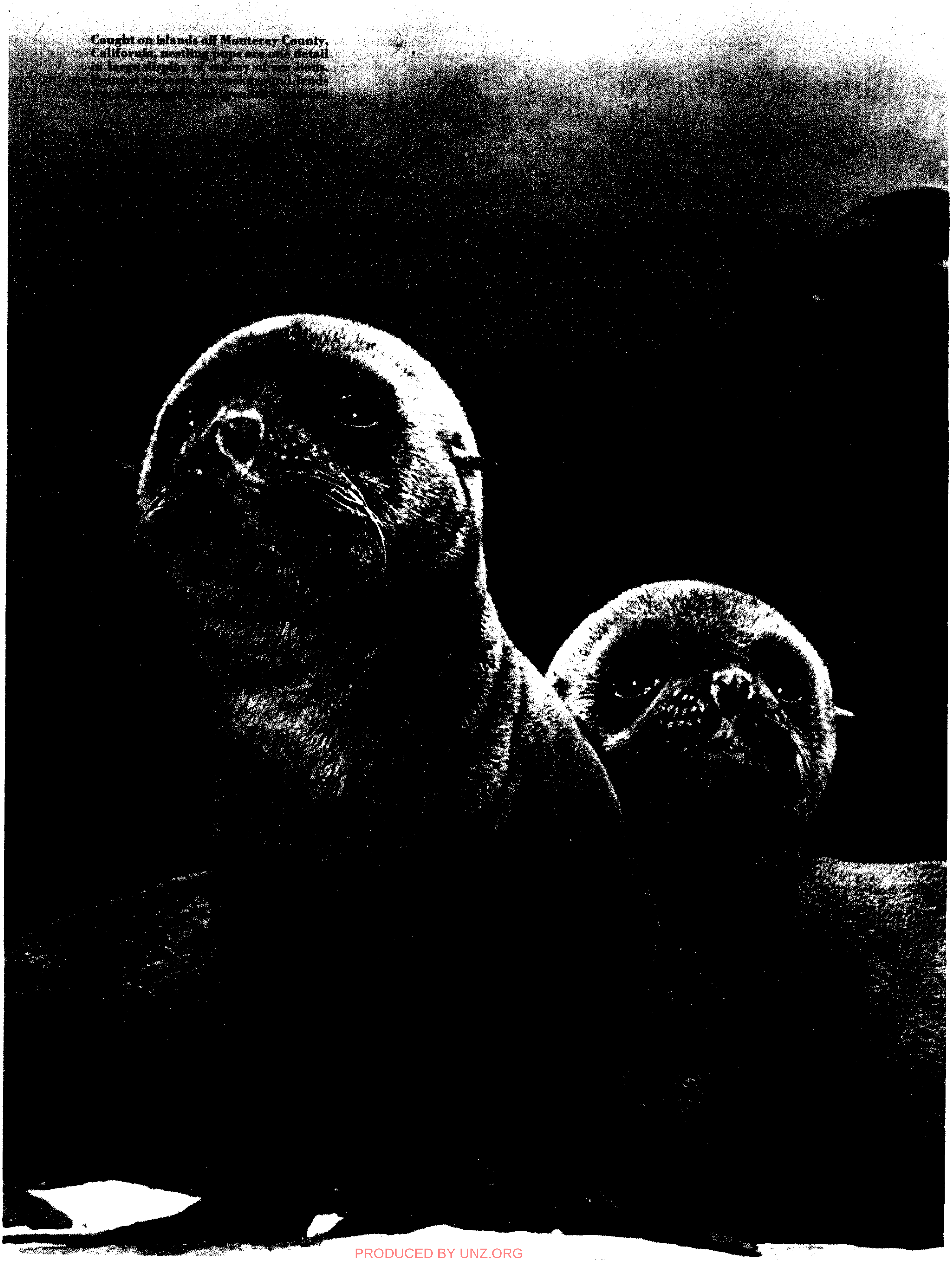


Caught on islands off Monterey County, California, nestling pups are one detail in large display of colony of sea lions. Painted seascape in background lends [illegible]

Behind a Picture Window, a Cast of Thousands

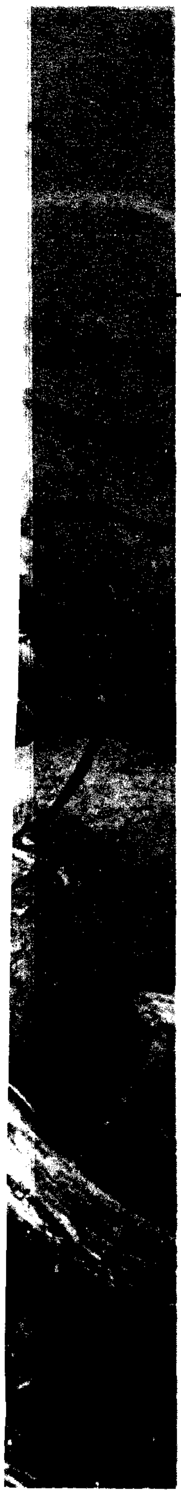
The Denver Museum animal exhibit is almost frighteningly realistic. In three large, dramatically dimmed halls, the great game animals of North and South America and the arctic wastes stand in silent tableaux of flight and pursuit and family life, like scenes viewed through a window. They roam in herds, peer slyly around tree trunks, guard dead prey, eat, sleep, tend their young.

The animals seem to dominate the displays because of their size, but actual emphasis is on the total environment. Most of the exhibits stand in semicircular cases, glassed in straight across the front, which give the illusion of great depth and distance. On the curved walls are panoramic backgrounds painted in careful detail; and in the foreground are dozens of forms of life, grouped as they are grouped in nature: the insects and reptiles, the birds and flowers, the trees and grasses. There may be as many as 10,000 such units of growth in one display, each made separately of paper or celluloid, wood or wax.

An ecological exhibit is full of surprises: a butterfly fluttering low in the grasses, a tiny bird perched on a bush, a spider all but hidden behind a twig. You may look at such a display for days without seeing everything in it. But this, says the museum's assistant director, Robert J. Niedrach, is just as it should be. For nature, too, is full of surprises; and a living display should not reveal all of its secrets at once to the casual eye, any more than does the living world.

CONTINUED

White-lipped peccaries, found in Central and South America from Paraguay to Mexico, were taken in western Mato Grosso, Brazil. Scene depicts their native environment. Peccaries are displayed in one of Denver Museum's three habitat halls devoted to the great game life of South America, Colorado and arctic regions



A Colorado mountain lion, poised as though about to spring to defend her cubs from attack, stands in a brushy foreground installed in display case to duplicate natural habitat exactly. Setting is rugged terrain of western part of the state (a panoramic view appears on the mural in background), where wild lions may still be found

Colorful mule-deer display, profuse with thousands of units of plant life, points up the association between all living things in summer home of deer, high on aspen forests. Installed recently, this is one of museum's most popular ecological groups

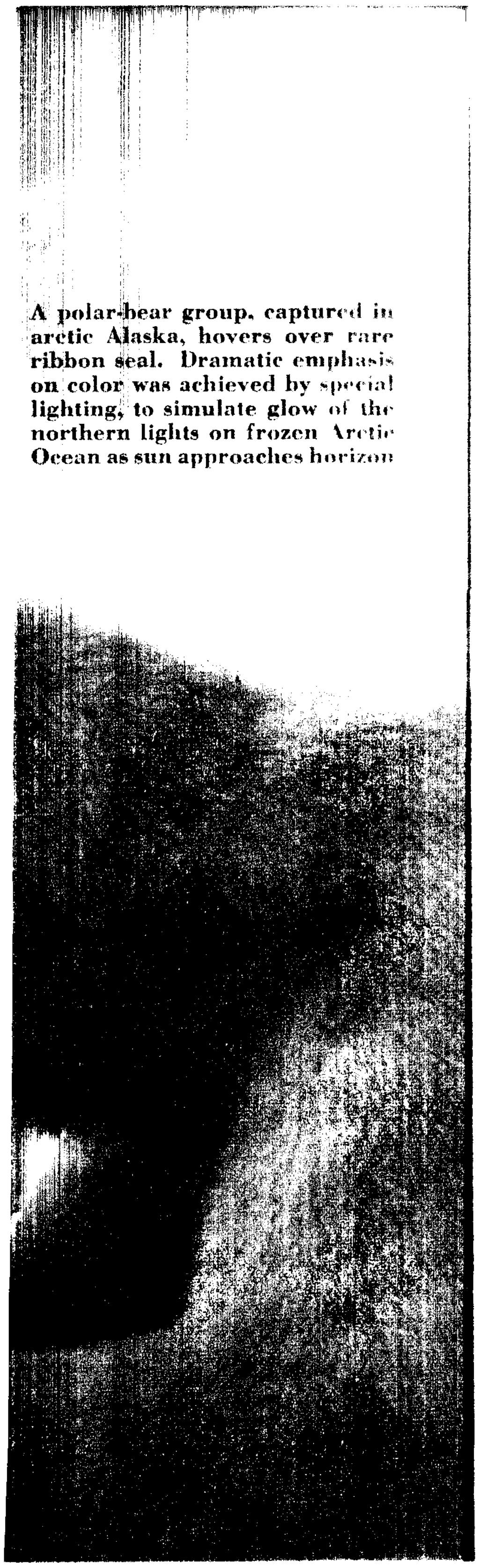
Black howler monkey, taken on a museum field trip in South America, is so named because it makes a howling sound which is audible many miles away. In exhibit case, monkey is set in a tree looking down upon a herd of peccaries (in top photograph)

A Mirror Held Up to Reflect the Face of Nature

The people who work on Denver's ecological exhibits are of necessity people of many talents. The scientists know the principles of modern display. The display men understand the fine art of taxidermy. The taxidermists can talk with assurance about zoology. Almost any one of them can assist at categorizing an animal, labeling it, lighting it, sculpturing its form in plaster, restoring its muscles in clay and, if need be, can even take up a gun and go into the field to track it down.

If it were not for such versatility, Denver's museum—and many other relatively small ones throughout the country—would be out of business. Operating on a modest city-appropriated budget of $140,000 a year, the Denver institution can buy neither vast research collections for study nor highly specialized scientists to study them. But, fortunately, it doesn't have to: for, in addition to the know-how of well-rounded staffers, it has the co-operation of our wealthy museums—and there are few—which make their immense research facilities and findings available to all.

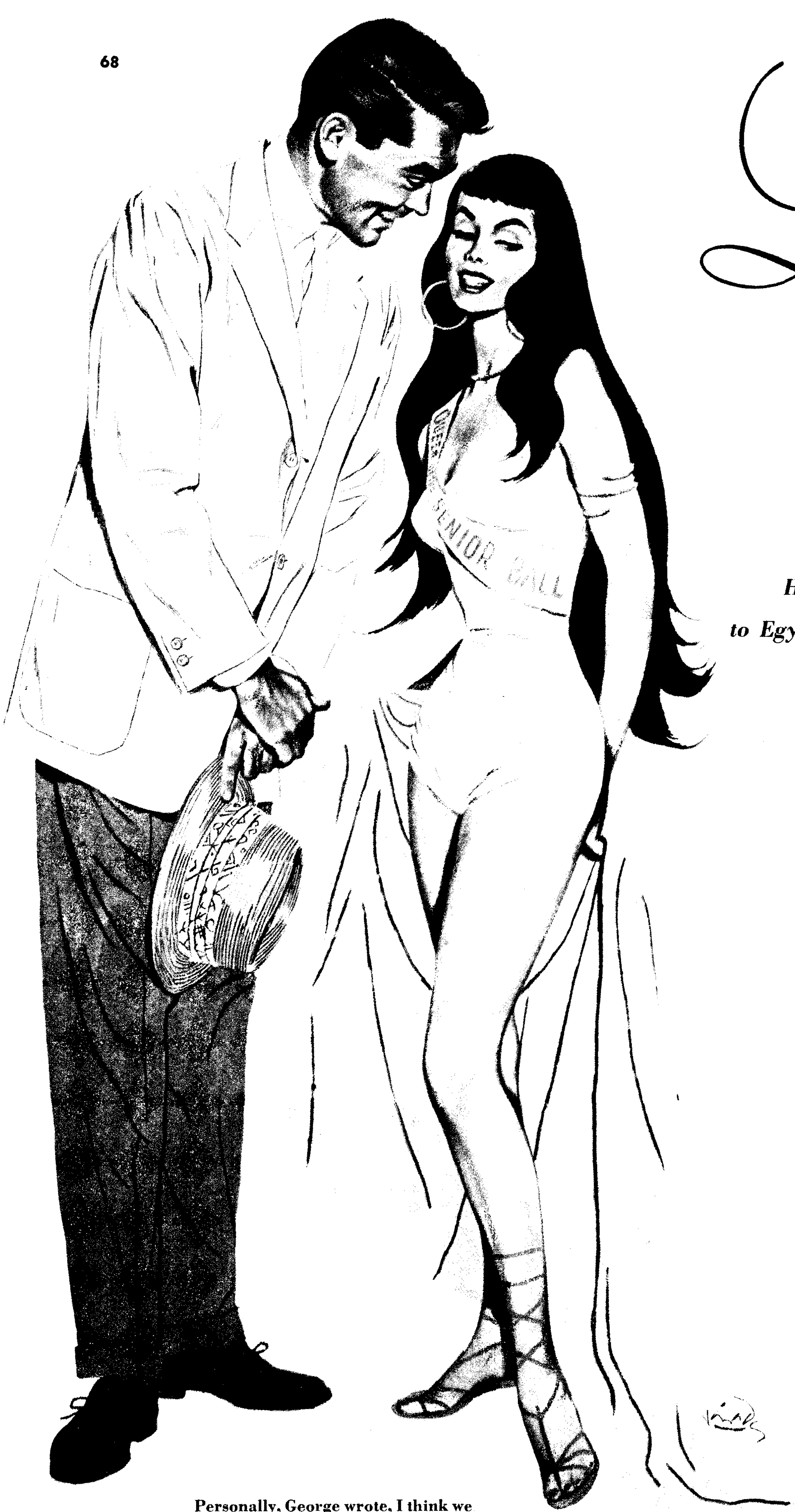
Thus Denver can safely leave big-scale scientific research to the affluent giants, and put its own money where the public can see it: in display. It can continue to create beautiful exhibits which mirror the natural world around us; and hold up the reflection to teach us more about the vital ties between all things which live and grow. —MARTHA WEINMAN



A polar-bear group, captured in arctic Alaska, hovers over rare ribbon seal. Dramatic emphasis on color was achieved by special lighting, to simulate glow of the northern lights on frozen Arctic Ocean as sun approaches horizon

The huge, bushy American bison, which was caught in Lost Park, Colorado, once ranged from the broad plains into the high parks and mountains, up to altitudes of 10,000 feet. Almost all U.S. bison are now in captivity. Foreground and painted background depict plains terrain

A specimen of the brocket, member of the deer family which is found through all of tropical America, is displayed amidst heavy jungle thicket in which it hides during daylight hours. Shy and elusive, it comes out only at night to forage



Personally, George wrote, I think we have neglected Egypt. Nadia Neimat has got a figure like oh my goodness

Love on a Visa

By HANNIBAL COONS

Hollywood went Egypt-crazy. George went to Egypt. It had gone Hollywood—real crazy!

HARMONY PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

May 28, 1955
Airmail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Harmony Pictures
The Mayflower
Washington, D.C.

Dear George:

George, don't let the new letterhead confuse you. It's just plain old me. As a matter of fact, this whole deal is Walt Disney's fault. When Walt decided to brave the lions and go into TV, our brass decided we might as well do the same, and so we're in the process of adding a vast television setup of our own. And while in this mad mood of change, the brass has renamed the whole studio Harmony Pictures—one of the most ridiculous names for a movie studio ever devised. Stan Kenton playing Cement Mixer has more harmony than you'll find around this place. It's like changing the name of Gettysburg to Harmony, Pennsylvania.

But ours not to reason why, ours but to try to peddle whatever brand of haggis they decide to make around here. And since at the moment we're still totally in the movie dodge, what I want you to do at once is to learn a few simple words of Egyptian, hire a fast camel and head with all speed for Stillwater, Oklahoma.

I want you to go to Oklahoma because of this Egyptian nonsense we've suddenly got ourselves into. Before Hollywood started co-operating with television, we knocked ourselves out in a frantic effort to stretch the theater screens in order to make television feel small, and it was only after we developed the wide screen that we made the depressing discovery that there was hardly anything wide enough to put on it. With the possible exceptions of Texas and Jackie Gleason, everything in the known world was simply too skinny for our new equipment.

At which point somebody fortunately rediscovered Egypt—and the Bible. You add the history of Egypt to the Bible, boy, and you've got some awfully wide script material—wider than a hippopotamus in a hammock. So off we all galloped to Egypt to make spectacles.

The beauty of the spectacle dodge is that, instead of making two ordinary lousy pictures called a double feature, you put the same amount of money into one big picture, call it a spectacle and charge two dollars for it. If you don't think it works, have a look at Hollywood's current dividends—and remember, it was only a couple of

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CANADA DRY
SPUR COLA

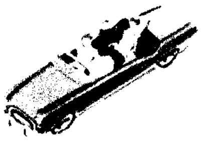
Cool wave
Enjoy one wave of refreshment after another as you beat the heat with refreshing, flavorful Canada Dry Spur Cola.

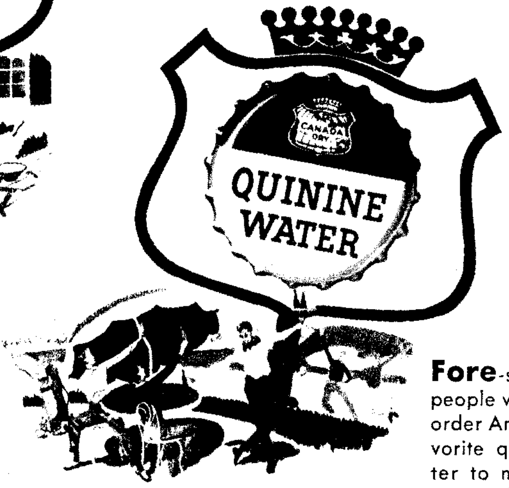
Hot dog!
Everything tastes so good... topped off with sparkling Canada Dry Ginger Ale because it's so deliciously dry and wholesome.

CANADA DRY
GINGER ALE

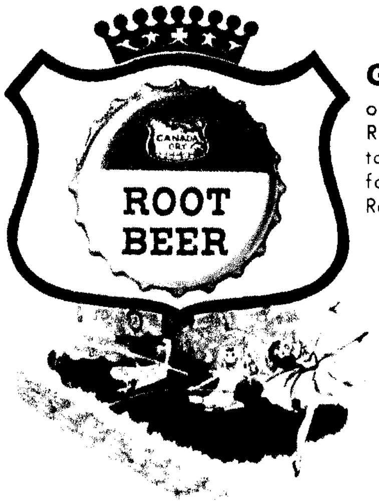
CANADA DRY
CLUB SODA

Sip ahoy!
No voyage is complete without a cargo of Canada Dry Club Soda to make every drink taste better.




CANADA DRY
QUININE WATER

Fore-sighted are people who always order America's favorite quinine water to make their Gin-and-Tonic.


CANADA DRY
ROOT BEER

Get a line
on the richest, creamiest Root Beer you've ever tasted! Yes, it's that old-fashioned Canada Dry Root Beer.

CANADA DRY
ORANGE

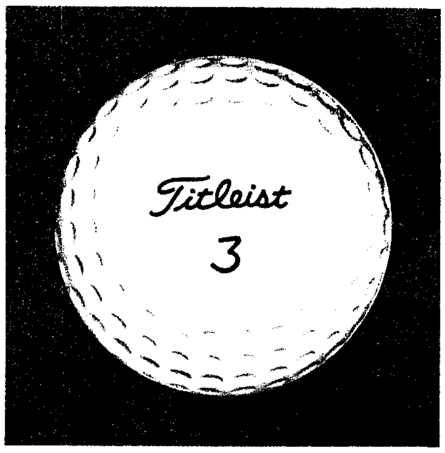
Ridin' high
in popularity is Canada Dry Orange, just brimming with the taste of fresh, luscious Valencia oranges.

A flavor for every taste

ROUTE
1
for summer fun
. . . FOR PICNIC HEADQUARTERS
NADA

The flavor you like...
The name you know

YEAR AFTER YEAR AFTER YEAR ...THE LEADER



Over the past six years Titleist has been played by more home club and traveling pros in big time P. G. A. tournaments than any other ball! That's about as strong a recommendation as a golf ball can have.

And mind you — these top-notchers *choose* this ball! No one is paid, or ever has been, to play the Titleist.

Further, the Titleists these pros play are *not* "specials". They use the balls they bought for stock. They are *exactly the same* balls that you would buy yourself.

"Would buy"? — make that "should buy" for better golf! — for the *best* golf you ever played!

ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS

Sold the world over through Golf Course Pro Shops only

•

Ask your Pro to specify the Acushnet best suited to your game

years ago that we were all thinking of going into snapshot developing.

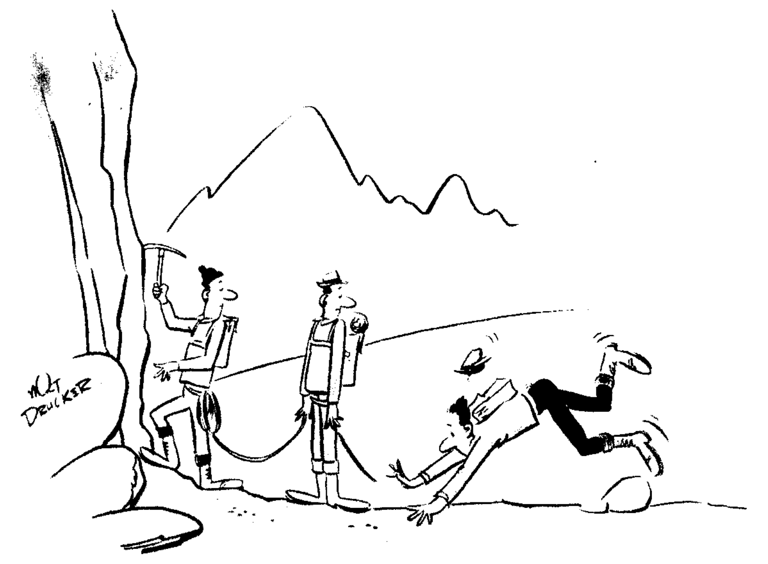
The trouble is that everybody has got to making their fool spectacles bigger and bigger—in an effort to out-dinosaur the competition—and now the citizens don't know who's got the best spectacle. I suggested we convince the public we had a two-dollar movie by tossing in a lobster dinner, a couple of suits of winter underwear and a set of tires. This was not appreciated. The brass decided, instead, just to make the pictures longer and longer, gradually turning the wide screen into the long screen. When the kids go to the movies these days, you don't say get home early, you say try to write.

But the rediscovery of Egypt ended our worries: now we could make some really big pictures. You no doubt have seen, for example, some of the thrilling stuff in the papers about our own forthcoming ten-million-dollar epic Cleopatra's River.

Well, George, I hate to disillusion anyone so young, but most of what you've seen about that picture is a big lie. The fact is that we've been so busy with this reorganization that we were caught with our pyramids completely down, with no Egyptian picture whatever, not even an idea for one—no jot, no tittle—which naturally created quite a crisis. As you know, when all the other studios suddenly leap off in a new direction, you have to get aboard the band wagon pretty fast, or you're left holding an awfully empty sack. And then the money boys in New York ask in unfriendly terms what happened.

So we scurried all over town. What we needed was a big Egyptian picture, and fast. Finally, through the Los Angeles Adventurers' Club, we got hold of three guys who are the only humans in the world who have ever traversed the Nile from end to end. And they took dandy movies all the way, which was extremely thoughtful of them. In about four seconds we had made a deal for their whole barrel of stuff, some of the most fascinating films of the Nile ever recorded. We are adding a good sound track, plus a big wide-screen dream sequence at the point where they finally get to the Lower Nile, the Cleopatra country. And whammo: we'll have ourselves a fine Egyptian epic in jig time, and for peanuts; the whole epic will cost only a million and a half. Altogether, it is a stirring triumph, and one that we hope will keep heads from rolling around here until we can get a real Egyptian project under way.

There is only one hazard. These patch-up jobs, no matter how good the footage involved, require agile planning on the promotion end if you want to get them off to a really big start. All the reviewers and columnists will naturally know that we have made the picture largely with a hot pair of scissors, and if we get overly pretentious about it they're apt to rise up and clobber us in the public prints. Therefore, what I need, George, is some added promotional gimmick that will make this an undeniable triumph, enabling us to sell tickets like popcorn, and establishing me anew as a pretty valuable boy around here.



COLLIER'S MORT DRUCKER

And this, believe it or not, brings us back to you. What I am attempting to do—without telling anybody about it until it's accomplished—is to arrange a deal that will turn the lobbies of the theaters in the biggest cities into replicas of Egyptian temples. We'll have those places packed and crammed with genuine historical treasures from dear old Egypt—and I mean genuine.

What I intend to have on hand are such items as that barge Cleopatra went down the Nile on and that rug she went to see Caesar in (I Went to See Julius Caesar in My Persian Carpet). What I mean is, Cleopatra's own personal stuff.

So far there is only one hitch in the deal: the Egyptians won't let me have any relics. Most of their good Cleopatra stuff is in a museum near Alexandria, and the manager of the place—even after my best shots by letter, cable and even telephone—absolutely refuses to let me back up a truck and pick out the few items I need. A churlish attitude.

And so I am forced to look under every stone in my effort to outwit him. But this very morning I may have found the solution. At breakfast my eagle eye alighted on one of those little three-line fillers in the paper which said that the only known female descendant of Cleopatra is currently living in Stillwater, Oklahoma.

Well, George, need I say more? It might be the very break I've been waiting for. She might have a whole attic full of Egyptian treasures. Maybe everything I'd need. I've heard of stamp collectors who found great fortunes in old trunks. This might be the same kind of a jack pot. This female ought to have at least a couple of long-lost old pots or something that I could use as a trading lever to pry the other stuff loose from that old skinflint in Alexandria.

So head for Stillwater, at once.

And hurry—the clipping said she was 108.

Love,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? NATURALLY THEY WON'T LET YOU TAKE THAT STUFF OUT OF EGYPT. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO TAKE A ROCK OUT OF THE PETRIFIED FOREST? YOU'D GET YOUR ARM BROKEN. AND AS FOR THIS STILLWATER POCAHONTAS, THE CHANCES OF THAT BEING ANYTHING ARE SO REMOTE AS TO BE NONEXISTENT. YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THEY MAKE UP HALF OF THOSE FOOL FILLERS. I SAY LET'S GET A NEW IDEA. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
THE MAYFLOWER
WASH DC

AN IDEA IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH. GET GOING. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK, EVEN IF SHE'S THERE AND HAS AN ATTIC, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GUYS WHO OPENED UP TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB? THEY ALL DIED LIKE FLIES. IT'S NO ACCIDENT THAT THAT BOY'S NAME ENDED IN AMEN. BUT IF YOU'RE DETERMINED TO GO AHEAD WITH THIS, I'LL GIVE YOU ALL POS-

Here, Bevy! Here, Covey!

Down to the pond let the fat geese straggle;
But call them a gaggle of geese, a gaggle.

When wild geese fly: not a wedge or a V,
But a skein of geese, for a skein they be.

Those lions and scions of lions allied
Are a pride of lions. That's it, a pride.

Of whales in the sea, what an odd word! Odd?
It's a pod of whales: like the pea, a pod.

Eggs stick together, they do, pretty much.
So the hen has a clutch of them. (Eggs: a clutch.)

There's a pack of wolves and an army of ants,
But man is prosaic with two pairs of pants.

His dog's on the leash, but a leash is three hares—
Three hounds, for that matter, if anyone cares.

And a man is a saint, but more often a slob.
What is man in the mass, then? A mob, a mob.

—DAVID McCORD

KILLS 100%
OF ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI
IN LESS THAN 5 MINUTES

Athlete's Foot fungi, as shown in laboratory test tube culture (left), may attack your feet any time of year. And, when your toes are moist or irritated in summertime, skin cracks between the toes. That's when you're least able to resist these parasitic micro-organisms!

But Athlete's Foot germs *can* be killed—fast! Absorbine Jr. totally destroyed identical Athlete's Foot germs cultivated in this test tube (right). As demonstrated, fast-acting Absorbine Jr. kills germs that bring misery to millions yearly. Avoid this needless suffering!

Raw cracks between the toes are "open invitations" for Athlete's Foot fungi to get in, spread and infect. Toes redden, itch. Skin flakes off in patches. These—*and pain*—are usually the symptoms of Athlete's Foot

Left untreated, Athlete's Foot organisms can burrow beneath skin tissues, attack nerve endings, lead to severe disability that may last for years. Advanced cases of Athlete's Foot, as shown here, require a doctor's care

Absorbine Jr.

America's No. 1
Athlete's Foot Relief

Famous laboratory cultivates millions of Athlete's Foot fungi and reports every single one killed by Absorbine Jr.... and these are the fungi that cause 95% of Athlete's Foot

Get after Athlete's Foot misery FAST with America's No. 1 Relief. Within seconds after you apply it, you feel Absorbine Jr. go to work. This time-tested stand-by has brought successful relief in a great majority of cases tested under strictly controlled clinical conditions—regardless of what kind of Athlete's Foot fungi were present

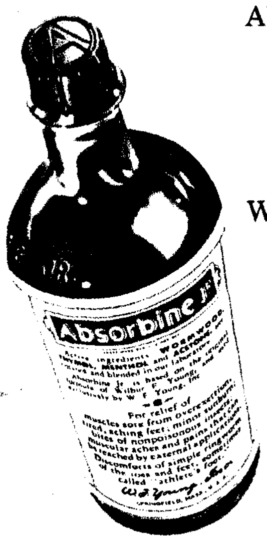
DERMATOPHYTOSIS, known as Athlete's Foot, actually afflicts a large percentage of people who think they are healthy as can be. The fungi are usually carried between the toes, can lie dormant for months, then become active—the disease can even spread to other parts of the body, where it is usually diagnosed as *ringworm*.

For relief of Athlete's Foot symptoms, apply Absorbine Jr. to the skin between the toes. Absorbine Jr. kills all the Athlete's Foot fungi it reaches, dissolves stale perspiration products on which they feed, promotes healing of the skin.

To guard against Athlete's Foot, make daily use of Absorbine Jr. during summer months.

This time-tested stand-by is also effective for relief of muscular aches and pains due to overexercise, for minor sunburn, and for non-poisonous insect bites.

Absorbine Jr. is sold at drug counters everywhere. Buy a bottle today.



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Springfield, Mass.

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REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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ROOT BEER
Rich in flavor
Feel fresh again, fast!
RICHardson
ROOT BEER
Rich in flavor
RICHie
OWNER'S NAME

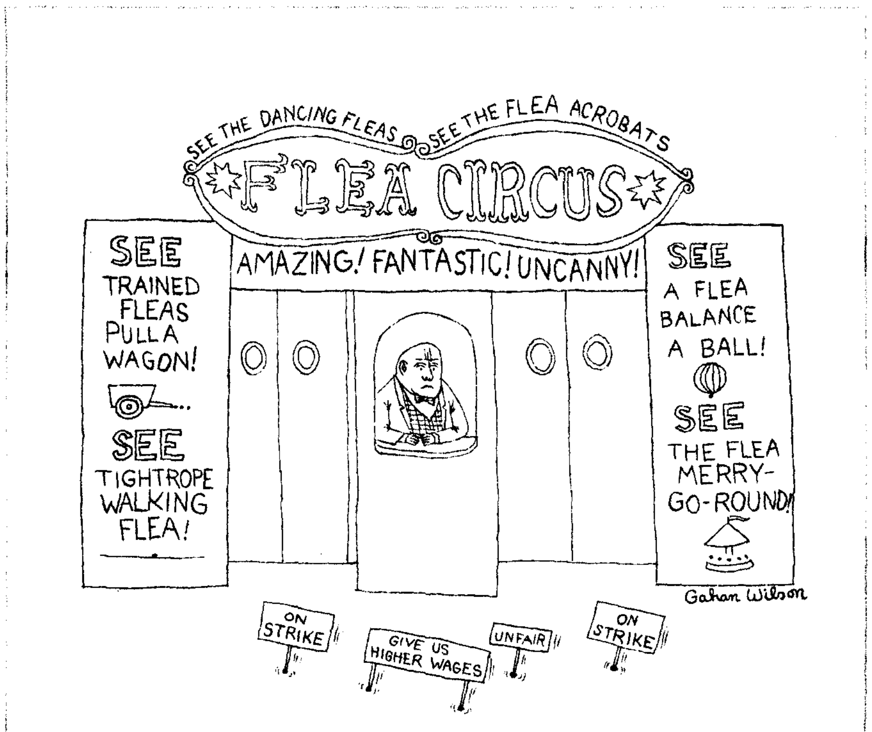
RIGHT AT HOME... Real soda-fountain sundaes, sodas, rich milk shakes—fast as you want one—with RICHardson toppings.

Fruity strawberry and pineapple, delicious butterscotch and chocolate flavors. Four or more servings in every can.

Look for them at your favorite store.

RICHardson
STRAWBERRY
TOPPING

RICHardson Corporation
Rochester 3, N. Y.


SEE THE DANCING FLEAS
SEE THE FLEA ACROBATS
FLEA CIRCUS
AMAZING! FANTASTIC! UNCANNY!
SEE TRAINED FLEAS PULL A WAGON!
SEE TIGHTROPE WALKING FLEA!
SEE A FLEA BALANCE A BALL!
SEE THE FLEA MERRY-GO-ROUND!
ON STRIKE
GIVE US HIGHER WAGES
UNFAIR
ON STRIKE
Gahan Wilson

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

SIBLE AID—AND I'LL TRY TO THINK UP SOMEBODY YOU CAN SEND.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
THE MAYFLOWER
WASH DC
WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING?
RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
NOW, I GUESS.
GEORGE

UNION CLUB
Stillwater, Oklahoma
May 31, 1955
Airmail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

And don't let this letterhead fool *you.* I have not moved to my club and taken a chair by the window; this is a hotel, and a dandy. Furthermore, it is right on the campus of Oklahoma A&M, which has enabled me to complete this assignment in record time. In little more than an hour, I have discovered that it's impossible.

But let's get to the astounding play-by-play. Immediately upon arriving here, I started to run down your exhibit from the Egyptian waxworks. My first thought was to head for the local paper, but just for fun I paused at the desk and asked the man if he'd noticed any female relatives of Cleopatra around town lately. He didn't bat an eye. He just smiled brightly and said, "Oh, yes, sir, you must mean the students from Egypt. Just stroll over to the registrar's office—it's only a block away. They'll have your young lady located in no time."

"The young lady I mean," I said, "is one hundred eight years old."

"Oh, you must be mistaken, sir," he replied, "none of the students are *that* old."

Well, everybody makes jokes, so I thanked him and left, stopping by the registrar's office just to make sure that he was out of his mind.

He wasn't. In no time, just as he'd said, they'd brought in your 108-year-old descendant of Cleopatra, except that due to a slight typographical error in your clipping, she's not 108, but 18. Her name's Nadia Neimat and she's the most beautiful sight since the invention of Marilyn Monroe. At that moment she was in a white bathing suit, having just won the title of Queen of the Senior Ball. She has huge luminous eyes, a shy, demure manner, delicate, almost palpitating features, and a figure like oh my goodness. Whew. Helping her to adjust her cape, I took her out at once and bought her a de luxe strawberry soda with two scoops; personally, I think we've neglected Egypt shamefully.

But being the clod type, you're naturally more interested in business. Well, she hasn't got any Cleopatra stuff with her. She said that her uncle in Egypt has all sorts of Cleopatra relics, but she didn't bring any of them along. She's over here on one of these foreign-exchange scholarships, studying history. Why it was necessary for her to come from Egypt to Stillwater, Oklahoma, to study history, I do not know. I guess it's just that nobody stays home any more. Maybe *I* could get a scholarship to go over there and study—and while there I could round up some of the stuff you need.

I certainly can't round up any of it here—unless you'd like a burnoose with *Oklahoma A&M* on the back.

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
UNION CLUB
STILLWATER OKLA
YOU IDIOT, YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE A HOT TIP IF YOU KICKED ONE WITH A BARE TOE. WHO IS THIS UNCLE IN EGYPT, WHAT HAS HE GOT, AND IS HE OPEN TO BRIBERY?
DICK

UNION CLUB
Stillwater, Oklahoma
June 2, 1955
Airmail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick;

Well, say, that certainly was a good lead. As it turns out, her uncle is nobody but your friend, the head of the museum near Alexandria! Isn't that amazing? You just never know who you'll meet in Stillwater, Oklahoma.

Anyway, this naturally solves your whole problem, because due to another surprising development here I've got a pipe line to that uncle of hers—and it's as sure-fire as the Big Inch. Another facet of this student-exchange deal, I have discovered, is love.

I discovered it because of the fact that every time I tried to talk to Nadia—I call her Nadia now—about her uncle and Egypt, she immediately looked ready to burst into tears. And finally she broke down and poured out the facts.

It seems that with all these foreign students running around over here in a strange land, and many of them understandably homesick, it is inevitable that some of them should get together with other lonesome students from the same country, with love resulting. And this is exactly what has happened to Miss Nadia Neimat, our beautiful descendant of Cleopatra. She has met an Egyptian boy named Ali Guindi, who is here studying engineering—two Egyptians in Stillwater, Oklahoma, would be almost bound to run into each other—and love has certainly resulted. But Nadia is very sad, because both their parents—both their parentses?—back in Egypt are in a spluttering dudgeon over it. Both immediate families are threatening to file suit, cut them off without a penny, and commit other unfriendly acts if the kids even think of carrying this situation through to matrimony.

It's all ridiculous. Nadia is certainly all right, and I have met the boy—he's a fine and highly intelligent young man—and there is absolutely no reason why these two deserving youngsters shouldn't be given a little boost toward the license window.

Now, this will naturally set us in strong with the uncle. Dick, I know uncles, and no matter what the rest of the family may say about it, all that uncles want is for their nieces to be happy.

So all I have to do is spend a few days straightening these kids out and getting their parents together, and then Nadia will be happy, which will make her uncle happy, and since we will then be almost part of the family, he can hardly help being delighted to lend you all the Egyptian junk you could possibly want.

So rush me the Egyptian lyric to Here Comes the Bride, and stand by, Dick. We're as good as in.

Hurried regards,
George Alden

GEORGE SEIBERT
UNION CLUB
STILLWATER OKLA

GEORGE, I DON'T KNOW. MESSING INTO ANY ROMANCE IS USUALLY A MISTAKE, AND MESSING INTO AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE SEEMS DOWNRIGHT FOOLHARDY. IF THIS UNCLE OF HERS SHOULDN'T BE IN FAVOR OF ALL THIS, I COULD GET IN AN AWFUL MESS. MAYBE WE BETTER BOW OUT TILL I CAN GET TO BENTLEY AND FIND OUT IF HE'S IN FAVOR OF MY GOING AHEAD. IF SO, I CAN PROBABLY HANDLE IT FROM HERE. IF NOT, WE'LL CUT IT. BUT IN ANY CASE, GEORGE, YOU GET ON BACK TO WASHINGTON. AND THANKS A LOT.
DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

DICK, I CAN'T JUST LEAVE THESE POOR KIDS COLD.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
UNION CLUB
STILLWATER OKLA

OH, CAN'T YOU? THEN I WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS IN YOUR NEW JOB WITH THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS.
RICHARD L. REED

GEORGE SEIBERT
UNION CLUB
STILLWATER OKLA

FORGET YESTERDAY'S INTEMPERATE WIRE. NEED YOU DESPERATELY. HAVE JUST FOUND OUT WHO THAT BOY'S FATHER IS. WAIT RIGHT THERE FOR AIRMAIL SPECIAL. WHEW.
YOUR FRIEND DICK

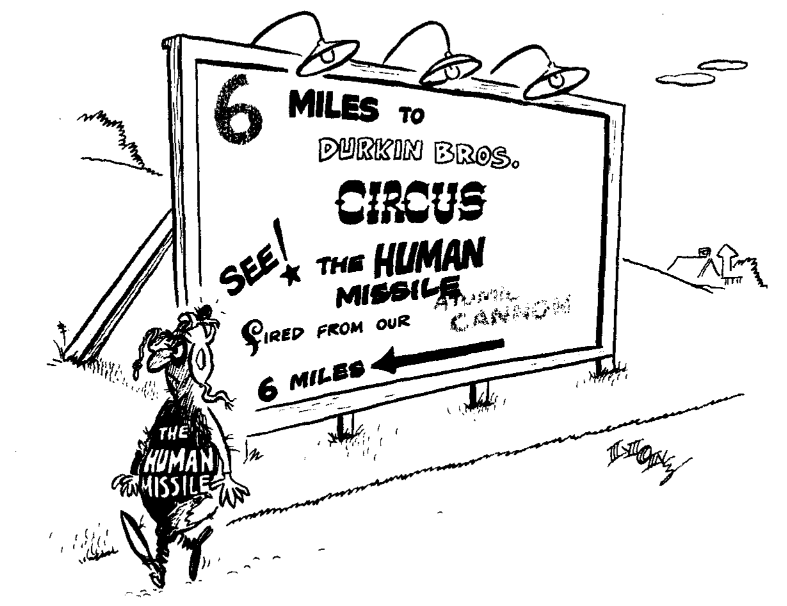
HARMONY PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

June 4, 1955
Airmail Special

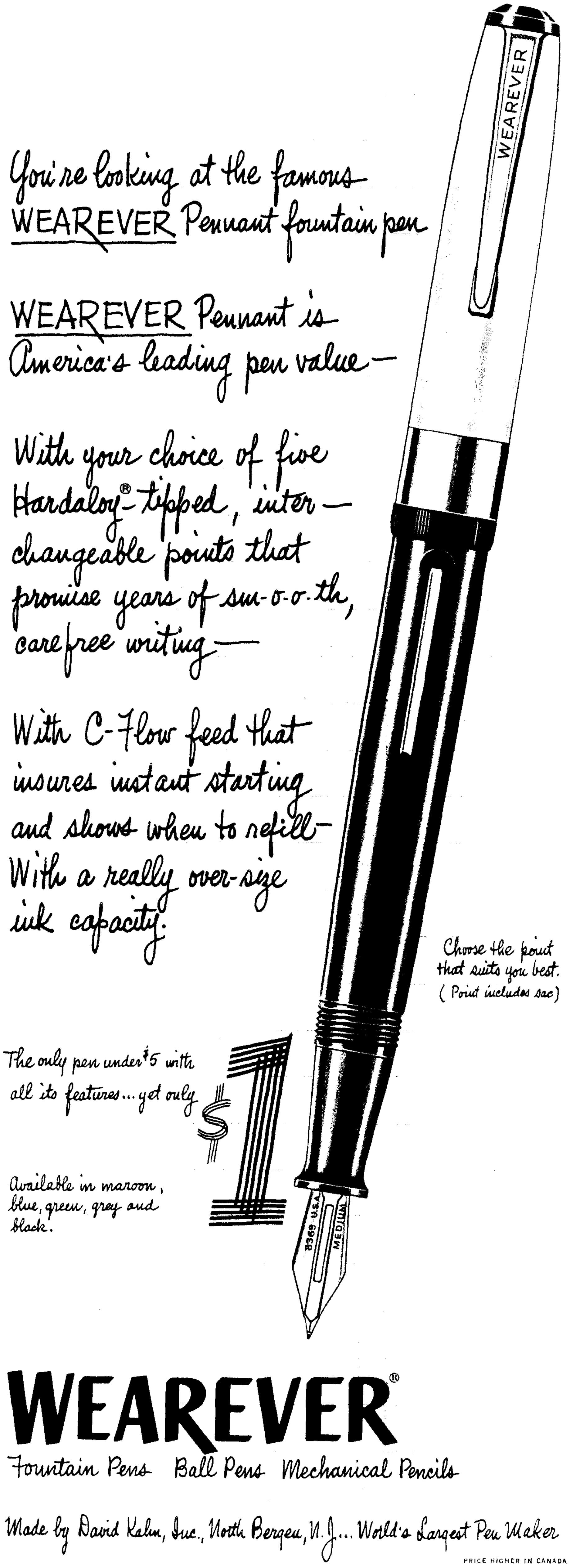
Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative
Harmony Pictures
Union Club
Stillwater, Oklahoma

Dear George:

This is getting downright ridiculous. When I tried to see Bentley yester-


6 MILES TO
DURKIN BROS.
CIRCUS
SEE! ★ THE HUMAN MISSILE
FIRED FROM OUR ATOMIC CANNON
6 MILES
THE HUMAN MISSILE
LYONS

COLLIER'S HARRY LYONS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You're looking at the famous WEAREVER Pennant fountain pen
WEAREVER Pennant is America's leading pen value—
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day, I found he'd gone out to Palm Springs to sun his gall bladder and was reportedly in no mood to be approached by any underling not in full armor. He wasn't back this morning, so I decided I might as well call Egypt again and try to get some idea of this uncle's views of the pending nuptials.

And what a good idea that was. Boy, we just missed a toboggan ride that would have been a dandy.

To get to the point, the minute I mentioned young Mr. Ali Guindi, the line began cracking and popping like an elderly water heater. The only words I could distinguish were ". . . he rents *camels!*"—evidently referring to the boy's father.

And suddenly a chill ran down my spine like witch's fingers. "You d-d-don't," I said, "mean that this boy's father is Na-Na-Na-Nassar Guindi?"

"The same," he said, and resumed his spluttering.

"Bad connection," I said, desperately, "call you back Tuesday!" And I hung up, getting the telephone back on the cradle only after a sort of a mambo clatter—it had turned into a castanet.

George, do you know who that fool boy's father is? Nassar Guindi is the guy whom every studio in Hollywood has come to refer to as the Smiling Egyptian. Because he's the biggest used-camel dealer in all Egypt; and as long as we're making these sphinx-and-sand jobs, he's only slightly less important to us than a continued supply of film. Since the great mob-scene production values are the only reason we're over there, we naturally have to use thousands of camels and those little Biblical-style donkeys. Anyhow, the minute the camel demand became acute, this Guindi sharper organized all the other dealers of any size into a tight monopoly, which he runs, and the result is that the price of camels has been going up like a kicked balloon. Billy Wells is over there this very instant dickering with Guindi for the three thousand we'll need for the dream sequence in Cleopatra's River.

And since on this particular picture, cost is strictly of the essence, if I had messed up the camel negotiations, my future around here would have been insecure. George, I could have cost us an awful lot of money.

Mr. Guindi, sufficiently enraged, could even have refused to rent us any camels at all. That would have done it. And if that mad Egyptian at the museum, as keeper of the national archives, were also in charge of pyramids and sphinxes, he might have got us denied permission to take so much as a snapshot of them.

But why torture myself? I've escaped the guillotine, however barely.

NEW MAGIC for Playgrounds

A CHILD'S imagination has magical qualities. At home, the mop in the kitchen corner becomes a prancing steed; the rope swing in the yard, a rocket ship to the moon. And at school, boys and girls have playgrounds where they can give free rein to their fantasies in group play. Realizing the importance of stimulating the youngsters, educators and playground designers have been introducing new concepts into playground equipment for the past 15 years. In attempting to produce playthings that would challenge and inspire the active minds of modern youth, as well as be pleasing to the eye and safe to use, they have experimented with everything from sewer pipes to pieces of concrete sculpture. But some critics feel that these attempts have strayed too far from the basic concern—the child's enjoyment.

The play devices pictured here may well make both designers and youngsters happy. They combine traditional forms of playground apparatus with bold modern designs. Manufactured by Porta-Play, Inc., in Cleveland, Ohio, the new equipment is now available to schools. "To stimulate the youngsters," designer Grier Riemer explains, "you go to a point in design and then stop. The children's imagination will carry them to their destination."

—CHRISTOPHER CARTER

And now that I know that practically everybody in Egypt is against that romance in Oklahoma, we naturally won't have anything to do with it. Tell those kids it's against the law for Egyptians to get married in this country. Tell them all the preachers are on strike. Tell them anything—only sidetrack that marriage.

And if you can't sidetrack it, naturally don't involve us in it. Just tell them you're a wandering minstrel.

And take your guitar, and blow.

In a hurry, Dick

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

JUST GOT TODAY'S INSTALLMENT. UNFORTUNATELY, AIRMAIL SPECIAL OF MY OWN WAS ALREADY ON WAY. BUT DON'T WORRY. I'LL WORK IT OUT, SOMEHOW. GEORGE

UNION CLUB
Stillwater, Oklahoma
June 3, 1955
Airmail Special

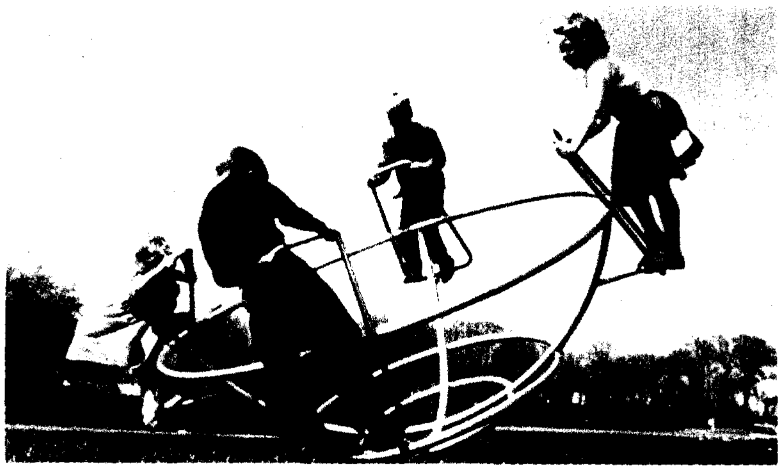
Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, what do you know—it's all arranged! Anything can be worked out if you just put your mind to it. Take the little problem that these two kids had here. It wasn't necessary to contact their families in Egypt at all. The kids' real worry, I found, was simply over money. Their families were trying to scare them into coming home by refusing to send them any. They'd each brought barely enough with them to last through the school year, and they were afraid that if they got their visas extended and stayed here and got married, they would starve. Which they wouldn't, of course, because through the college they could no doubt get jobs of some sort and make out just fine. But when you're alone in a strange country, little problems can look big.

Anyway, I've solved everything for them, and solved your problem at the same time. Since the Hollywood portion of your picture will be filmed during the summer, I've just hired Nadia to spend the summer vacation as technical expert—and after that I've got her signed up for personal appearances when the picture is released. She's so beautiful that she'll kill the people, and as the only genuine female descendant of Cleopatra . . . why, she'll make the opening engagements of that epic a sensation. The people will flock from miles around, cash in hand.

And the little three hundred dollars



Above: Happy foursome rides the Rocka-Round, a four-way aluminum teeter-totter device

Left: Gay plywood platforms make this modern jungle-gym a wonderful house to play in

Right: There isn't any waiting when the gang wants to slide

Below: Youngsters can play in the sand or push wheel toys on runways in multi-use Play Box

LEW MERRIM

ON ANNIVERSARIES
Say it with
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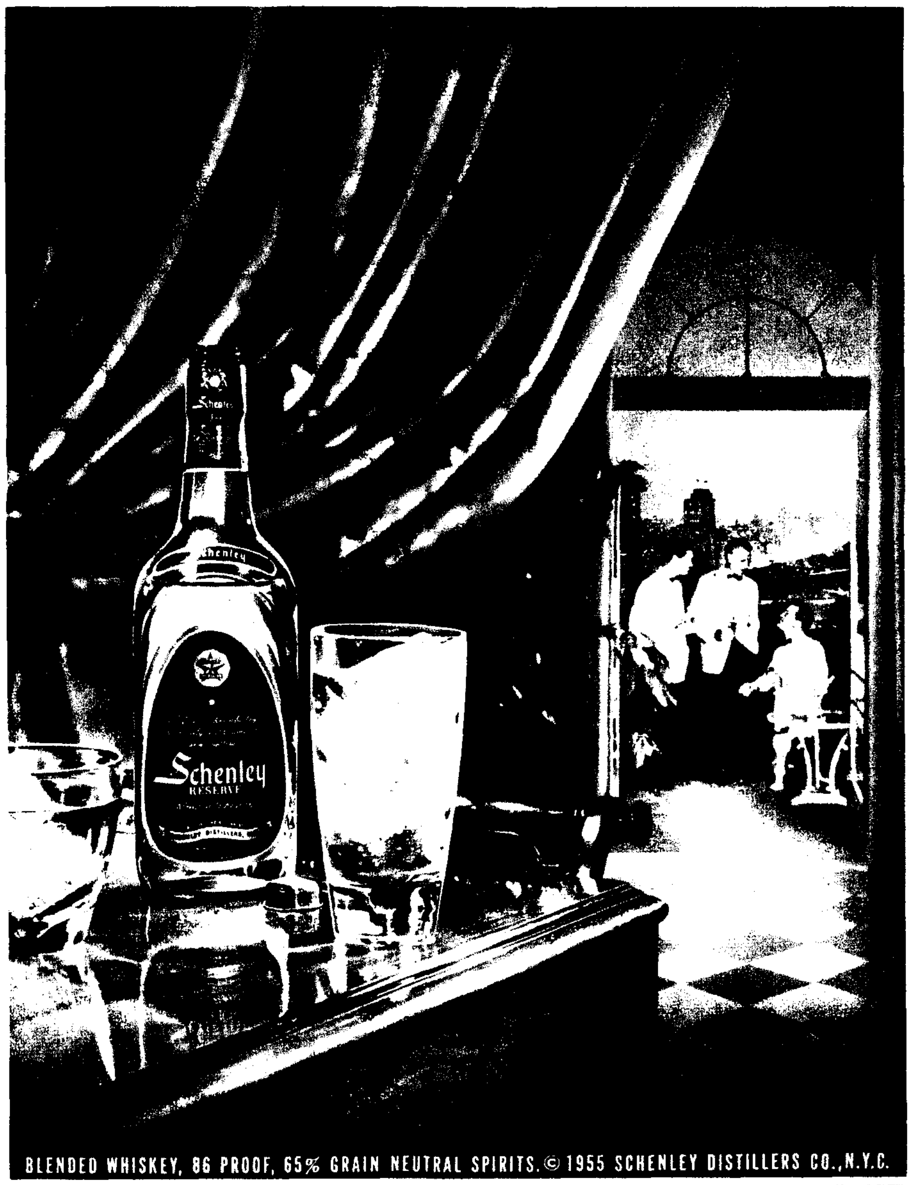

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a week we pay her during the summer will give the kids a fine nest egg to get married on. Nadia and Ali have set the date for a week from Sunday. Nadia's delirious with joy, which is bound to make her uncle happy—I'm telling you, I know uncles—so I'm sure he'll be able to lend you whatever you need for the lobbies.

Nadia wrote him at once to give him the wonderful news of how Harmony Pictures had solved their marriage problem.

So you'll be hearing from him.

Relieved regards,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
UNION CLUB
STILLWATER OKLA

DO THEY STILL SELL KNOUTS? AND EXACTLY WHAT IS KEELHAULING? ANYWAY, JUST WAIT THERE. I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING. TO THINK THAT YOU, PLUS TWO KIDS AT OKLAHOMA A AND M, COULD END MY WHOLE CAREER. IT'S FANTASTIC.

RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE IT THIS BIG, I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE ONE LAST FLING ON THE WAY TO THE GALLOWS. LEAVING FOR EGYPT AT ONCE. TO GET ALL THESE PEOPLE TOGETHER FOR A GOOD TALK. MAYBE I CAN STILL WORK IT OUT. IF NOT, BURY ME IN THAT BIGGEST PYRAMID.

GEORGE

BILLY WELLS
HARMONY PICTURES
SEMIRAMIS HOTEL
CAIRO EGYPT

BILLY, QUICK. NO TIME FOR DETAILS. BUT GEORGE ON WAY THERE AND WILL NO DOUBT CONTACT YOU ON ARRIVAL. WHATEVER GEORGE SAYS, THROW A NET OVER HIM AND CABLE ME HIS CAGE NUMBER. URGENT.

RICHARD L. REED

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NO TIME FOR ANY OF YOUR COCKEYED FEUDS WITH GEORGE. HE'S YOUR MAN. FIRE HIM IF YOU WANT TO. I HAVE PROBLEMS OF MY OWN. HAVE TO LEAVE THIS MINUTE FOR ALEXANDRIA TO CONFER WITH CAMEL MAN. SO DON'T BOTHER ME.

BILLY WELLS

GEORGE SEIBERT
WINTER PALACE HOTEL
ALEXANDRIA EGYPT

GEORGE, IF YOU EVER RECEIVE THIS, AND BILLY WELLS HASN'T ALREADY COMMITTED SUICIDE, REMIND HIM THAT I TRIED TO WARN HIM. I'M OFF TO HONG KONG—FOR GOOD.

DICK

RICHARD L. REED
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GEORGE

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June 7, 1955
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Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
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Dear Dick:

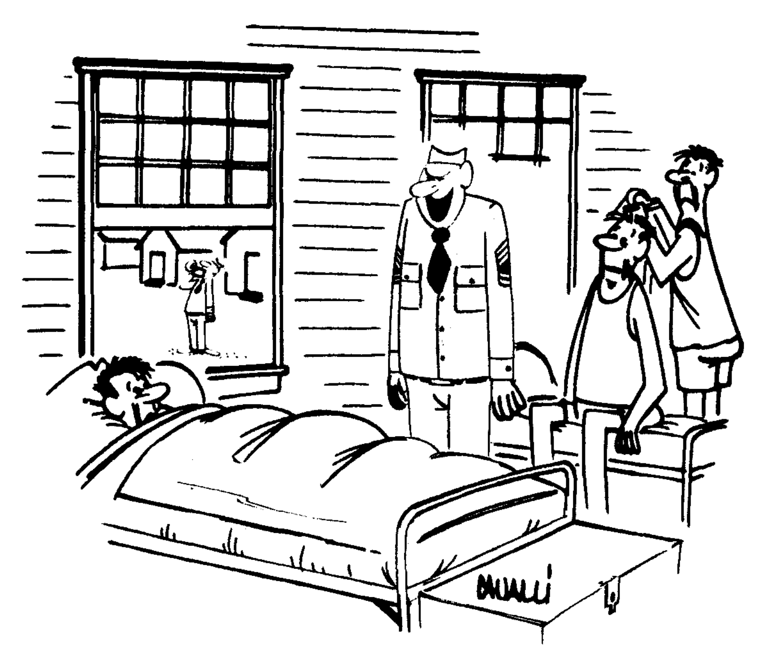
Well, it's been a busy day, but before meeting the Neimats and the Guindis for dinner, I want to get this off to you. You get so nervous over these situations.

Whereas—as you already know from my cable that Lawrence of Arabia couldn't have done better—I have everything worked out just fine. Though not quite as I'd planned.

Anyway, on the way over in the plane, the whole jiggly nine million miles, I had a fine chance to think. And I worked your dilemma out perfectly, according to the knowledge I had at the time.

I decided that the problem could no doubt be solved by a simple gambit in economics. I have found that it is very difficult to remain angry at a man who is attempting to hand you a basket of cash.

I had therefore determined on a



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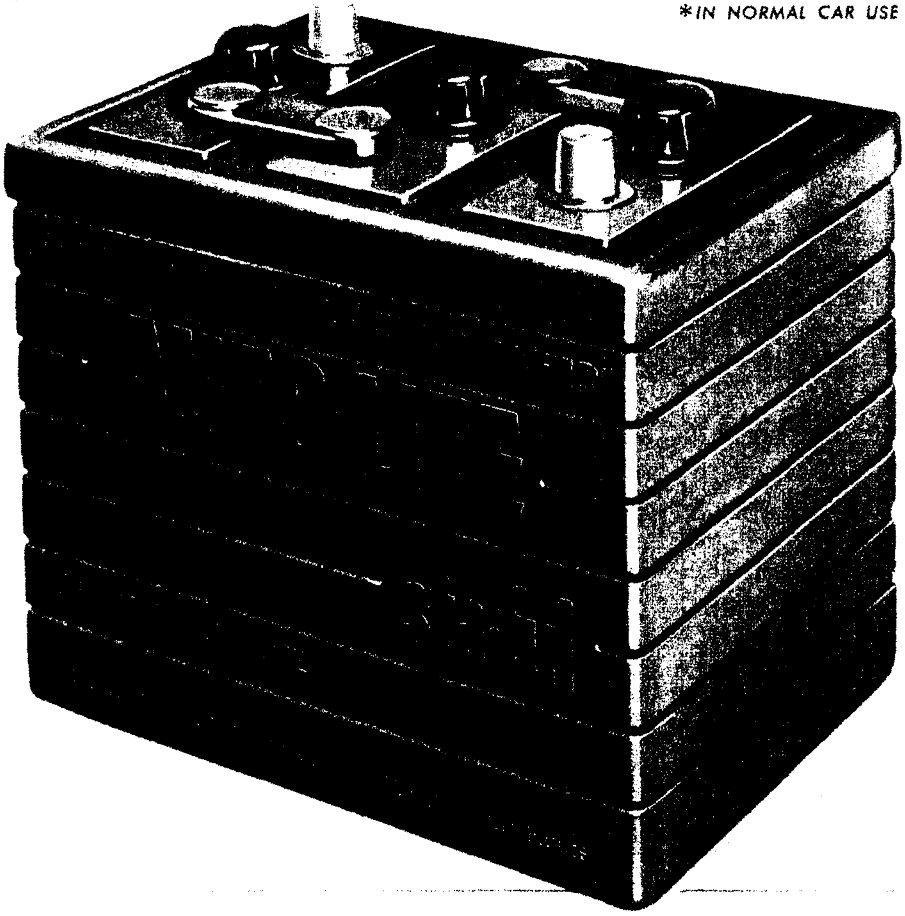

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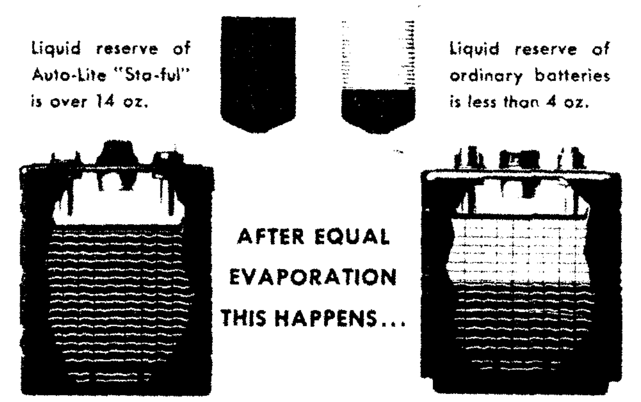
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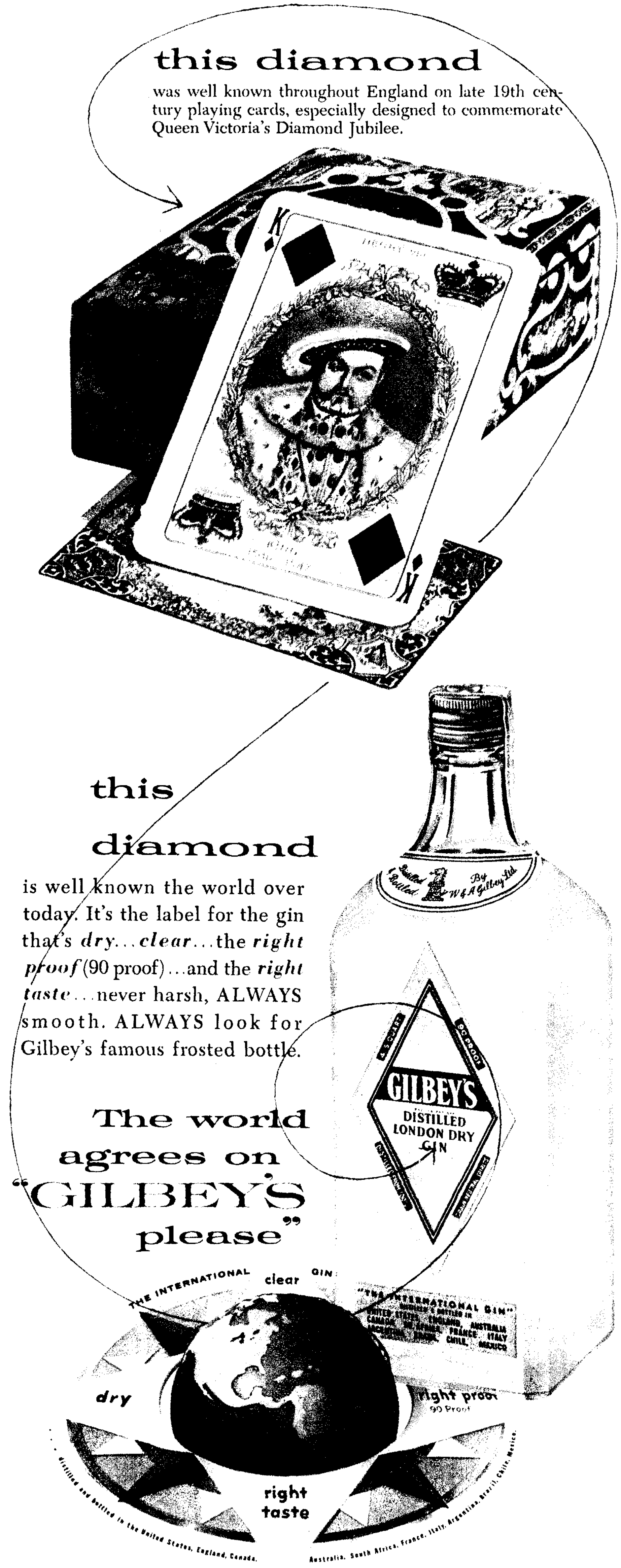
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course simple in the extreme. I would locate Mr. Nassar Guindi, introduce myself as one of the heads of the studio, and inform him that we had given a screen test to Miss Nadia Neimat, his son's intended, had found her deserving, and had hired her for a leading role in all our Egyptian pictures, at a starting salary of two thousand dollars a week—with frequent raises.

I figured that this would intrigue him. Since, according to your reports, he was the venal type, his objection to the marriage was undoubtedly due simply to his son marrying the penniless niece of a museum keeper, instead of the daughter of the local banker. I would therefore merely supply Nadia with a spanking dowry, thereby gaining his blessing.

Also, with Nadia suddenly making pots of money in the crass cinema, her uncle at the museum could hardly maintain his oafish resentment over her marrying into the tradespeople, or any longer refuse to help us. A sound plan, any way you looked at it. If they went for it, all you would have to do would be to get Nadia out to Hollywood for her screen test and sign her up. I'm telling you, she's beautiful, and having a beautiful Egyptian girl in our Egyptian pictures could hardly be called illogical.

Well, unfortunately, it didn't work out quite that simply—due to the one missing part in this puzzle, which none of us had thought of. Meaning Nadia's own father. We'd been so busy worrying about her uncle that we'd neglected to check up on her pa. As it turned out, this was a serious oversight, because as I discovered within an hour after landing in Alexandria, he happens to be Mr. Ahmed Neimat, the Nassar Guindi of the donkey dodge.

Mr. Neimat, it seems, has recently organized a donkey monopoly that's just as tight as Mr. Guindi's camel cabal, and Hollywood is now paying through the nose for donkeys too. In fact, the studios, rumor here has it, are currently considering using either all donkeys, or all camels, in some effort to knock down the growing price of the rolling stock.

That's the reason these families hated each other. It had nothing to do with art vs. commercialism. The donkey and camel people over here have hated each other for four thousand years.

Well, the minute I got this additional information, from a guy on the local paper, I saw at once that my plan needed revision. This family feud was over a lot more than money.

Or was it? People *can* argue for four thousand years over money. I know a couple in Chicago who have argued at least that long over money. Maybe this problem could still be solved by the economic approach.

In a matter of minutes I had telephoned Mr. Guindi and Mr. Neimat, and without telling either about the other, I had arranged for them both to come to my room at the hotel. At three.

There was a nervous moment when Mr. Neimat arrived. Mr. Guindi had arrived seconds before, and when I opened the door and Mr. Neimat saw him, Mr. Neimat said he'd rather die than enter the same room. "Oh, come now," I said. "As our great American poet, Mr. Edgar A. Guest, puts it, 'It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.' "

"What?" said Mr. Neimat.

"Never mind," I said. "Come on in." And finally he did. Gingerly.

And in a matter of seconds I had made them around a hundred thousand dollars—by merely drawing on a pad of paper two half circles, joined neither at top nor bottom. Speaking in the jargon of the desert, I then said, "Gentlemen, here is your corral, a corral that can contain neither camels nor donkeys. The camels walk out at the top, and the donkeys walk out at the bottom." And I drew a parade of fine little camels and donkeys, walking out at the top and the bottom. Thank Heaven for kindergarten! I was a whiz there.

The two men stood fascinated. To put it more truthfully, they began edging toward the door. "Now," I said, somewhat hurriedly, "this is what you've had up to now. You've each had only half a monopoly. Hollywood can cut you to ribbons, as they're now planning to do, merely by using all camels if the donkey price is too high, or all donkeys if the camel price is too high. In no time they'll have the price of both back to peanuts.

"Instead of which," I went on, "you can do this." And I drew a simple link connecting the bottom of the two half circles. "Thus," I said, "by merely joining forces you have a sound corral, containing all the camels and donkeys in Egypt. Hollywood has to have them, and you two can stand together at the only remaining gate and charge them whatever you care to. This bonanza isn't going to last forever, so you'd better get it while the getting's good."

"How true!" they agreed, and embraced.

And in a matter of minutes the old dispute was settled. They're going to unite, and just gouge the bejabers out of Hollywood.

Except us, of course. We're going to get our camels and donkeys at the old prewar rate, meaning practically for nothing, because all this was my idea. Also because of my promise that I *wouldn't* give Nadia a screen contract. Isn't that a riot? They think a girl's place is in the home. Anyway, they're both going to call Billy Wells in the morning and shock him severely by giving him a fine bargain in camels and donkeys.

This leaves only Nadia's uncle, the museum mogul. Since everything else has worked out so well, you no doubt think that I've also arranged for him to lend you everything you need.

Well, I haven't. He's happy, all right, but he still says no. But in trying, I found out why he's been so adamant. It seems that before any countries thought of putting an embargo on their art and historical treasures, all countries happily plundered one another, and the fact is that much of the good Cleopatra stuff is no longer in Egypt at all, but sitting right in museums in Europe and the United States. There are outstanding Egyptian collections at New York's Metropolitan Museum, the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the Oriental Institute in Chicago—plus other Egyptian collections of varying size all the way from Cleveland to Los Angeles. In other words, there was no need for you to contact Egypt in the first place. You can arrange to borrow everything you could possibly need right at home.

Isn't that interesting? In fact, I guess all anybody would have to do to have a fine, genuine look at Egypt would be to visit their local museum, for free, instead of going to the movies at all.

Naturally, we won't breathe this to a soul.

As ever,
George

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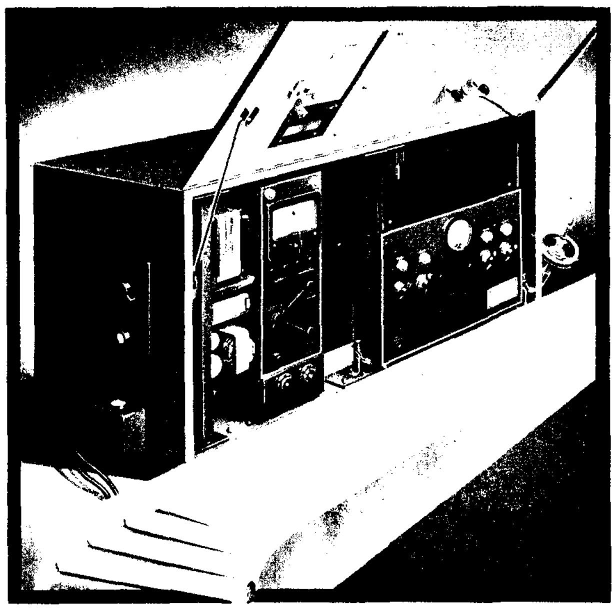

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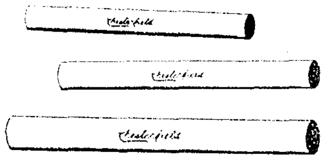

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HIT-and-RUN—Baseball's

. . . . When it clicks, that is. It worked like a charm for the New York Giants when they won the pennant last year. Other teams use it sparingly. Here's the inside story of one of the game's trickiest—and most controversial—stratagems

By MILTON GROSS

DRAWING BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

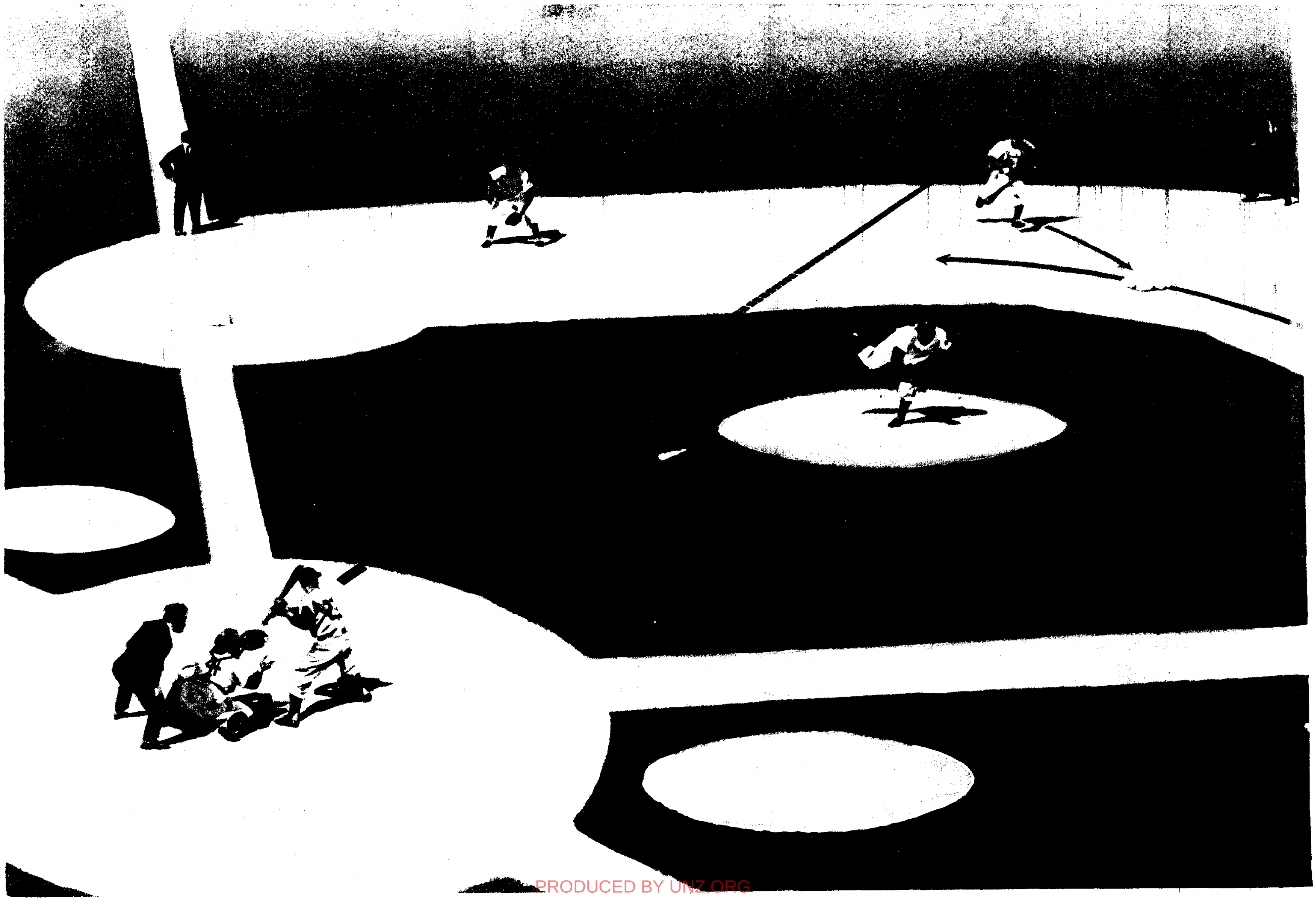
THE hit-and-run play is a stratagem of inside baseball that is as ancient as it is honorable, as simple as it is startling, and as unpredictable as it is controversial. But only since manager Leo Durocher of the New York Giants began employing it almost indiscriminately has it been so pointedly successful. Durocher refined the hit-and-run to such a fine, incisive point that it was the Giants' most important tactical weapon last season in jabbing their way to the National League pennant and humbling the Cleveland Indians in four straight games in the World Series.

In its essentials, the hit-and-run is a co-operative effort between the batter and the base runner. With a runner on first, the hit-and-run sign may be flashed to both batter and runner. As the pitcher starts his delivery, the runner breaks for second. The batter must swing at the ball, attempting to drive it on the ground through a hole in the infield. With the advantage of his start, the base runner usually is not doubled up—and occasionally even reaches third base—while the batter gets safely to first.

Durocher uses the hit-and-run not only as a limited offensive tactic containing the element of surprise to advance a runner one base, but last year employed it to break his team's most debilitating slump in mid-August. He used it to get his hitters back on the beam and to unbalance his opponents by forcing them to guess what the Giants would do next.

Usually the guesses were wrong and the consequence was defeat, because no team in recent years had put such reliance on one play and no play in baseball is more disconcerting when it comes off. It came off with such devastating effect last fall that many baseball fans still cannot settle on the day the Indians died. To the amusement of the strategists, bemused sentimentalists persist in the fable that Willie Mays's great catch in the first game of the Series enabled the Giants to win the championship in quick order.

According to this emotional reasoning, Mays broke the Indians' hearts at the outset when he caught Vic Wertz's long fly ball with two on in the eighth inning. It was the hardest-hit ball of the Series. If it



Perfect Play

had fallen safely, with the score tied, 2-2, and none out, it would have been a triple or double good for two runs—and undoubtedly a Cleveland victory. Then, according to this line of thinking, the Tribe would have been off and running.

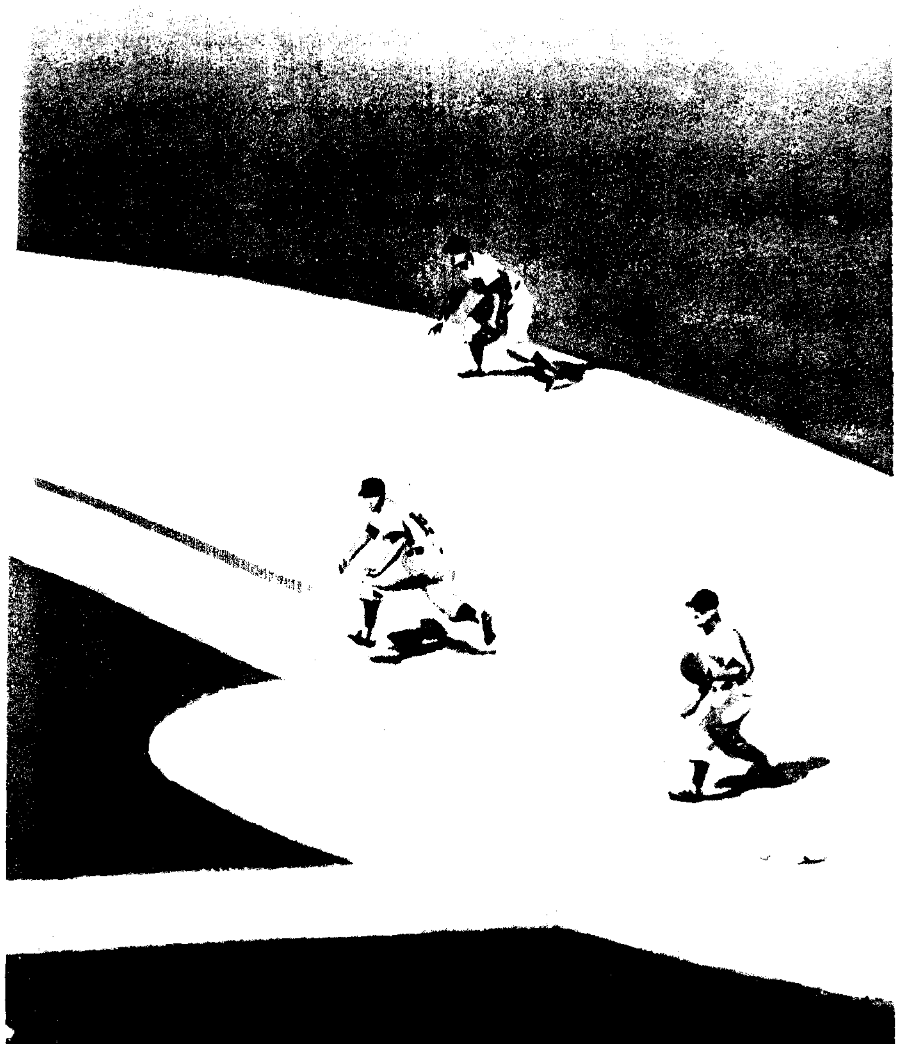
But, on the testimony of Brooklyn Dodger vice-president Fresco Thompson, who would sooner hang by his tongue than say a kind word about the Giants: "It wasn't in the eighth inning of the first game that the Indians died, but in the third inning of the third game. It wasn't a defensive play by Mays that killed them, but an offensive play by Durocher. When Leo put on the hit-and-run with Dark on first and Mueller at bat he set up the three-run inning that must be accepted as one of baseball's classics. After that Cleveland was so unsettled it didn't know what was coming next."

The inning started innocently enough when Alvin Dark singled to left. Don Mueller, the next hitter, bats left-handed. With a runner on first, it was the job of the Cleveland first baseman, Wertz, to keep Dark's lead off the base to a minimum. This weakened the right side of the infield because it left a hole between the first and second basemen.

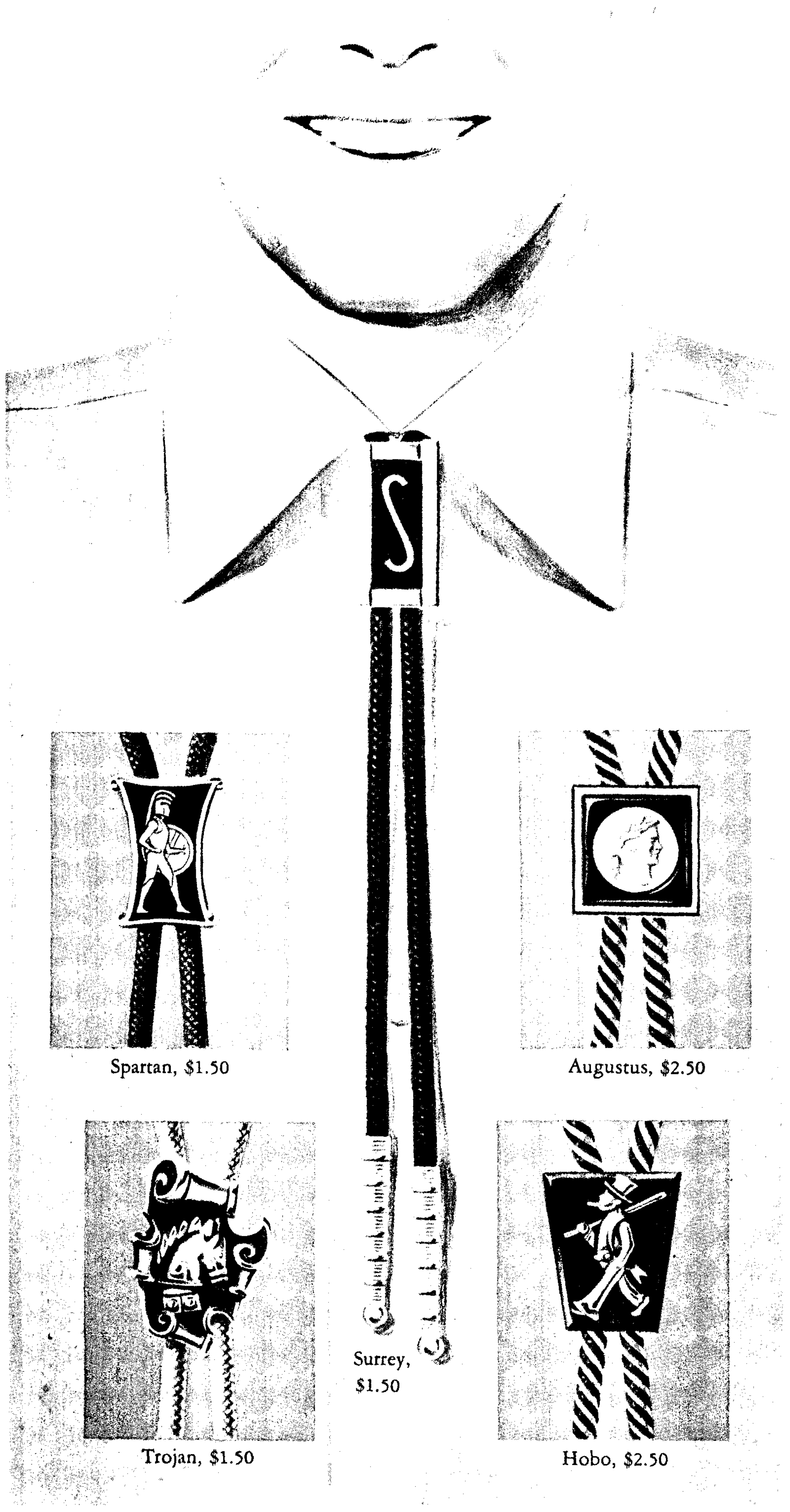
The score was 1-0 in the Giants' favor. At such an early stage in the game, Durocher's planning could have gone up three roads: Mueller, who led the National League with 212 hits and finished second to Mays in hitting with a .342 average, could have been ordered to hit away. He could have been ordered to bunt merely to advance Dark to second base, from which a single by Mays, the following hitter, would score him. He could have been, and was, ordered to hit-and-run.

According to classical baseball theory, Mueller should have hit behind the runner for three reasons: (1) As a left-handed batter, he would tend to hit to the right side of the field. (2) With the runner held on, the Giants would have a natural advantage over the unbalanced defense. (3) Fewer double plays are started by second basemen, who must make a difficult turn for their throw to the shortstop. (The shortstop ordinarily would be covering second for a left-handed batter.)

The way Durocher plays the hit-and-run, however, theory is spin-



Third game had key play of '54 Series. With Giants' Dark on first base, Durocher signaled hit-and-run. Dark (red line) broke for second, drawing Indians' ss (blue line) out of position to cover bag. Mueller hit through hole, Dark went to third. That set up Giants to win game. Series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ach. Leo gave the sign for the play and, as pitcher Mike Garcia went into his motion, Dark broke for second. Cleveland shortstop George Strickland at once moved out of his normal defensive position to take catcher Jim Hegan's throw for what appeared to be nothing more than an attempted steal. All hit-and-runs look that way at the start.

But Mueller punched at an outside pitch and dropped a roller that would have been a double play if Strickland had been covering his normal position. However, because Dark had broken from first, the shortstop was covering second. The ball went into the outfield, and Dark continued to third.

While Dark Was Being Run Down

Now the Giants could afford additional maneuvers. The Indians had to pull in their infield to keep Dark from scoring. Mays hit to third baseman Hank Majeski, and Dark was hung up between third and home. He was eventually run down, but not until he had shuttled back and forth long enough for Mueller and Mays to reach third and second respectively.

Hank Thompson was passed purposely to fill the bases, and then pinch hitter Dusty Rhodes singled to score two. If the Indians were not unsettled before, they surely\were now. Durocher sensed their uncertainty. With runners on first and third, he ordered a squeeze bunt, which Davey Williams laid down so expertly that Thompson was able to score unmolested. Williams reached first on Garcia, who did not know where to make the play and was charged with an error.

"The hit-and-run opened up the whole inning," says Durocher. "It broke open the whole Series. Remember, the Indians were at home. If they had won the third game, they'd have been back in business.

"One thing you can't forget, though," adds Durocher, with unbecoming modesty. "No manager is smarter than the others. All know the fundamentals the same. It's just that the players make the manager. With Lockman, Dark, Mueller and Williams, I got the tools. I got the players who can put on the hit-and-run. I can maneuver. A manager's got one hit-and-run man he's lucky. He's got two he's very lucky. He's got four he's crazy if he doesn't play it all the way."

With four such hitters, who can get as much out of a bat as Stokowski can get out of a baton, Durocher possibly is luckier than the other 15 big-league managers, most of whom use the hit-and-run occasionally, but not with consistency or conviction. There aren't too many good hit-and-run players. The prerequisite is a bat that, as they say in the dugouts, "always gets a piece of the ball."

Mueller, for example, fanned the fewest times in the league. He struck out only 17 of the 658 times he faced a pitcher last season—an average of only once in every 38.7 times at bat. Lockman and Williams also were among the ten toughest to fan. Whitey was seventh, whiffing only 31 times, Williams tenth with 33. Dark, although out of the first ten, was fanned only 40 times. Moreover, as a batter who can hit long to any part of the field, Dark is doubly valuable as a hit-and-run man; in his seven full seasons as a big-leaguer, he has averaged 177 hits a year—many of them on hit-and-run plays—and 30 per cent have been extra-base blows.

A poll of managers in both leagues settled on these other players as good hit-and-run men:

National League—Dodgers, Pee Wee Reese and Jackie Robinson; Phillies, Granny Hamner and Bobby Morgan; Pirates, Dick Cole; Cardinals, Red Schoendienst and Alex Grammas (Stan Musial could adapt himself to it, too, but manager Eddie Stanky prefers his long ball); Braves, Johnny Logan and Danny O'Connell; Reds, Johnny Temple and Roy McMillan; Cubs, Gene Baker, Randy Jackson and Eddie Miksis.

American League—Indians, Bobby Avila and (strangely, because he's a power hitter) Al Rosen; Yankees, Phil Rizzuto; Red Sox, Billy Goodman and, on occasion, Jim Piersall; Senators, Mickey Vernon; Athletics, Jim Finigan; Orioles, Eddie Waitkus; Tigers, Ferris Fain; White Sox, George Kell and Sherman Lollar.

Although each team has at least one player—and some as many as three—geared for the gimmick, most managers approach the play with feelings that run from enthusiasm to a take-it-or-leave-it attitude. Comments vary from Durocher's, "It's the most important play in inside baseball," to Yankee manager Casey Stengel's, "Branch Rickey once told me it's very risky business." Then there are these other appraisals:

"If used correctly," says Paul Richards, Baltimore's general manager and field manager, "it can be very valuable, but frankly I think it's often overworked, especially if there's a smart catcher against you who can call for a pitchout and break it up. If you keep statistics, you'll see how many times you would have gotten the man to third if the catcher hadn't pitched out and if the batter hadn't hit at a bad ball or lined out."

Cleveland pilot Al Lopez, despite being shamed by the Giants' use of the play, still has reservations against it. "My idea of it is to keep out of the double play, but if you have two fast men, especially if the hitter is left-handed and the runner is being held on, why handicap the batter? Why make him hit at a pitch he doesn't like?"

Branch Rickey of the Pirates goes further: "It's dangerous. It robs a hitter of his power because you're trying to make him do something for which he is not by nature adapted. And moreover, it's a show-off play."

Then there is the analysis of Cardinal manager Eddie Stanky, who was one of the exceptional hit-and-run batters under Durocher with the Dodgers and again with the Giants. "I'm a great advocate of it," Eddie says, "but its use depends upon the type of club. I've even heard baseball men say, 'Show me a team that uses the hit-and-run and I'll show you a second-division team.' "

For a possible explanation of Stanky's seeming disparagement of the play—especially in the light of the Giants' pennant and the Cards' sixth-place finish last season—it's necessary to go back to 1949 and the then Boston Braves' revolt against manager Billy Southworth only a season after they had won the pennant under him. In the wake of that rhubarb, Stanky and Dark were traded to the Giants. A hit-and-run play that backfired was the start of the break between the combative Stanky and his manager.

Pitcher Warren Spahn was opposing the Pirates one Saturday in July at Boston. Spahn was pitching well. But suddenly the Pirates erupted against him in the ninth inning, overcame the Braves' three-run lead and won.

In earlier innings, Spahn, a good hitter for a pitcher, had done an inordinate amount of base running. In the second inning, Stanky's double sent Warren scampering around the base paths. In the fifth, Spahn stole second on a hit-and-run play that misfired when Stanky failed to connect. In the seventh Spahn again raced for second on a hit-and-run, but had to return to first when Stanky fouled. On the next pitch Spahn again went for second. The ball was hit to the Pirate first baseman, who threw wildly to second. Spahn bounced up, tried for third and was tagged out. Warren then went directly to the mound—and the Pirates lowered the boom on him.

Southworth Denied Giving Sign

That evening a Boston newspaperman, operating on the theory that Spahn's exertions on the bases robbed him of his strength on the mound, called Southworth on the phone. He asked one question: Did Southworth sign for the hit-and-run with Spahn on first and Stanky at bat? Southworth said he did not.

The following day the paper featured a photo of Eddie Stanky alongside one of Billy Southworth. The caption asked the provocative query: "Who is running the Braves?" The implication was clear that Stanky's gratuitous masterminding had lost the game.

A miffed Stanky demanded that Southworth explain that with the Braves it was customary for a batter to sign for the hit-and-run himself. Southworth merely repeated that *he* had not put it on, and the cleavage between the pro- and anti-Southworth forces widened to an irreparable gulf.

If the Boston writer had been on the inside of inside baseball, he would have considered it neither usual nor unusual for a batter to tender his own hit-and-run sign. In earlier days of baseball, each batter had his own hit-and-run sign and the men preceding him in the line-up had to know it. Even today, the Dodgers' Reese has the prerogative of putting on the play himself. Other Dodgers have not. "It depends upon the manager and the player," Reese explains. "Durocher, I know, always puts it on himself."

Durocher's system is unique. He keeps one pitch ahead in his signs. If, for example, the count goes to two balls and no strikes, he may decide to sign for a hit-and-run on the fourth pitch. "If the strike comes up next and it's two and one," Leo says, "then the sign stays on. If it's a ball, I'll shout to the runner, 'Three and Oh,' as though reminding him of the count. Actually I'm telling him the hit-and-run's off."

Cleveland's Rosen declares, "I like to hit-and-run once in a while, but Lopez lets me put it on myself. The batter has better judgment than the manager or coach that he'll be hitting at the pitch he wants; otherwise he's liable to fly out or pop up instead of hitting on the ground."

Rosen gets some support from Billy Herman, the Dodger coach. Until Dark demonstrated the many uses to which a bat can be put, Herman was accepted as the foremost practitioner of the hit-and-run. Billy was a major-leaguer for 17 years, ending his active days as manager of the Pirates after going from the Cubs to the Dodgers and thence to the Braves. He collected 2,345 hits in these uniforms, getting 227 of them with Chicago in 1935. He figures he averaged at least 50 hits a year by opening up a position and getting the ball through the hole. "At Chicago I'd hit-and-run on my own and I was better than I was at Brooklyn," Billy says. "I picked my own pitch and it gave me confidence." Hitting-and-running, in Herman's opinion, makes it easier rather than more difficult for a batter. "Against pitchers whom I had a tough time hitting," he says, "I didn't have to hit the ball good, just through the hole at second or at shortstop, whichever was open."

With such expert testimony seemingly weighing so heavily in its favor, why isn't the hit-and-run favored by more managers? The obvious answer is that the play is subject to misfires and backfires.

"For every offensive maneuver there is a defense to offset it," Lopez explains. "We're always trying to steal signs, of course, and if we can determine the other team's hit-and-run sign we've broken the most important feature

"Please try to realize, Benjamin, that I am no longer interested in playing third base and batting in the leadoff spot"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

of its communication system and can break the back of a potential rally."

"It's strange, but true," says Richards, "that of all your signs the other teams pick up, they seem to get the hit-and-run sign the easiest. Too many runners tip off when they've gotten it. One fellow looks directly at second base the moment he's received it. Another turns to the coach as if asking a question. A third may pull up his pants and look directly at the ground. Most of them quit looking at the batter as soon as they have the sign."

The sign, however, need not be picked up. "A good catcher frequently senses the hit-and-run coming and calls for a pitchout," says Tom Sheehan, the Giants' chief scout.

Durocher Defends His Pet Play

"None of this is new to me," says Durocher in rebuttal. "I still insist that if you've got the tools the hit-and-run is better than the run-and-hit [in which the batter has the option of hitting or not], steal, bunt and drag. They've all got a place. They're the difference between static and dynamic baseball. But if I have to choose I go with the hit-and-run because I got more to gain than with the others.

"With a catcher like Campanella of the Dodgers, I'm more careful," Leo goes on. "Campy will sign Erskine, Loes, Newcombe and other guys to pitch out, but not a wild-armed guy. Some catchers never ask for a pitchout because the guy out there has trouble enough getting the ball over the plate and they don't want to get him in a hole. As for the pitcher, the better he is the more chance you got of getting away with the hit-and-run. If he's around the plate all the time like Robin Roberts, your guy will get a piece of the ball. If he's a wild guy, you don't do it unless you got him in a hole and he's got to come in with the ball."

Off on his own verbal hit-and-run, Durocher lists his reasons for favoring the controversial play:

(1) A team plays 77 games on the road and in each the home team has a half inning the best of it. "I very seldom play for a tie if I'm beaten, 2-1, going into the ninth," Leo says. "I can bunt to move a runner to second and maybe I'll score him, but if the other guys score in their half I don't get another chance—I get a shower. So I hit-and-run instead and maybe carry a one-run lead into the last half."

(2) Even if the play misfires, you're not necessarily lost. "I've got a man who can run and a man with a bat. I got two cracks then instead of one. Suppose the pitch is missed. So what? Billy Bruton of the Braves stole 34 bases last year, and nine out of ten were on misfired hit-and-runs."

(3) The best counts for the play are two balls and no strikes, or two balls and one strike. "That's the book," Leo says, "but the book robs you of surprise. The hit-and-run on the first pitch is rare, but if I use it then, they don't expect it. If I know my man will get a piece of the ball, I'll even gamble on nothing and two. And suppose I got runners on first and second. I'm one run behind, none out. They say, 'He'll bunt.' So they lay the ball in and play me to bunt, but I don't. I hit-and-run. I got a good pitch. I got the percentage."

(4) Some managers use the hit-and-run as an offensive play, but with a defensive attitude; they're just trying to keep out of the double play. "I never go at it afraid it won't work. I go on the theory I'm not only going to move the guy to second, but get him to third."

Durocher recalls a stage of last season's race when the Giants were in a slump. They lost 14 out of 21 games without a pitcher going the route in the last nine games of that stretch.

"The boys were scrambling," Leo says. "We were dropping 2-1 and 3-2 games. We were getting runners on, but we weren't moving them around. We were getting D.P.s instead of runs. We dropped four in a row and all but a half game of our lead. We were talking to ourselves, so I said, 'Let's get the other side talking and moving.' We were uncertain. So I said, 'Why us? Why not them? Let's change it.' "

The Giants were taking too many pitches. "They were throwing strikes at us and we were taking them like wooden Indians," Durocher says. "I wasn't going to let them keep taking. I said hit-and-run. A man gets on, we put the hit-and-run on. I sign for it and the batter's got to swing at the pitch I want."

Durocher says the other teams were taking the Giants for granted. "Their infielders were playing against us like they were in rocking chairs. They were back on their heels like they used to be when we had Johnny Mize and Walker Cooper. Those two were great hitters, but what can I do with guys who can do only one thing with a bat? Either Mize hits or he doesn't, and the other teams just lay back and wait for the ball and throw him out. Ask around and find out. Ask the good infielders."

"I'm not a hit-and-run man myself because I'm a free swinger," says Hank Thompson, the Giants' third baseman, "but there's nothing prettier to watch than Dark or Mueller batting when it's on. They hit that ball through the hole like they were shooting it through. Lots of times when we play the Dodgers, you see Dark and Reese trying to outguess each other. Dark'll wait till the last second before hitting because he wants to see who'll cover, Pee Wee or the second baseman. Then instead of punching to right he'll pull to left."

"All I can say," says Reese, when queried on the hit-and-run duel between batter and fielder, "is that it's easier for me to play the infield against a team that doesn't hit-and-run. I learned that a long time ago."

Apparently so did an earlier band of Cleveland Indians, which used to lose regularly to the Yankees under manager Joe McCarthy. The Yankees had sluggers like DiMaggio, Keller, Gordon and Dickey then. They also had cuties like Rolfe and Henrich, who could hit long or hit smart.

Invariably the Indians would lead in the early stages of the race before coming into the Yankee Stadium for a crucial series. Then McCarthy would turn his cuties loose. Rolfe and Henrich would hit-and-run, and it was like a fatal disease. The Indians would lose the series, the lead and the flag.

When McCarthy was asked why he switched from brawn to brain, he'd squirt a pugnacious gob of tobacco juice and say: "Don't want them to get too smug. It's good to put the fear of God into them, and the hit-and-run'll always do it."

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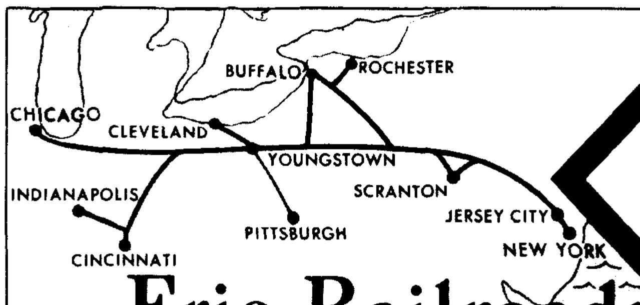

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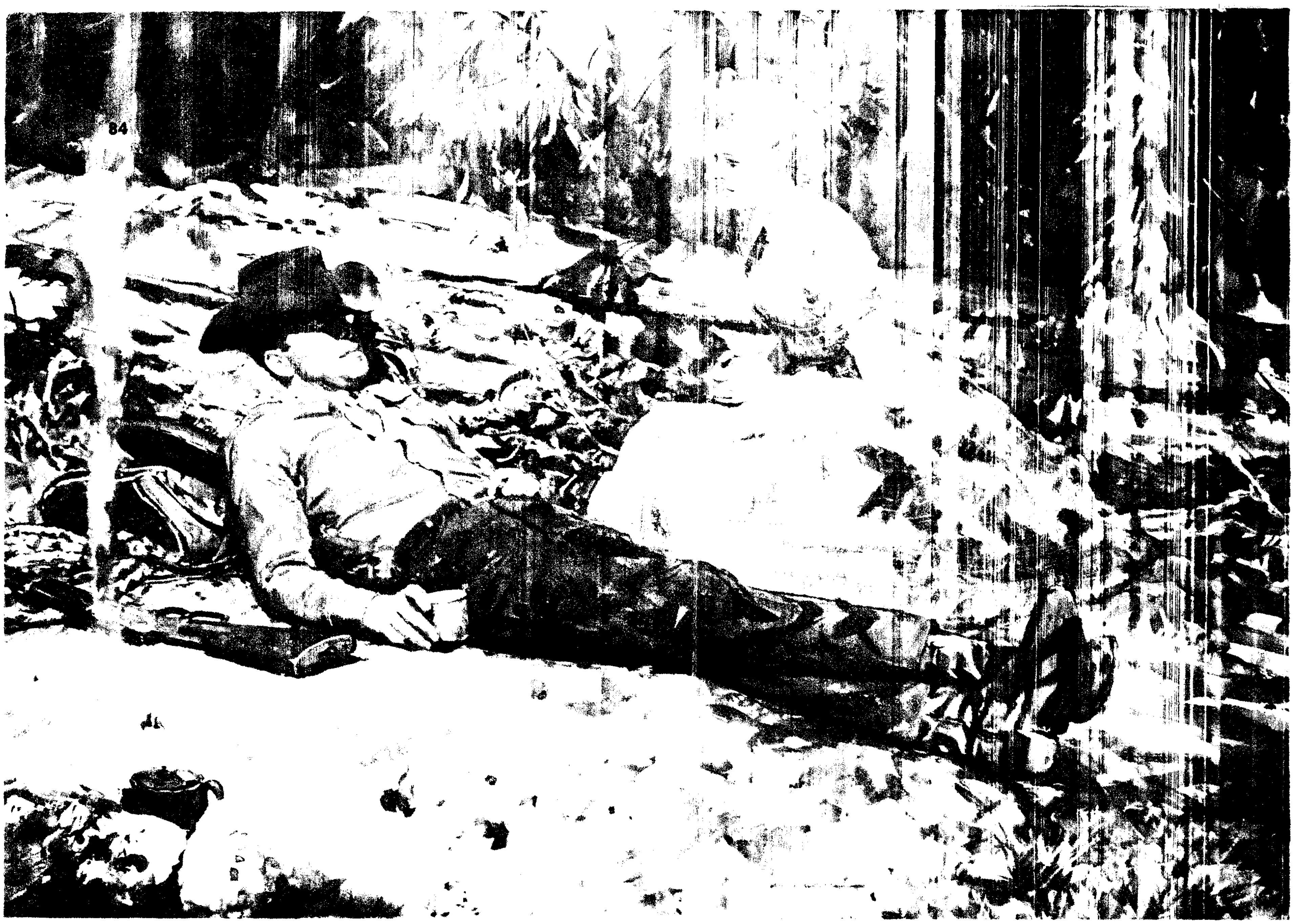

"Why did you follow me?" Early asked. Jo Ann said, "Gunn came to the cabin. He's out to get you. You're not safe out here"

Man of the West

By [illegible]

Early had fought dangerous enemies before, but now he was getting into the biggest fight of his life, and it was already half lost

The Story: In the spring of 1879, Thomas Early, a professional gun fighter, and his son, Tom, eighteen, met for the first time. Tom had been reared by his late mother, and he thought that now he was going to share his father's adventurous, nomadic life; but Early took Tom to his valley farm, near the village of Good Hope. The only glimpse Tom got of Early's former life came secondhand—from Jo Ann, a girl Early had hired to be their housekeeper. When she and Early were in Good Hope one day, a ruthless cattleman named Grimsell, who wanted to graze 20,000 head of cattle in the valley, had come and threatened the villagers. Blondie and Gunn, Grimsell's hirelings, had got out of hand and Early had had to kill Blondie. Jo Ann also told Tom how the villagers had turned on Early, claiming he had ruined their chance for a peaceful settlement with Grimsell. However, not all of Early's troubles were with the people of Good Hope. He saw Tom falling in love with Jo Ann, and when he tried to bring them together, Jo Ann declared that she loved him—Early—not Tom. Then Early heard the villagers planned to send a man to Laramie to get legal proof of their ownership of the valley, and he went to the meeting to tell them proof wouldn't help—they must attack. The villagers refused to listen and selected a man named Martin as messenger. When Early got home, Tom, jealous because Jo Ann loved his father, fought with Early. Feeling that he was spoiling any chance for Jo Ann and Tom to get together, or to be accepted by the villagers, Early left the valley. Meanwhile, Gunn was waiting at the entrance to the valley, a high, narrow pass; and when Martin came through on his way to Laramie, Gunn killed him—and then set out to kill Early too, to avenge Blondie's death.

The Last of Three Parts

ALL morning Jo Ann worked feverishly cleaning up the wreckage that the fight between Early and Tom had made of the cabin. She was still furious with both men for having fought, and as she picked up the pieces of broken dishes and replaced the pots on their hooks, she refused to think of what had happened or of what Early's departure meant. Early had washed his cuts and bruises at the well, and then he had come back into the cabin and dressed in clean clothes. He'd packed his saddlebags and ridden away on Susan, without a word to his son or the girl.

Tom had stood by the well as Early rode past, but neither man had spoken, though in their silence there was a strange sense of both anger and affection. Tom watched until his father's horse had gone a good quarter of a mile, and then he went to work in the new field he was clearing.

By the time Jo Ann was ready to start preparing the midday meal, her anger had given way to the certainty that Early would never return, and the thought frightened her. She was working listlessly at a table near the fireplace when the cabin door was flung open. Jo Ann looked up quickly and saw Gunn enter with a drawn pistol.

He strode across the kitchen and stood with his back to the wall, where he could cover the entire room. Jo Ann calmed her sudden fear and continued to slice potatoes, as though Gunn were the

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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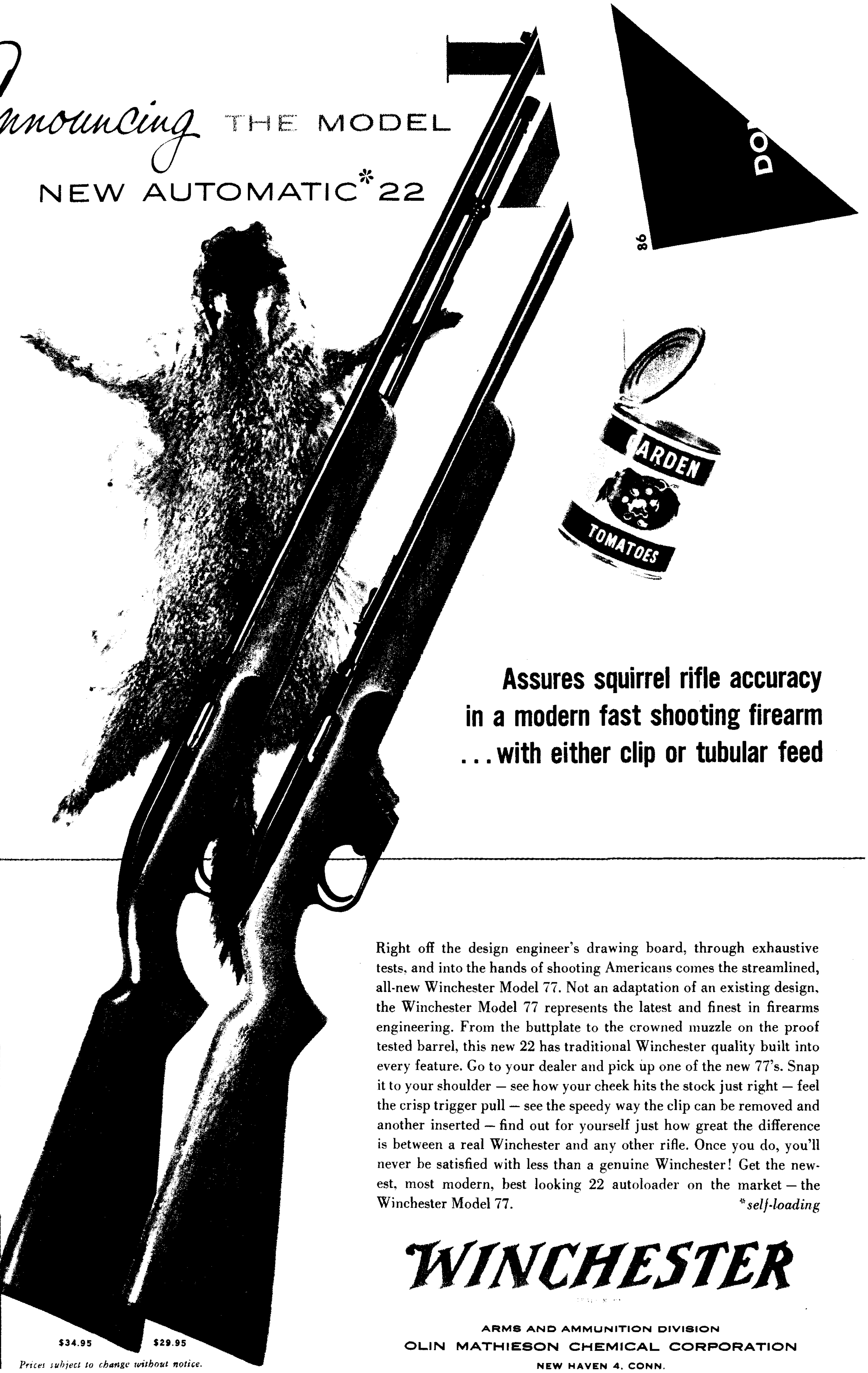

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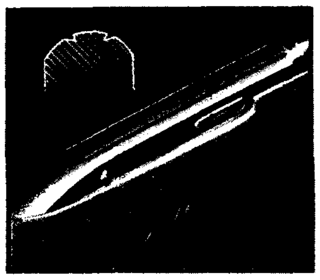

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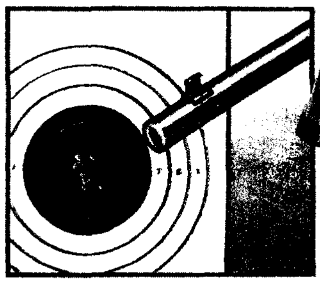

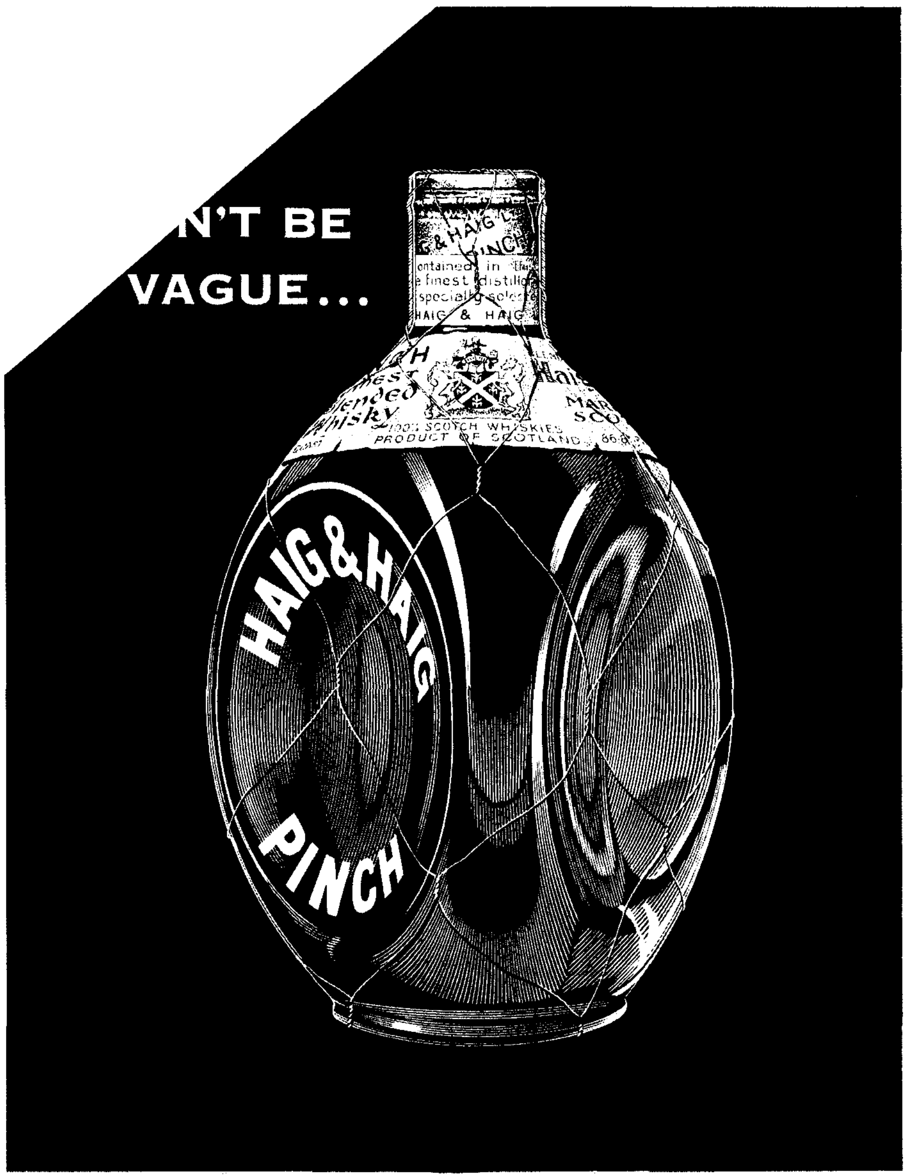

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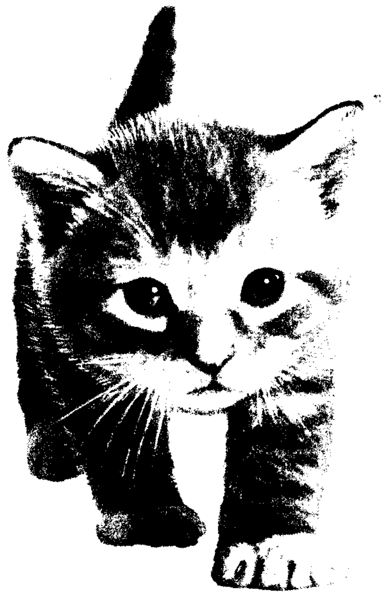

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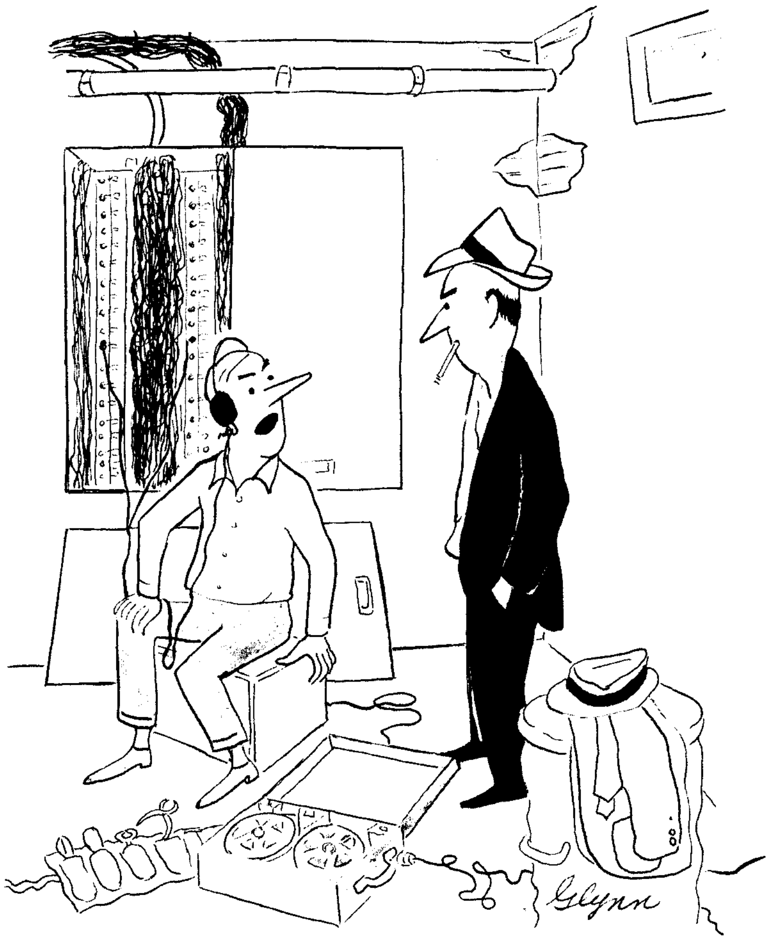


"Sure you tapped the right wire, Charlie? All I'm getting is a recipe for Pineapple Upside-Down Cake"

COLLIER'S MIKE L. GLYNN

most ordinary visitor in the world. A big kettle was boiling on the iron stove, which was fired to a nice cherry heat.

"Where's Early?" Gunn said. His high-pitched voice was strained. "I said where's Early!"

"He's not here," Jo Ann said quietly. "You can see for yourself."

GUNN, still with his back to the wall, peered into the inner room of the cabin. It was empty. Little beads of sweat began to form on his upper lip and on his forehead. "Where'd he go?"

"I don't know."

"You're lying!" Gunn screamed. Then he controlled himself and said, "Where would he go?"

"He didn't say. Certainly not to the valley. I expect he rode toward the pass—"

"You're lying! I'd of met him if he'd went that way."

"Look in the stable," Jo Ann said. "His mare's gone, and nobody rides that horse but Mr. Early."

Gunn looked at her carefully, trying to judge her. Jo Ann's calm, her contempt, her indifference, could only mean that Early was far away and in no particular danger.

"So he run out," Gunn said. "Well, what do you think of that! He knew I'd be comin', so he up and run out on me."

"I doubt it," Jo Ann said.

The girl's indifference puzzled Gunn. It seemed to suggest some tension between Early and her. "Maybe he left on account of you," he said contemptuously. "Is that it? Women. They make a man weak as water."

Jo Ann said nothing, but hearing the kettle hiss and boil over, she turned to the stove and lifted the cover of the kettle.

"Put it back!" ordered Gunn. She obeyed him. "Which trail did he take when he rode out of here?" Gunn said.

"I told you I didn't see him go."

Gunn smiled again and put his gun away. Then he took two quick steps toward her. As she moved swiftly away from him, he grabbed one of her wrists and twisted her arm behind her. Slowly, he forced her toward the stove.

"You gonna tell me which trail?"

"I don't know!" cried Jo Ann.

Steam hissed from under the cover of the kettle. For a moment it was the only sound except for the slow-paced echoing strokes of young Tom's ax in the distant field.

"Talk!" said Gunn. When she was silent, he twisted her arm even more severely, and now, six inches from Jo Ann's cheek, was the red hot plate of the stove. Waves of heat beat against her eyes.

To avoid burning himself, Gunn moved a little, and his left foot slipped ever so slightly. Sensing this, Jo Ann struck him with her free arm; she hit him directly across the eyes and he fell back, but he kept his grip on her left wrist. In that same moment, Jo Ann seized the handle of the kettle and hurled the boiling contents against Gunn's chest, neck and face.

He screamed and let go of Jo Ann. And then, blinded by pain and steam, he drew both guns at once and began to fire wildly. But now the cabin was empty. He fired two shots out the open doorway, but the yard was empty too, except for his own horse.

As he staggered out into the sunlight, grimacing with pain, Jo Ann rode out of the barn, galloping bareback on Brutus, the dappled gelding. Gunn drew his pistol but the cartridges were wet and would not fire.

Jo Ann was soon far out of range. Angered at his defeat by a girl, Gunn sullenly mounted his horse and rode away toward the pass. . . .

Early made his midday camp high up in the hills, in a rough area of small, violent streams, tumbled rock and clumps of mountain flowers. He had shot a small wild pig and was roasting it in a pit of stones. Susan stood close by, snorting at the smell of roasting flesh. Early sat back with a certain relief. In few more days he would be as far north, perhaps, as Salt Springs, where he'd see the railroad agent, get an advance against another job and raise hell and hyena for a night or two.

Suddenly he put his hand to the strap of his rifle. He had heard the faint rattle of a horse's hoofs on broken rock, but because of the twists and turns of the trail, he could not see very far in either direction. He slowly unslung his rifle, drew back the bolt and rose to his feet.

He took three quiet paces to one side and stepped behind a split boulder. There was no sound at all for a moment, and then Early heard the sound of human footsteps on the trail. The person fell several times on the rocks wet from the melting snow far above. Early lifted his rifle. He felt no restraint now; he no longer needed to suppress his natural boldness for fear his son would mistake courage for brutality.

THE footsteps had a curious quickness and lightness. Then Jo Ann came into view, not ten feet from Early's rifle. Early stepped out from behind the boulder, and she saw him and ran to him. She caught hold of his arms and pressed her face against his chest. He dropped the rifle and embraced her, comforting her as he would a child. Then she raised her face to kiss him, and he held her away.

"Don't be angry," she whispered.

He let her go and picked up his rifle and locked the safety. "Why did you follow me?" he asked gently.

"Gunn came to the cabin."

"I should have killed him when I had the chance."

"He's out to kill you," Jo Ann said. "You're not safe out here—all alone."

"I'm fine out here. This is my country."

"No! Come back to the farm. You'll be safe. And besides, we need you."

"You only think you do."

"It's true. Please come home."

"No," said Early, "one man and one woman—that's enough for a farm."

"There'll be no farm," Jo Ann said.

"Why not? Tom won't leave. He's born to that trade. Where he walks, crops just naturally grow."

"He's a good boy," said Jo Ann. "But what if Grimsell comes down over the pass?"

"What do you want?"

"Come back. Tom needs your help. You know you can't let Tom fight Grimsell and all his hired guns by himself."

"You've got it twisted," Early said. "Tom's not alone, girl. He's got the valley people with him. Oh, I know they talk slow and they act slow, but they're strong. They're like stones. And they know Tom is one of them. They'll come to like him. Without me around, they'll accept him for what he is—an honest farmer."

"Those farmers!" Jo Ann said. "You should see them! They're helpless. They don't know what to do. They need you, Mr. Early."

"Need me or not," Early said, "they don't want me."

Jo Ann turned her face away, as if she were terribly ashamed of what she had to say. But she said it. "Come back for my sake, Mr. Early. I'm the one. I want you."

Early didn't answer. Then Jo Ann said in a whisper, "I love you."

Early took her by the shoulders and looked down at her seriously. "Jo Ann, you don't. You're only a child. You belong with Tom."

"I love you," she said, simply.

"A boy your own age," he said.

"I love you," she said.

Early pushed her away from him rather roughly, knelt and opened one saddlebag. He took out a square, flat object wrapped carefully in doeskin. He put it into Jo Ann's hands. "Go on, open it," he said.

She obeyed him, unfolding the soft leather, and found inside a small photograph, a daguerreotype. She stared at it. It was a portrait of a young woman, her hair parted in the center, her pretty face prim and proper until one noticed a harshness in the smile. Her clothes and the lace at her sleeves and neck were expensive and fine.

"Tom's mother?" asked Jo Ann.

"At seventeen."

"Well, she's beautiful."

"She had more than beauty," Early said. "She had character."

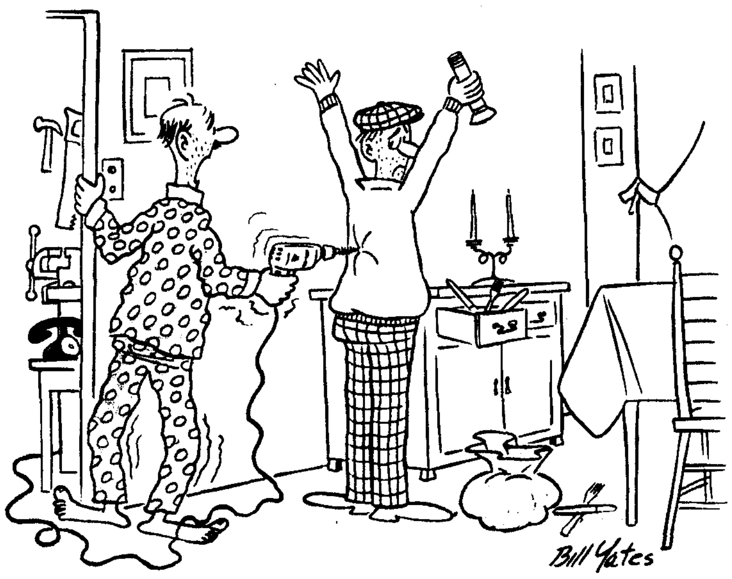
"Then what made you part?"

"She told me to go."

"Then she never loved you!"

"You see," Early said, "you're still a child after all. She loved me too well, Jo Ann. But it was no use. We were far apart, she and I. She couldn't stand my ways, nor I hers."

"Then why did you marry?"



COLLIER'S "One false move and I'll drill you!" BILL YATES

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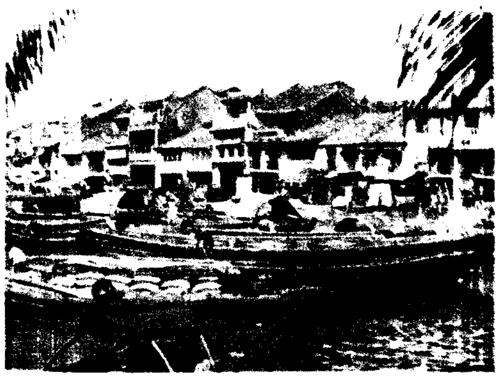

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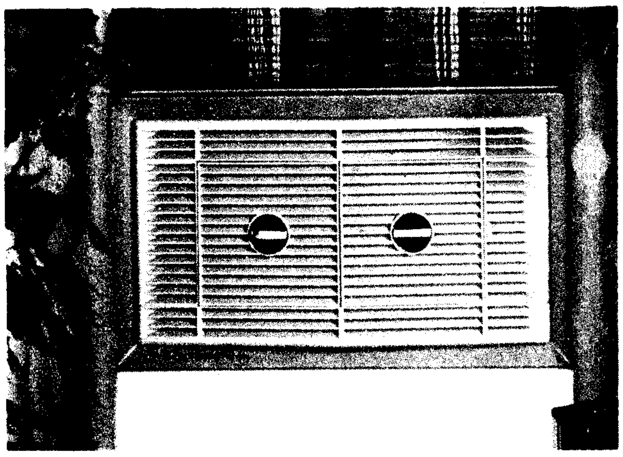

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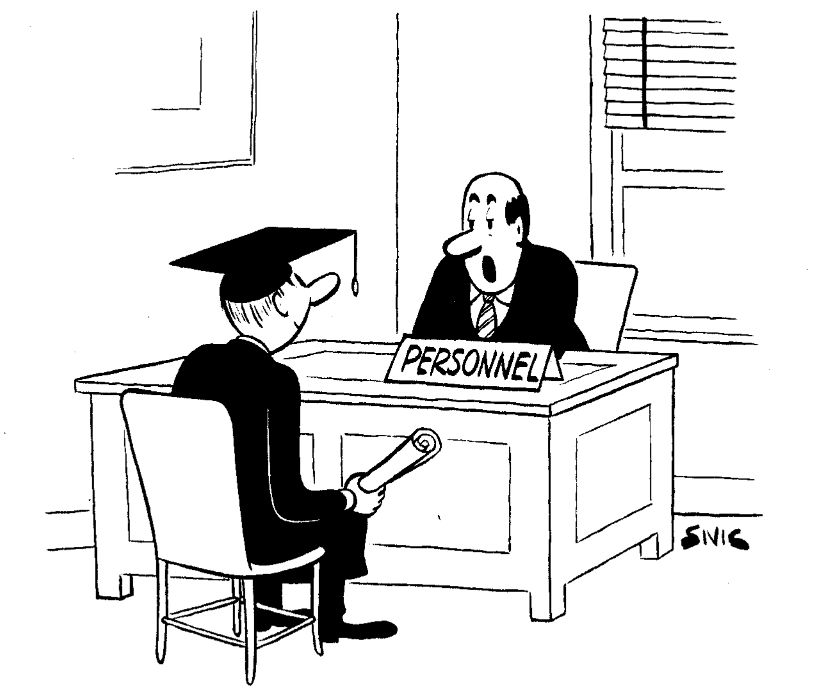


COLLIER'S "Can you do anything besides graduate?" SID GORDIN

"She was beautiful," Early said.

Jo Ann said sharply, "Your roast pig is ready."

"Will you share it with me, Jo Ann? Eat with your fingers?"

"Would she?"

"No."

"Then I will."

Early took the pig out of the pit, set it on a clean stone and slit the ribs with his knife. They steamed with a gamy goodness.

Early was famished and continued to hack and eat while Jo Ann rummaged in his saddlebags. She found a pouch of coffee and a pot, and made some on the heated stones.

LATER, when she gave him his cup, she sat beside where he lay stretched out, watching him adoringly. "I wish I'd known you all your life," she said.

"I was a mean boy. And tough."

"I don't think so."

"Yes. I had to be. I was born in a camp in the Sierra Nevada, and my mother ran off when I was three. I was raised by my father and his brothers. They were trappers, mountain men, or worse. We made our own meals, brewed our own liquor and fitted our own ammunition."

"I wish," said Jo Ann, "oh, I wish I'd been there!"

"When I was fourteen, my father took me to town and showed me my first townfolk."

Jo Ann laughed at him. "How did you like them?"

"I was surprised," Early said. "I'm still surprised."

Jo Ann laughed again.

"My father died, clawed to death by a bear. I was seventeen, and I was heartsick."

"So you fell in love," Jo Ann said.

"Yes. With the next woman I saw. She was in a wagon train. She wore black dresses and a silver ribbon in her hair. I thought she looked like a princess in a book. I courted that girl for five hundred miles. She wouldn't say yes and she wouldn't say no."

"She was mean."

"She talked about nothing but Norwich, Connecticut. Even today I know more about Norwich, Connecticut, than I do about Laramie or Cheyenne or Sioux City or Chippewa Falls. I listened all day to her homesick talk. I married her, and she was still homesick. It was a marvel of perseverance. I built a house and tried to farm. I didn't do very well. I hunted and cut firewood and stayed sober. And Tom was born—you don't know how much he looks like his mother."

"And you want me to fall in love with him," she said sadly, but smiled when Early smiled.

"Well," said Early, sitting up, "I was good for a year after Tom was born. Then I took to riding in the mountains."

Jo Ann said, "By yourself?"

"No, I went with good company—two dogs and a horse. Most often I didn't kill; I merely watched the game as it went by. There were elk and cinnamon bear and, once in a while, bighorn sheep. I hunted all day and drank all night. I left the farm and the work to my wife. And she prospered. She had a steady, sober hired man, a Mr. Potter. And she seemed not to care where I went or what I did."

"She was a fool."

"And so was I," Early said. "Very often I stayed away weeks at a time. I had my own money—I began to make a living as a guard, as a deputy, as a gun fighter, as a hired sharpshooter. Quick jobs, sudden cash."

Early turned and picked up his guns and held them out by the barrels; the inlaid mother-of-pearl gleamed in the sun. "And I had these two guns"—he turned them—"made for me by a man in San Francisco. But my wife, she wouldn't let me hang them in her house."

"There she was right," Jo Ann said.

"Two-hundred-dollar guns, but I had to leave them in the barn. I didn't complain. I couldn't. She would never quarrel. But one day I came in covered with blood from having cleaned a deer; I came into her clean kitchen and she told me to clean up or get out for good. So I left. But I loved her as well as I could, considering my nature."

Jo Ann said nothing, but stared at the solemn girl in the daguerreotype. Then she stood up and threw the picture as far downhill as she could. Early got up and took hold of Jo Ann by both hands. "I don't care! I don't care!" she cried.

"Take Tom," Early said softly, "take my son. A man's first love is the best."

"No!"

"Go back, Jo Ann."

"You won't help us, will you?"

"I didn't say I wouldn't. I'll try, if you'll help me too."

"How? Tell me how! I'll do anything—"

"I want you to forget what you've said," Early told her. "Promise me that much."

"No! I love you, and I want to love you. I don't care what you say about yourself. I love you. I don't care what happened long ago. I don't care, Mr. Early."

"You'll have to," he said. "Or I can't come back."

"All right. I'll try," she said. "But I still love you."

"You're too late for me, Jo Ann," he said. "Years too late. Now get your horse and go back to Tom."

She began to scramble down the wet and dangerous trail. Early, when he could no longer hear her, sat back on his heels and examined his rifle with a great deal of care.

AT ABOUT the same time of day, two men from the settlement of Good Hope, Wainscott and MacGregor, had been picked by the preacher to go up out of the valley and scout the pass. Perhaps they were chosen less for their courage than the fact that they could be easily spared. Neither man saw anything along the way, not so much as a rabbit. They entered the pass, winding between monuments of stone, and descended into the tangle of gorges where Grimsell's cattle were being gathered.

They picked their way uncertainly until they entered a narrow divide in which clumps of weeds grew high. The horses, stepping on earth rather than gravel and rock, galloped forward. MacGregor fell a little behind, and it was he who came upon a small white horse, lying dead, shot through the head. He cried out, and Wainscott, riding back toward him, nearly galloped his own horse over the body of a man lying face down near a boulder.

He dismounted, and now both he and MacGregor looked down at the dark coat, torn and bloodstained. MacGregor knelt and turned over the body.

"It's Martin!" MacGregor said. He looked up and went on, his voice thick with emotion, "I'm going to kill them, Wainscott! I tell you I'm going to kill them!"

They took the saddle off the dead horse, tied it to MacGregor's, and used the straps to tie Martin's body onto Wainscott's horse.

When they got back to Good Hope, they took Martin's body to the church. The bell was rung, and the valley was alerted. A crowd of men gathered, some with six-shooters, but most with ancient, rusty rifles; some had hunting knives stuck in their belts. In the crowd were a number of women who were capable shots. They assembled near the front of the church.

They needed a professional fighter, the preacher shouted, and if the Devil would fight the Devil's brother, angels must rejoice. Even Wainscott was persuaded to agree: they must ask Mr. Early to lead them into battle.

Toward four o'clock a procession of armed men, followed by a farm wagon carrying water and extra ammunition, rode into the yard of Early's cabin. Jo Ann came to the door and coldly stared at them, a rifle in her hands. Tom, who had been sharpening a scythe in the barn, emerged and looked at the delegation with no particular welcome.

The preacher turned to Tom. "Where's Mr. Early?" he asked.

"Not here."

"I'm very sorry," the preacher said. "We'd hoped to find him home. We need his help."

"You wouldn't take it when it was offered," Jo Ann said.

"We were wrong."

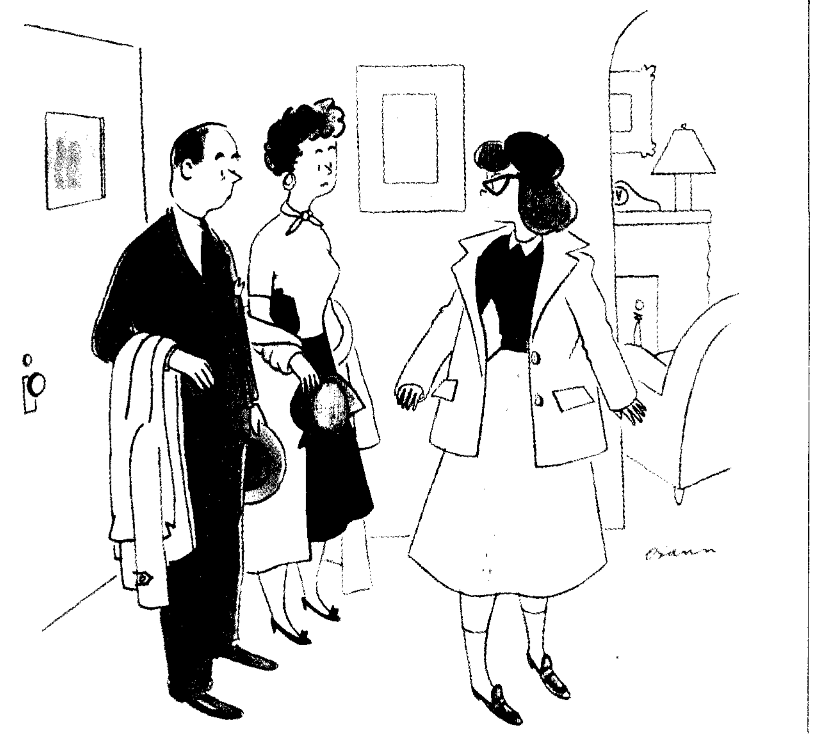
"We're going to fight Grimsell!" cried Wainscott.

"That's foolish," Tom said.

"It's what your father advised!" cried the preacher. "To strike at Grimsell first. Strike over the pass, from all sides, with all weapons—rifles, pistols, rocks, even knives. It's come to that."

"I don't think you have a chance,"

TIZZY



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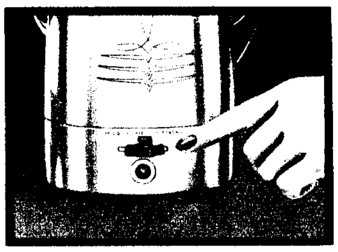

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Tom said. "I think you ought to retire. Hide in the mountains."

"We can't do that," the preacher said. "Whether it's wise or not, we have our pride."

"Forget your pride," Tom said. "And take your seed, your tools and your children into the hills. Then burn your fields and your houses. Let Grimsell and his cattle eat ashes."

"And what will we eat next winter?" a bearded farmer called out.

"It's hard advice, I know," Tom answered. "Maybe you should fight. I don't have the experience to know for certain."

"Let's go on!" shouted Wainscott.

"You won't come with us?" the preacher asked Tom.

"Let's wait for my father," he said. "None of us know this business of killing. We're farmers. Let's wait for my father; he'll know what to do."

But an outcry arose among the men. They were against any further delay. The sun would be down in two hours. They must attack, kill, loot and stampede the threatening herds before darkness, and then get back to their families in the valley.

The bearded farmer finally said to Tom, "No, we can't wait."

"No," the preacher agreed, "we dare not wait. Come with us. We could use another man—another rifle."

"You're not going!" Jo Ann cried to Tom.

"Why not?" Tom asked.

"You must wait for your father!"

Tom looked at her and said, "I've got my own mind and my own conscience to follow. And it's not the same as my father's." He took the rifle from her hands and went to the barn.

Jo Ann turned and went into the cabin, rolled some extra cartridges in a strip of leather, and ran to meet Tom in the yard.

When he was mounted on Brutus, she stood on tiptoe and kissed him quickly on the cheek. He rode away, joining the strange and foolhardy band of valley farmers. Soon, horses and riders were a dark column twisting up into the lower hills.

GUNN'S neck and face shone from the lard he'd smeared on the burns he had got that morning. Grimsell had posted him above the pass, along with a new man. Gunn's companion was ugly and silent; no one knew his name and he did not volunteer it. It was he who spotted the first horse—the preacher's—in the valley procession. He nudged Gunn.

"Well, look at that!" Gunn said with admiration.

There were about thirty riders, plus maybe ten persons on foot, including three boys and two women. From time to time, bits of metal flashed in the sun as the column wound its way through the pass. The wagon carrying water and ammunition was a good distance to the rear.

The procession passed in a curve far below Gunn and his companion, hesitated at a fork in the trail, and then took the wider branch.

"They're confused," Gunn said. "They don't know where they're heading. And I've half a mind to go down and tell them."

"What for?" said the ugly man.

"Because if they keep going in that direction, there'll be no fight."

"No fight?" the ugly man said, disappointed.

Gunn raised his rifle and took aim. The water-and-ammunition wagon was now making the turn in the trail. Gunn could see the driver, a man with a long beard, urging the horses forward.

"You heard what Grimsell said," the ugly man warned.

"I wasn't listening. I don't much like the way he talks now'days."

"He told me, don't fire a gun till I tell you."

"Did he?"

"Said he'd fine me my season's pay if I fired a shot without orders."

"All right," Gunn said and grinned "Let's go report to him." He lowered his rifle with reluctance and turned to follow his companion.

AFTER some time, the farmers realized they were on the wrong trail and turned back. About a half hour before sunset they had come back far enough to see dense smoke rising from Grimsell's campfire.

Now they divided their forces. The preacher led one group to the northeast crest of the divide, while Wainscott took the others to the southwest ridge. Both positions overlooked the campfire, only a few hundred feet away but far below. The two groups were to attack simultaneously, as soon as the sun touched the edge of the horizon. They could see a cook going forward and returning to the fire, ladling food from a kettle. The men he was serving were hidden by a stony overhang and a grove of dense trees.

The sun, growing larger as it set, almost blinded the waiting farmers. When at last the rim of the sun touched a ridge of rock and pine, no one in either column made a move. A second later, all of them rose up at once, screaming, shooting, hurling themselves down the long slopes on either side of the campfire, all their weapons firing or misfiring. It took a full minute for the maniacal descent.

At the first yell, Grimsell's cook had thrown himself headlong into the bushes at the edge of the grove. The two columns were so close now that they ceased firing, lest they shoot one another. They were only thirty feet from the campfire, and many drew their knives for close combat. They yelled exultantly. They felt they had already won.

The two columns met, screeching and cursing; and then suddenly there was a terrible silence. Except for the cook, face down under the bushes, the camp was abandoned. There was no enemy, only a scattering of tin cups and soiled plates.

Wainscott, Tom and the preacher met at the abandoned fire, the sudden silence all about them. "What do you think?" the preacher asked Tom.

"If I were Grimsell, and I'd been warned of this attack, I wouldn't sit by the fire either. But neither would I run away." Tom looked all around at the silent divides, and then at the frightened and puzzled farmers. "If I were Grimsell," he went on, "I'd set a trap. Let's get out of here as fast as we can."

The preacher grew pale. "Everybody back!" he cried. "Get back! Get under cover! This is a trap!"

Unaccustomed to orders and military discipline, the farmers looked about in surprise. They saw no trap, they saw no attackers, and none of them moved.

"Back!" shouted Tom. "Damn it, go back! We'll all be killed! Get back to the ridge!" He took hold of the bearded farmer and shoved him up toward the slope. Others began to follow and soon all of them were climbing and scrambling up the steep grade, slipping on the pine needles underfoot, tearing

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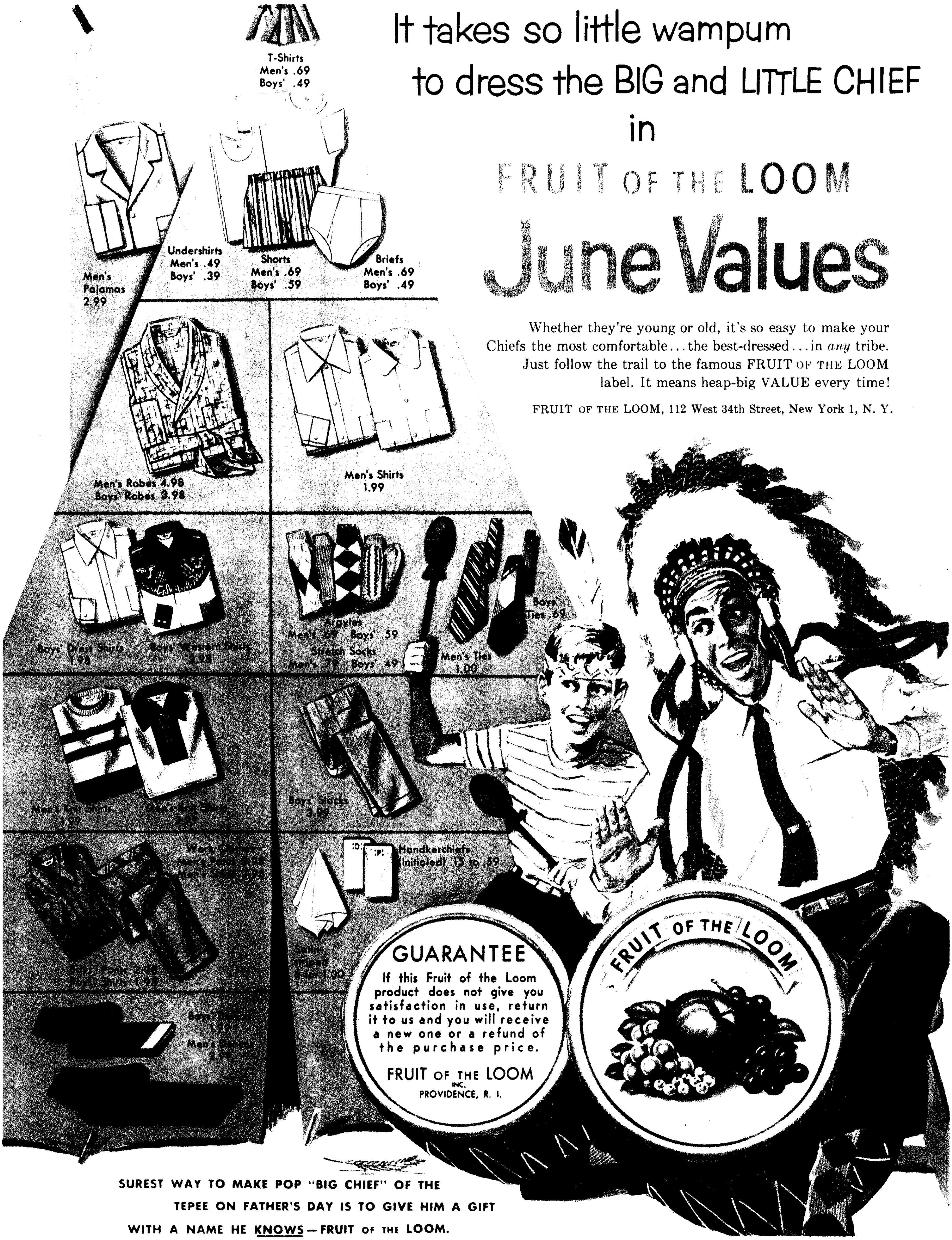
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their clothes and the skin of their hands on outcroppings of granite.

When they were about halfway up, there was a sudden fusillade of bullets blasted down on them—from nowhere and everywhere. It was a single volley, over in two seconds. Once again there was the terror of silence. On the slopes, rolling freely or clutching at trees and stones, were men who had been killed, were dying or had been wounded gravely. The survivors, about half the party, crawled upward, for they could think of nothing else to do.

HIGH above them, Gunn and his companion stood safely concealed behind a pile of great rocks. Other gunmen were hidden behind trees and among piles of boulders. Grimsell came cautiously down from a height and went to stand with the ugly man and Gunn.

"Give you credit, Mr. Grimsell," Gunn said.

"It was a fine ambush," the ugly man said.

Grimsell said, "The Cherokee tribe taught me that one. It's an old trick, but a good one."

Gunn, looking down the slope, raised his rifle and took aim. Grimsell put his hand on the stock of the rifle. "No," he said. "No more fireworks, Gunn. We've taught 'em their lesson."

"He's comin' straight for us," said Gunn.

Grimsell swung about. Wainscott was crawling up toward them, only about fifty feet away. As Grimsell turned, Wainscott raised his pistol and shot the ugly man through the head. Gunn stepped lightly aside to avoid being touched by his companion as he fell. Grimsell bent down beside the man, but he was dead.

"Can I have him now?" Gunn asked.

"Make it quick," said Grimsell.

Gunn shot Wainscott's pistol out of his grip. The force of the bullet rolled Wainscott over, but he quickly got to his knees and picked up his weapon. It was smashed and he threw it at Gunn. But the pistol fell short and struck Gunn on his left foot. Gunn fired again. Wainscott fell forward, then reeled backward down the slope. As he rolled, Gunn fired two more rounds. The body moved, but the man was dead.

Grimsell got up from his examination of the ugly man. He said to Gunn, who was reloading, "Now put your gun down and let these people pick up their dead and go home."

"What for?"

"Because I tell you to!" And then he added, "They're licked and they know it."

Gunn smiled and looked at Blondie's watch. It was five forty-seven. The sun was down.

AT THE sound of gunfire, the women and children left in the valley had rushed outdoors and looked up in the direction of the pass. But there was nothing to be seen. The mountains were black and solid against the sky, which was shading toward dusk.

Jo Ann had long since gone up into the high field at the edge of the farm, where she could see as much of the valley as possible. Presently, in the distance, she saw Early walking down out of the hills leading Susan. Jo Ann got on the clumsy work horse Early had bought from a farmer and urged the animal forward. As she drew near, she saw Susan's left front leg had been bound with a strip from Early's shirt. Jo Ann now knew the reason for Early's delay: the horse had been hurt on some treacherous, rocky trail.

"I heard gunfire," Early said when she rode near. "Was it from the pass or the valley?"

Jo Ann pointed to the mountains. "They've gone to fight Grimsell."

"Who?"

"The whole valley."

"Fools."

"They aim to surprise Grimsell," Jo Ann said.

"He'll hear 'em two miles off. What's got into these people? Who told them to go up there?"

"You," Jo Ann said.

"What!"

"They're using your plan," she said.

"They're three days too late!" Then he turned and looked at Jo Ann. "What's wrong with you, woman?"

"Tom."

"What's he done now?"

"He went with them. He took a rifle and went along with them!"

Early said nothing. He handed Susan's reins to Jo Ann, mounted the work horse, and urged him, with loud slaps on the rump, into a heavy, awkward, uneasy gallop. He rode toward the pass, which was already suffused in darkness, a heavy mist settling over it as the evening grew cold.

About half a mile from the crest, Early reined in. He could hear horses' hoofs, the low voices of men and the squeal of a wagon axle.

He saw the preacher first. He was leading his horse, upon which two wounded farmers were stoically riding; the preacher had a bloodstained bandage on his head. As he passed Early, he said nothing at all, barely glancing at him.

Then the rest of the expedition passed, the badly wounded riding the horses, the unhurt or slightly wounded walking beside them, and finally came the dead, six of them, lying in the wagon.

Early watched as the line passed, but he didn't see his son; those he questioned were too dazed to do more than shake their heads. The procession descended into the valley, and Early urged his horse forward, headed for the pass.

When he reached Grimsell's camp, the moon had risen. He could hear the voices of the hired hands rounding up the cattle, herding them into natural enclosures for the morning drive. He rode down the slope and in the full moonlight saw the gleam of brass cartridges which were scattered on the ground. All about were hats and guns and bloodstained clothing. Here was the scene of the attack, the trap, the massacre. At the bottom of the hollow, there still glowed the embers of a campfire.

Early tied the big horse to a tree and walked up and down, looking carefully into every shadow. He found an abandoned rifle, which he thought might possibly be Tom's, but he saw no one.

Early called out softly, then listened. It seemed that out in the darkness he could hear human breathing, quick and shallow.

"Tom?" he cried in a bold voice.

At length there was an answer. "Pa. I'm here."

EARLY found his son on the ground, lying on his face. "I'm here, son," Early said, and carefully turned the younger man over.

"We were licked, Pa," Tom said in a whisper. "We were licked."

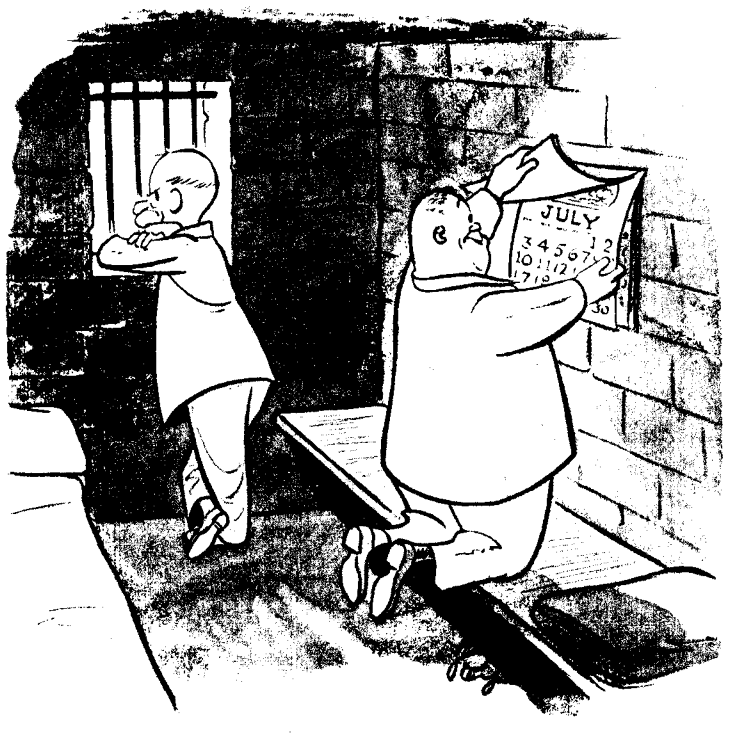
Early struck a match. "You've got it straight through the chest, Tom."

"We were licked, Pa," Tom said, and then he shut his eyes.

Early lifted him with great care, but Tom was unconscious; then he tied Tom to the back of the work horse and they began the return. Early left the trail deliberately and moved among the crowding, bellowing cattle. The noise and the milling concealed their passage through Grimsell's territory. They climbed up to the pass, and Early led the horse through the narrow channels of rock, and then down the trail to the cabin.

Jo Ann and Early undressed Tom on the kitchen table and sponged the

BUTCH



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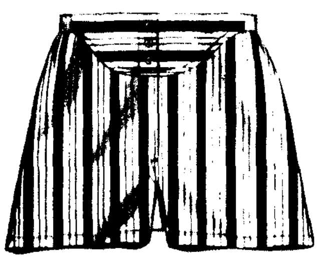

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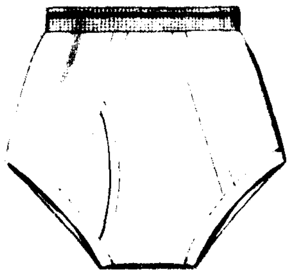

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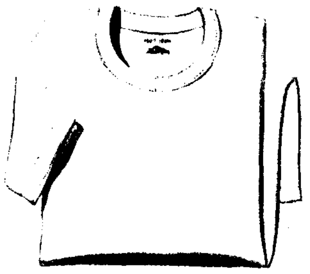

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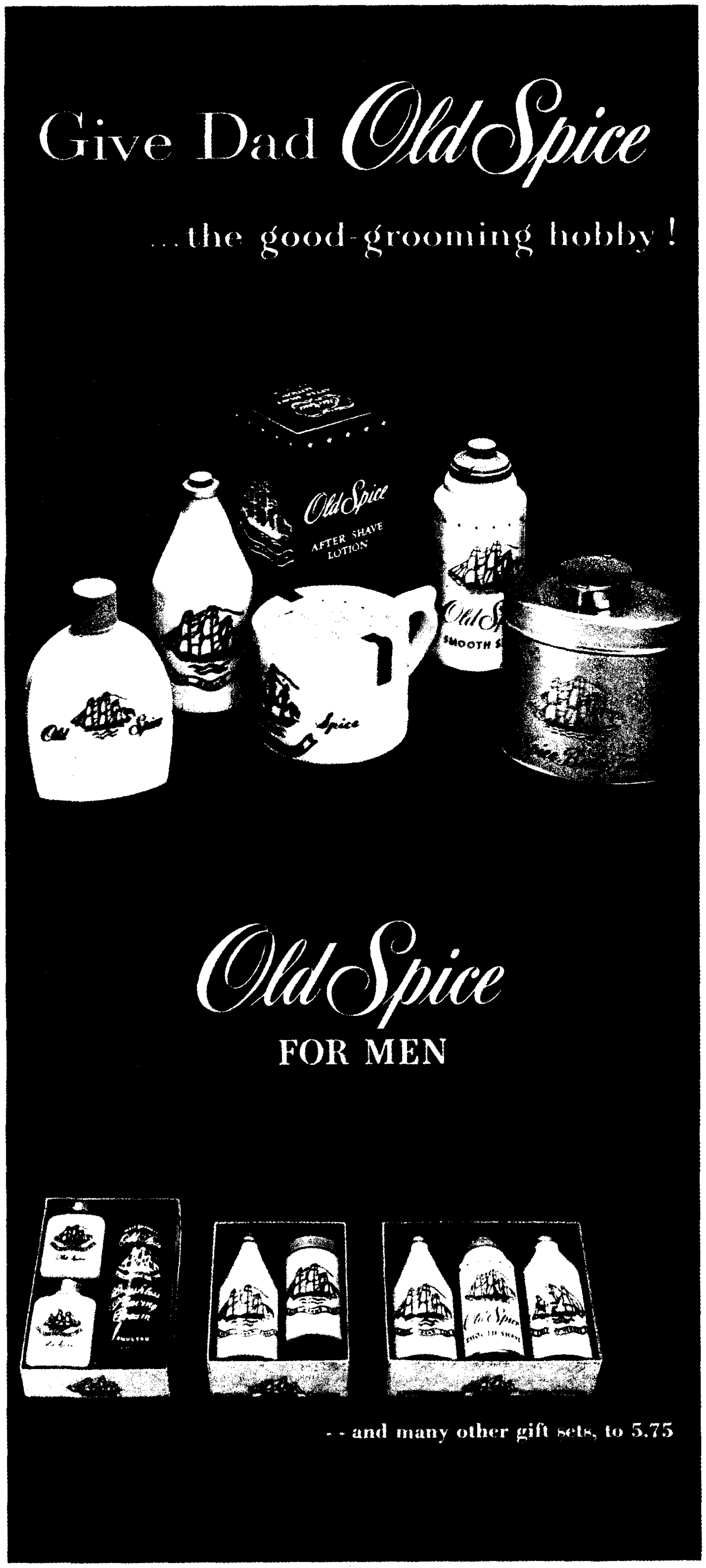

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FATHER'S DAY—June 19

SHULTON
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blood away and examined the wound. It had pierced a portion of the lung but the bullet had gone through his body. By this time, he had regained consciousness and was beginning to shiver, so they wrapped him in several blankets and put him to bed in the inner room.

"You'll be all right, boy," Early told him.

"We were licked, Pa," Tom said.

"I know, son."

The boy tried to sit up. "We should have burned the fields, Pa! Fired the valley!" There was terrible anxiety in his tone.

"I'll take care of it, son," Early said. "You rest."

He motioned for Jo Ann to come into the kitchen, but since there was no door between the two rooms, they could hear Tom arguing in his growing delirium.

"Pa!" he said in the same anxious and passionate voice. "We should of burned the fields, Pa. Left 'em nothing but ashes. Dust and ashes, Pa!"

Jo Ann stood where she could see him. His lips moved even when his words were inaudible.

"We've got to get him out of here," she said to Early.

"We can't move him," Early said. "He's lost so much blood already—and taking him over that rough trail in a wagon, it would kill him."

"We can't stay here!" Jo Ann cried. "Twenty thousand head of cattle are coming down over the pass in the morning. They'll crush the fences, they'll smash the house, they'll kill him! We've got to move him away—"

"I said no!" Early said.

With quiet fury, Jo Ann asked, "What are you going to do?"

He paced back and forth, looked in on Tom once, and then he said, "Have you got any red ribbon?"

"What?" Jo Ann could hardly believe she had heard what he said.

"Do you have any red ribbon?" he yelled.

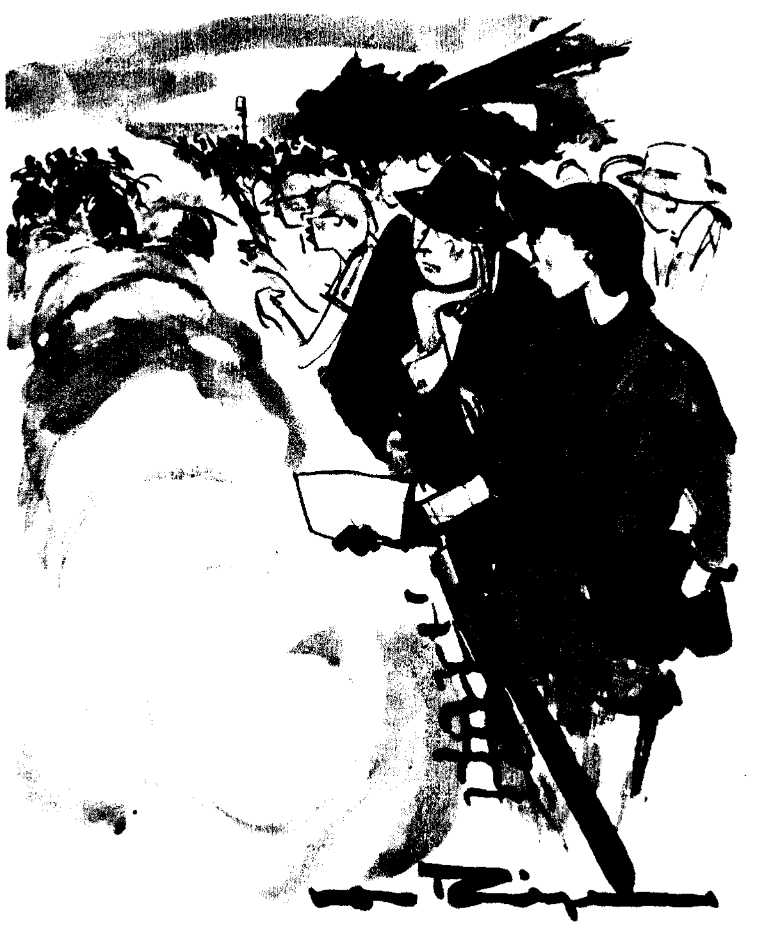
Jo Ann got up and went to the inner room, took her scissors and cut an arm's length of scarlet ribbon from her one good dress. Early took it, stuffed it into his pockets, picked up his rifle, loaded it and went out into the darkness.

EIGHT hours passed. Lamps burned in the valley farmhouses, where families tended their wounded and packed their possessions into wagons. On the other side of the pass, Grimsell's crew worked all through the night driving the cattle into a small area near the pass. Grimsell, followed by Gunn, rode without resting. He seemed, when he was as close as this to possession of the valley, to be tireless. The thought of the money the cattle would bring exhilarated him. He urged the men to ride faster, to look sharper, to miss not a single steer. He saw money in every move.

When dawn came, the divides leading to the pass were jammed with milling, bawling cattle. Grimsell, red-eyed and saddle-sore, faced into the morning wind with true happiness. His fortune was about to be made.

In the valley, with the first light, the church bell began to toll. Seven citizens were buried—one of the wounded men had died during the night. The entire population of the valley gathered at the church they must soon abandon. The preacher, still with the bandage on his head, his torn and dusty clothes unchanged, stood once more on the little platform behind the lectern.

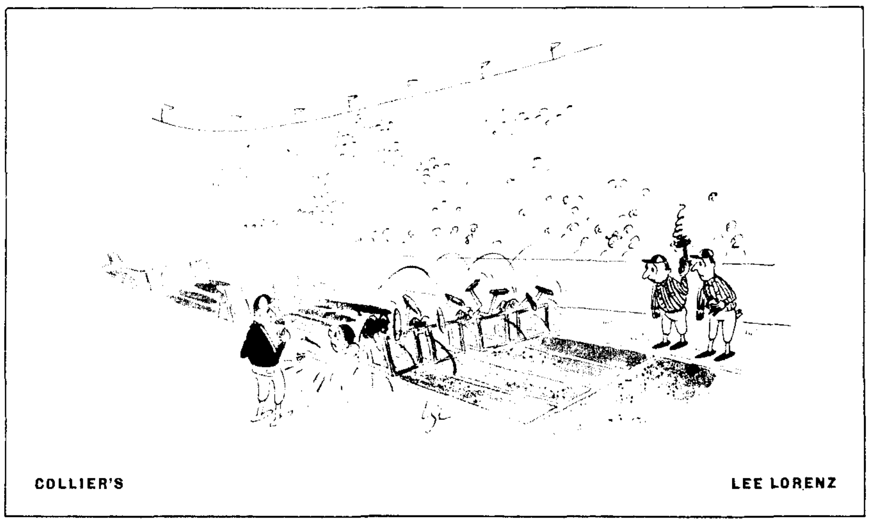
He said in a firm voice, "Folks, I'm your preacher for the last time." He halted, searching for words. The people waited patiently. They felt the same exhaustion as he did, and the same fear that packing and going farther would only lead them into another tragic valley. Yet there was



"I *told* you the one with the blue ribbon was going to win, but no, I don't know anything about horse racing!"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN


COLLIER'S LEE LORENZ

nothing else they could do. They stood, some of them holding sleepy children in their arms, and listened to the church bell tolling for their dead.

It was the bell echoing over the hills and through the gap of Angel's Pass that woke Early. He'd fallen asleep, with his rifle in his arms, high up in the hills near the pass. It seemed now that he was surrounded by Grimsell's cattle. But these few longhorns, racing and panting and flinging broadside into one another, were merely the vanguard of the drive. Early climbed onto a rocky ledge, prepared his rifle, and set the butt carefully against his shoulder. He took aim. He lined his sight, with delicate care, on a piece of red ribbon. It was secured about ten feet up from the base of one of the grotesque, beetling monuments of eroded stone that flanked the pass.

Now, below and beyond him, a jam of cattle had started to plunge toward the narrow lanes of the pass. Early waited, holding his aim steady. Soon the pass itself was choked by churning, bellowing animals.

Behind these, thousands more were coming up the slopes, hungry and thirsty, driving and being driven. Their bawling and the thunder of their hoofs filled the air. Early fired.

THE shot rang forth, and was immediately followed by a blunt, roaring explosion. A second later, the column of rock across from Early split apart, teetered, and then tumbled down onto the trail. Early shifted his rifle, took aim again. There were seven more bits of ribbon to hit, each one tied to a pouch of dynamite, and each cache of explosive was laid as cleverly as he knew how at the base of an overhanging monument. Thunderclap after thunderclap echoed throughout the valley as the great, grotesquely shaped rocks plunged down, blocking the channels of Angel's Pass.

Early, coughing and spitting as the stone dust enveloped him, climbed to another perch; for the explosions and the collapse of rock had obscured the remaining bits of ribbon. He braced himself against a granite cliff and took aim. He lined up the ribbon in his sights and fired, toppling a sixth monument, and then a seventh. Firing blindly now through clouds of dust, he struck off ten more shots before he hit the last fuse, exploding the last pocket of dynamite. Angel's Pass was sealed—probably forever.

Below him, on Grimsell's side of the pass, were two figures on horseback; they were covered with yellow and brick-red dust. Sweat coursed down their faces and down the flanks of their terrified horses. All around them, cattle were thrashing about, trying to turn back from the choked pass. The main stampede, however, was already far below. "That's Early's work!" Grimsell shouted. "The dirty, filthy coward!"

"You wouldn't let me kill him," said Gunn.

"I was wrong!"

A third man now rode up, his clothes torn, one leg gored from fighting back through the stampede. The man said, "Grimsell! If we could get ahead of them, we might still turn 'em back—"

"No use," Grimsell said. "Look for yourself. There ain't no pass."

"Well, sir," said the cow hand, "maybe it ain't too bad. Maybe you won't lose too many."

"No," Grimsell said. "I haven't lost too many cattle. But they'll be hide and bones when I get them to the railroad. All I've lost is my fortune."

He spurred his horse around in the dust and headed up toward the pass.

Gunn followed him, calling: "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to kill Mr. Early."

"It'll be a pleasure," Gunn said. They whipped their horses, forcing them to climb over fallen rock and crushed cattle. Behind them, the morning sun was a pale disk shining through a rolling cloud of dust.

THE valley was quiet now in the morning sun. Far down, near the settlement, the people stood with their wagons and horses, waiting for someone to come and explain the meaning of the explosions and rising clouds of dust up at the pass.

From behind a clump of oak trees a good distance from Early's cabin, Grimsell came into view, running. He took cover behind a weed-choked fence, then behind a flowering bush. He was now only ten feet from the cabin.

The door was shut; he saw no movement at the windows. Grimsell turned and beckoned with his pistol. Gunn came forward from behind the barn, made a rush across the open yard. He knelt by the cabin just below the kitchen window.

A moment passed. Grimsell drew his second gun, ran crouching to the cabin door, kicked it open with his foot, and then jumped back, pressing himself flat against the side of the cabin. At the same time, Gunn stood up and, smashing the panes with his rifle, thrust the barrel through the window into the kitchen.

Inside, Jo Ann turned from staring at the door and gave a short cry of alarm. Grimsell nodded and motioned Gunn to follow him into the cabin.

Gunn shut the door behind him with

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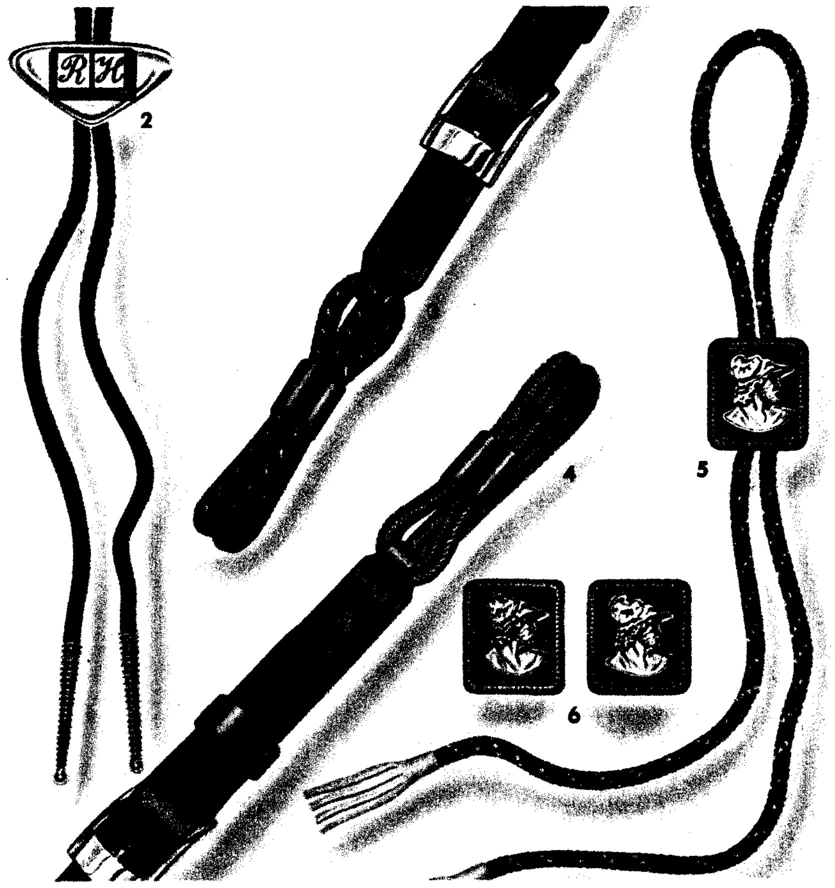

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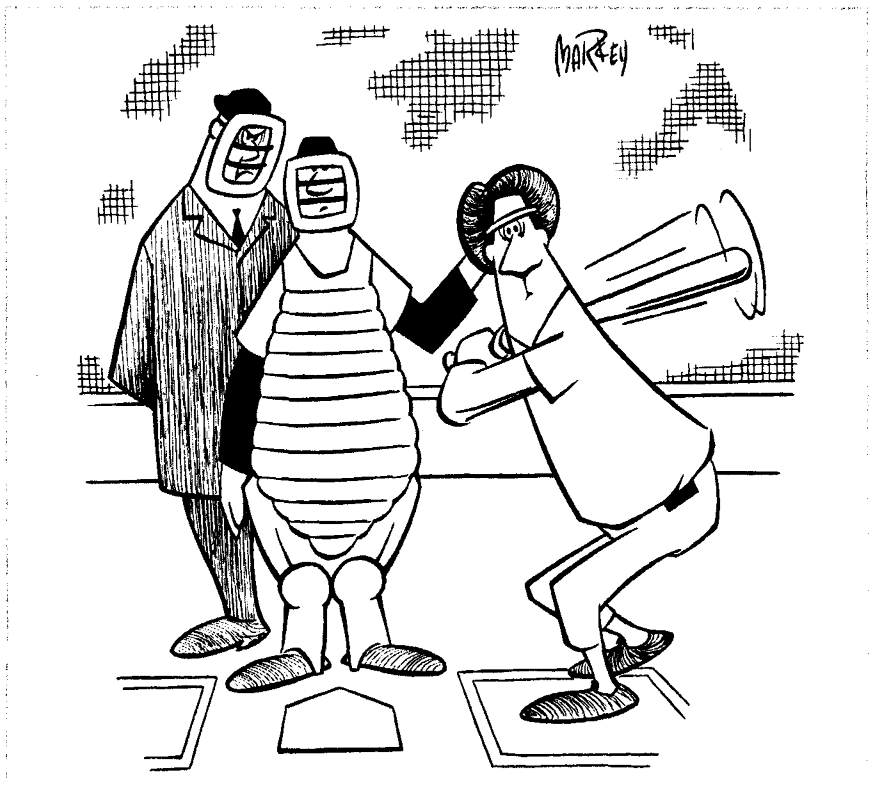

a vicious kick, and as the door closed and sprang open again from the impact, Jo Ann looked involuntarily into the inner room. Grimsell saw her glance and motioned Gunn to go and investigate. Gunn entered the bedroom cautiously, his rifle ready.

A man lay asleep in the bed, the blankets pushed back to just above his waist. It was Tom, and Gunn saw the bloodstained bandage wrapped around his chest. Gunn moved another step in fascination and looked down at Tom's closed eyes.

Jo Ann cried, "Don't! Don't hurt him! He's wounded."

Grimsell said, "Shut up! And sit down! If you move or say another word, we'll blast his head off!"

Jo Ann looked squarely at him, and then sat down on a milking stool near the hearth. She watched Gunn out of the corner of her eye.

He had bent down and was listening to the feverish speed of Tom's breathing. He stepped back as Tom turned his head and said thickly, though his eyes remained closed, "Ashes. Leave 'em nothing but ashes, Pa."

Gunn came back into the kitchen and said to Grimsell, "Early ain't here. What do we do?"

"Wait," said Grimsell.

Gunn squatted down against the wall, his rifle across his knees, in a place where he could not be seen from the cabin door if it should be opened farther. Grimsell took a chair and sat in the opposite corner of the kitchen.

A half hour passed. No one in the cabin spoke except Tom, and all his delirious mumblings were of flame, ashes and disaster. Then Grimsell made a slight movement, and both men raised their guns. A horse came up the trail and crossed the yard; from the broken window they had a glimpse of Early, as grimy as themselves from the explosion dust of the pass.

Outside, Early dismounted and led his horse into the barn. Fatigue cramped every muscle in his body, slowed his mind and his actions. He slowly tended the horses, and gave them each their measure of oats. As they began to champ, he too felt suddenly hungry. He couldn't remember when he'd eaten last.

Crossing the yard to the well, he became conscious of a curious stillness in the yard, the cabin and the farm. He began to pump water from the well, and then he saw something that made him alert with fear.

What he saw was the smashed window in the cabin, and inside, just barely visible, the glittering barrel of a rifle. Early dried his hands on his shirt, running them down toward the familiar weight of the white-handled guns upon his thighs. He walked slowly but directly toward the nearly closed cabin door. He stopped and picked up a hoe leaning against the cabin.

Inside, Gunn, Grimsell and Jo Ann heard Early approach and stop, and then the door began to open.

"Wait!" screamed Jo Ann.

Gunn fired his rifle at the opening door. Grimsell, rising from his chair, fired both his pistols.

THE kitchen door swung on open very slowly, cracked and splintered. But the doorway was empty. A hoe with a long handle was dropped across the threshold.

Early was flat on the ground, about three feet from the door, close to the outer wall of the cabin. Drawing his guns, he rose cautiously to a standing position.

Gunn was reloading his rifle when Grimsell motioned to the bedroom window, which was in the back of the cabin. Gunn understood he was to go out this window and come upon Early from the rear, while Grimsell kept Early's attention. Gunn walked quietly to the window.

He took out a knife and with the back of the blade began to pry loose the nails that held the frame in place. The first came easily, but the second was bent; it squealed as it was drawn from the dry wood. Gunn looked back into the kitchen. Grimsell was pressing one pistol directly against Jo Ann's temple. Gunn removed the window, pulled off his coat, and then put his legs through the window opening. He hurled the coat out of the cabin's front door, and at the same time dropped out of the bedroom window to the ground outside.

Early was fooled by the coat. He blasted with both guns. And then there was another long silence.

At the corner of the cabin behind Early, Gunn drew back the bolt on his ifle and waited.

Grimsell meanwhile forced Jo Ann o lie face down on the kitchen floor. She wondered, as she obeyed, if perhaps she could reach the fireplace poker. Somehow, she had to warn Early.

Now Gunn, firing as he turned the corner, cried out with animal fear and anger. There was nothing in front of the cabin but his own dusty, bullet-torn coat. He stared at the coat with a premonition of death. A second later, he fell to the ground, three bullets entering his chest from just above him.

On the roof, Early clung with one hand to the rough, hand-cut shingles. Now he dropped close to Gunn's body and turned quickly to face the open cabin doorway. "Come on out, Grimsell," Early said.

Grimsell stood motionless in the kitchen. His pistols were in his hands, but he knew now that Gunn was dead. It was up to him to kill Early.

"Come on out, Grimsell," Early called again.

Jo Ann reached out, took hold of the poker. At the same time, Grimsell forced himself to lift his pistols into firing position, and then he stepped slowly toward the door. He went out into the brilliant sunlight.

In the yard, he stood quite still. Early was at one side, his pistols drawn and ready. Grimsell shifted so as to aim directly at Early, but the motion was slow and uncertain, for Grimsell was staring beyond Early at Gunn's body. Early did not fire; he waited for that little movement, that tiny notice that a man gives before he pulls the trigger. He gave Grimsell that moment of grace.

But neither man fired. Grimsell trembled, and then his guns dropped out of his grasp, into the dust. Early didn't move.

Grimsell looked at Early, trying to understand. Slowly, Early put his guns back into their holsters. Something seemed to be happening to Grimsell; as he stood there in the yard he seemed to shrink, to grow old and feeble. "Why don't you kill me?" Grimsell said.

Early looked away from him. "Because you're already dead, Grimsell."

Grimsell nodded.

"You can go home now," Early said, and Grimsell turned and walked slowly out of the yard.

Jo Ann came out of the cabin and put her hand on Early's shoulder, but he didn't look at her.

Grimsell entered the clump of oaks, emerged leading two horses and, mounting one and leading the other, he rode off without a backward glance. He was riding well, but with his eyes fixed on the ground. Slowly he climbed away toward the mountains.

"I've got breakfast on the fire," Jo Ann said.

IT WAS in October of that year, 1879, when the stage from the East brought a letter to the town of Good Hope. The letter had been mailed in Boston; it was addressed to Mr. Thomas Early.

Jo Ann examined the letter carefully; then she sighed and wrapped a shawl around her shoulders and walked slowly out to the cornfield where Early was working. The autumn sun glinted on her bright-red hair, but she shivered in the sharp wind blowing down from the mountains.

Seeing her out of the corner of his eye, Early straightened from his work and stood watching her, watching the easy, graceful way she picked her way across the field.

"Afternoons are getting chilly," she said, handing him the letter and pulling the shawl tight around her. "Nights will be cold soon."

"Well," Early said, "there's a sure cure for that."

"The sooner the better," Jo Ann said, looking him boldly in the eye.

For a reason Early could not quite understand, he felt himself blushing and quickly tore open the letter. He read it carefully and then folded it and shoved it into his pants pocket.

"Well?" Jo Ann asked.

"It's Tom. He's not only seen something of the world, he's found himself a girl he wants to marry and bring back with him." Early scowled.

"What's wrong with that?" Jo Ann asked. "He's got more sense than some I could name."

"Such as—" Mr. Early stepped toward her, and then she was in his arms, her mouth pressed against his. A long-repressed need rose in Early and he pulled her against him hungrily, but almost immediately she drew away.

"What's the matter now?" Early asked.

"Your guns."

"What about 'em?" he said belligerently. He had worn his guns practically all his life. "What about my guns?"

"They're in the way," she said.

Mr. Early laughed loud enough to be heard in the town of Good Hope, but then he unstrapped his guns and handed them to the girl, saying, "All right, Jo Ann. Take and hang 'em in the barn. I guess they'll never be needed in this valley again—not in the life we'll be leading now." —PHILIP YORDAN

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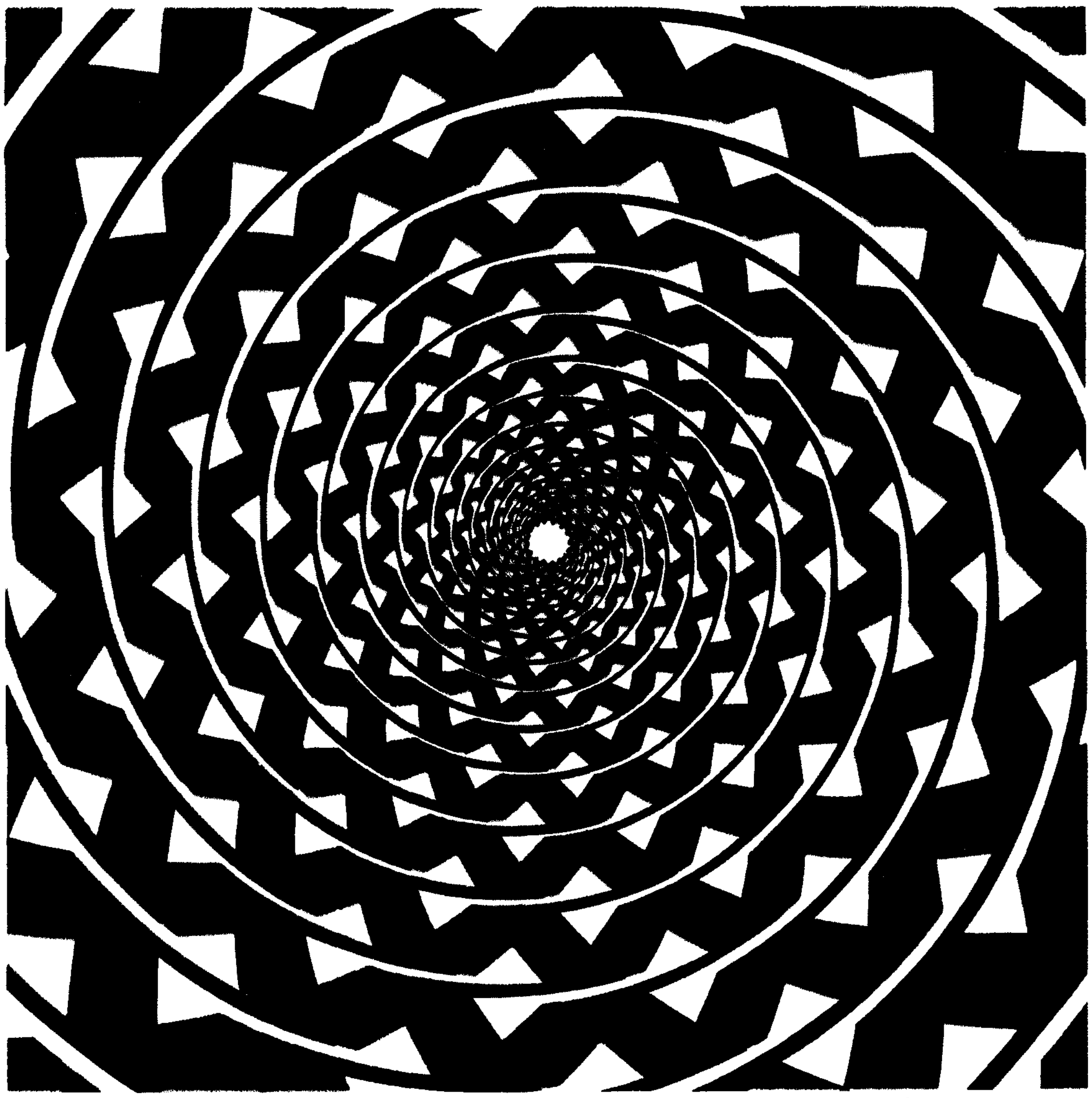
IS EXPERIENCE the Best Teacher?

By LEONARD A. STEVENS

Wrongly used, experience can lead to frustration, confusion and costly inefficiency—particularly in industry. But specialists in business management say there are ways to avoid many of the pitfalls



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IS THIS A SPIRAL? Experience in viewing similar illustrations probably will lead you to the hasty—but incorrect—conclusion that it is a spiral. Check closely, though, and you'll find concentric circles

FROM one generation to the next, with endless repetition, almost everyone has been taught that experience is the best teacher. But there have always been skeptics among psychologists and other specialists in human behavior—and now this skepticism is spreading to industry, where the adage has long been especially honored. Many industrialists are beginning to wonder whether the man with the most experience is really the best man to hire, the best man to promote.

The value of experience itself is not questioned. Rather, the skeptics ask whether people actually do draw the best from their past to learn in the present. Experience is not good, they say, unless it's sifted and evaluated correctly. The question is particularly pertinent in a changing world, where today's experience often is obsolete tomorrow. Industry's interest in the question is deeply practical; failure to weigh experience correctly can lead to lost production, poor labor relations and lost sales.

Management experts tackling the problem already have found some ways to utilize experience better. In the forefront of the work are two young management specialists, Edward Walther and J. Collins Coffee, who have organized a New York firm called Management Development Associates. It advises such large businesses as the General Foods Corporation, Link-Belt Company, Cities Service Oil Company and Hoffmann-La Roche, Inc., the pharmaceutical firm.

Before becoming partners three years ago, both men had worked for a decade in the management field with several of the nation's leading industries and management engineering firms. Both also had served with the federal government—Walther with the executive office of the President, and Coffee with the first Hoover Commission studying government reorganization. By the time they joined forces, the two men had decided independently that industry's traditional reliance on experience was open to question—especially in view of the rapid strides made in industrial methods and machinery during and since World War II.

Of course, the problem of how best to cope with constant change is not industry's alone. Everyone faces similar difficulties in adjustment. A mother may find that what she learned yesterday about bringing up her children is outmoded tomorrow, and the youngsters themselves try to keep pace with changes in school methods, in customs, in foods and in future careers.

What can we do to make experience the good teacher it is supposed to be? Most experts agree that the answer lies in obtaining a better understanding of how experience affects people and how its improper use can lead to difficulties. We must make experience serve and not enslave us.

Walther and Coffee are studying experience mainly to find how it can best be used in developing executive talent, teaching people to handle new, different jobs, and preparing them for the changes that now flood industry. But their conclusions can help all of us in grappling with everyday problems.

In approaching any problem, the two experts say, we must keep in mind that experience leads us—indeed often compels us—to resist any change. Unless we make allowance for this compulsive reaction, we may find ourselves in trouble. Let me tell you about what happened not long ago when a big Pennsylvania foundry modernized its equipment to eliminate several hand operations. Many veteran foundrymen, slaves of habit and experience, insisted on following their old procedures, even though they duplicated mechanical operations. Some, for example, continued to sift sand although a machine had already done the job. Management officials thereupon took away the hand-sifting devices. The result: several of the older men had nervous breakdowns. Less experienced men adapted to the change quite easily; they were not faced with the unrelenting pressures of past methods.

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that the simplified form wouldn't work. The six women were late with their work, the quality was bad and the typists had even begun quarreling among themselves.

Coffee went to the office and asked the typists to write their names ten times each and to note the time it took. When they finished, he asked them to do it all over again—but to leave out every other letter. Everyone took longer this time.

"Yet you had only half as much work to do!" Coffee pointed out. One woman caught on. "Mr. Coffee," she said, "what you're saying is that we haven't learned our new jobs, and that when we do, it will be easier. Is that right?" He said it was.

Aware now of the source of their trouble, the typists buckled down and mastered the new form. Soon they were doubling their volume of work.

For People Allergic to Change

Walther and Coffee use the name-writing test and other dramatic devices to shake people loose from such inbred resistance to change. They constantly work to make people think in terms of change being good, not bad, and to banish the illusion that just because something worked well in the past it must be used forever.

Some businesses contemplating a change try to prepare their employees in advance so as to keep resistance to a minimum. When a major change is about to be put into effect at Johnson & Johnson, the surgical dressings firm in New Brunswick, New Jersey, the organization's line supervisors far ahead of time attempt to show everyone affected why it's for the better. The employees are told what to expect, and they are brought into meetings to talk about the change and contribute their ideas; in that way they feel they play a part in making the change.

Further serious dangers lurk in the tendency to rely on past experience. When people are confronted with something new, they immediately search their past to determine what action, if any, to take. But they usually look only for ways in which the new experience is like an old one; they seldom look for ways in which it is different. Then, too often, they adopt a course of action that either does not apply or no longer works well.

During World War II, Coffee was executive officer for an armed services radar school. Because radar works on an electronic principle, it was assumed that electrical engineers would master it easily. But not enough engineers were available, so men with other occupations—among them lawyers and accountants—were admitted to the school.

Surprisingly, the electrical engineers were often the poorer students. The reason was that the engineers, though familiar with radar's basic principles, were puzzled by electricity's behavior in such ultrahigh frequencies. The lawyers, with no preconceived notions about electricity, had less difficulty learning how it functioned in radar.

In such situations, Walther and Coffee once again have found that awareness of the shortcomings of experience makes the best weapon with which to fight them. After people become aware of their tendency to see only the similarities between new and old experiences, they consciously seek out the differences. The two experts tell executives to be wary of phrases like, "This reminds me—" "That's just like—" or "I've seen that before—." They may be signals that the man speaking is forgetting to look for differences. Executives are advised that an outline in writing or visual diagrams of all the factors in new jobs, problems or changed techniques will help avoid hasty, incomplete comparisons.

Another danger in overreliance on experience stems from the tendency to sum up an experience for future reference in only a few words—in effect, to label it. Frequently the labels are inaccurate, for they are usually based on emotions rather than logic. And once we have a label for something, our viewpoint becomes as immovable as a granite monument.

Suppose that most everything which happened to you in your home town was pleasant. The words "home town" thereafter become a label that conjures up pleasant thoughts. Even if with passing years the place deteriorates and falls on hard times, no one can tell you that your "home town" isn't still the best place in the world. You blind yourself to the changes.

In industry, job titles also often become inflexible labels. Merrill Kilby, manager of management services for the American Cyanamid Company in Bound Brook, New Jersey, told me of a man who, because of a label, thought he was through with a company.

For five years this man had been a department manager, but in a reorganization his department was dropped and his job eliminated. When Kilby tried to place him in another job, the man insisted he would have to leave the company.

"I'm a department manager," he said, "and there are no department-manager jobs available."

Kilby talked with the man at length. He found that the former manager actually had a valuable and varied store of experience from the armed services, previous jobs and early training. But he was now a "department manager," and he planned to keep that label even if it meant unemployment.

Rehabilitating a Square Peg

Kilby finally persuaded the man to take advantage of his total experience and try an industrial-relations job. Although he was reluctant, the ex-manager agreed and did so well at the new work that he is now on his way to more important jobs in the company.

The Walther-Coffee staff has interviewed thousands of industrial employees. The interviewers have found that most jobs have titles or labels, and in a significant number of cases the labels are inaccurate because of changes in the work assigned, or because they were not carefully selected originally. The result: frustration and confusion, which in turn can cause costly inefficiency and lowered production.

Misuse of experience can adversely affect production in another way. New methods, new machines and growing numbers of management people make teamwork within a company more important than ever—and teamwork demands maximum agreement among all employees. But the way in which people draw upon their individual experience doesn't always promote agreement. Although many people may have the same experience, seldom will any two interpret it the same way. There are two reasons why:

First, no two of us react to what we feel, see, hear, taste or smell in exactly the same way. Because people do react differently, it sometimes becomes diffi-

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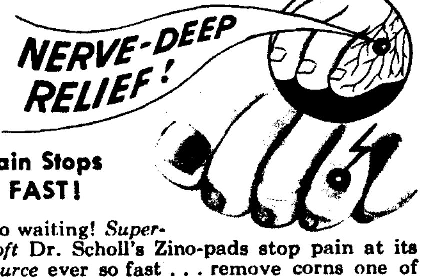
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lt for top management to find out m employees how new methods are rking out. And, because many em- yees refuse to accept any interpre- ion but their own, costly personal ction and stress are likely.

The Man on a Dead-End Street

Second, people's minds are selective ien remembering experiences. When have strong objectives or beliefs, we id to discard or forget experiences at indicate we may be headed in the ong direction. Suppose a man has d years of experience working on opellers in an airplane factory, and aim in life has always been to be- me the company's number one ex- rt on propellers. Through the years has had a few experiences indicating at jet engines ultimately may elimi- te propellers, but he tries to ignore ese incidents. Then, when jet engines begin to reduce the demand for pro- llers, his usefulness to the firm dimin- ies and he finds himself headed up a ad-end street.

Whenever changes come, people face any new experiences, some more im- rtant than others. How should they eet the challenge? Which experiences ould they cultivate? Walther worked this problem recently with the sales anager of a huge company near Chi- go. The man had been promoted om salesman to sales manager 10 ears ago. One of his duties was to pen up new markets, but he just never got around to it. A few months before he consulted Walther, he had come under renewed pressure from top management to get busy on finding new markets, but he still could not take the time.

The sales manager, Walther discovered, spent most of his time traveling o division offices. A phone call from Dallas would ask his help, and away he'd go on the first plane south. Soon after his return, a wire would beckon him to Buffalo. The trips continued, one after another.

The man's problem was obvious to Walther. All his life, the sales manager felt, he'd got ahead by being "out on the road, getting to the bottom of things"—a feeling rooted in his early experience as a salesman. A slave to this early experience, he had blinded himself to the fact that he had a much larger responsibility in his new job.

Walther told the man to concentrate on answering this question: "What would you do if you were absolute master of your time?" The sales manager came back in a couple of weeks with a new view. He realized now, he said, that his primary function was to supervise the entire field under him—to travel only on the more important occasions, to spend time training men to whom he could delegate responsibility in less important situations, to exploit current markets and look outside for new markets. The man changed his focus—and soon got a new promotion.

A Lesson in Self-Appraisal

What Walther had done was to make the man stop, sit back and take a long look at the total picture of his job. The management advisers find that people often fail to make such personal surveys. They rely on a few experiences —often the wrong ones—and never try to take advantage of their total experience.

There are no black-and-white formulas guaranteed to make experience your best teacher. Formulas are inflexible and can quickly become obsolete when changes occur. You can be best prepared when changes do come if you constantly force yourself to think in terms of what is happening now, and beware of hasty reliance on the past. If you always think ahead as well as behind, experience can help you advance toward a better job and brighter future.

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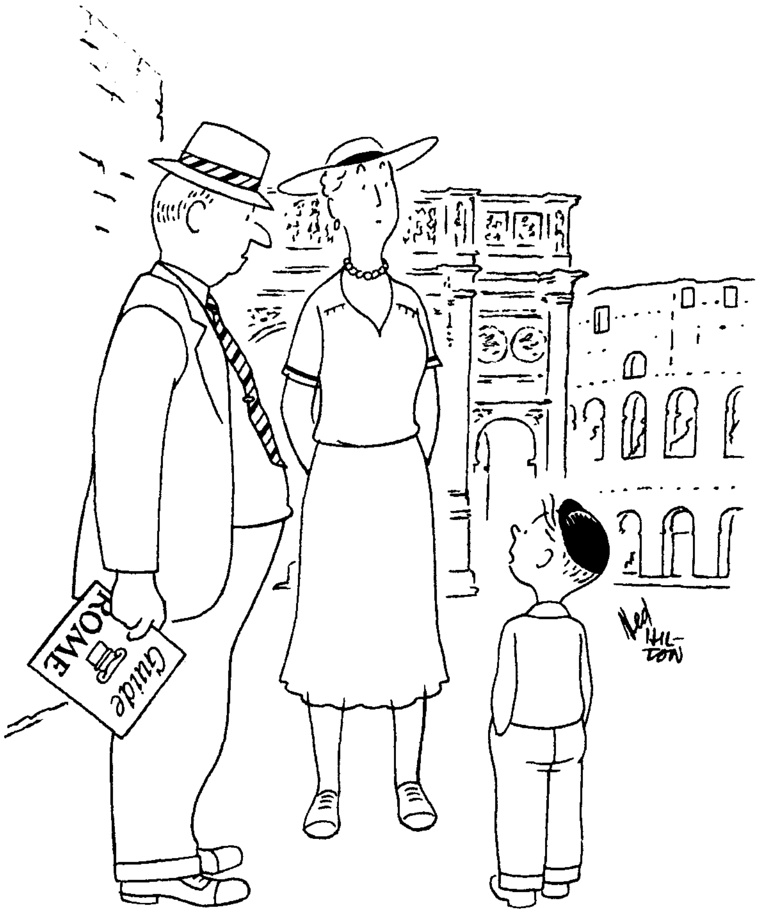

COLLIER'S "I want to see the place where they threw the grownups to the lions" NED HILTON

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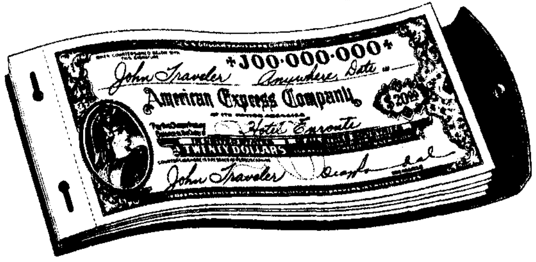


MARTIN IGER

Traffic on a New York parkway. By 1975 there'll be 45,000,000 more cars

Life Lines and Deathtraps

ONE OF THESE fine days you'll doubtless be piling the family into the car, jamming the bags into the trunk and hitting the highway for the annual vacation outing. This year, more than ever before, the wise word to summer motorists is: plan well; pick your routes and your times with care. Otherwise you'll find yourself caught in the familiar peak-hour, peak-season jam-up, sardined in a row of quick-starting, quick-stopping vehicles, frequently slowed to a crawl by some snail's cousin up ahead, halted occasionally by a half-mile queue stuck at a traffic light, thumped now and then by the sight-seer behind who didn't see your warning, sirened off the road—at least once on the trip—by an ambulance bound for the scene of a dead heat between two drivers vying for the same patch of highway.

There is a cure in prospect for this dismal plight—and you can speed it along by taking a few moments out to write your congressman, giving your personal blessing to the President's 10-year road-building plan, and especially to the Interstate Highway program which is a key portion of that plan.

This particular phase of the President's over-all program envisions the completion within 10 years of a 40,000-mile network of roads linking 90 per cent of the country's major cities, serving 65 per cent of the nation's city dwellers and 45 per cent of the rural population, and providing highways engineered to fit the needs of America's motorized economy of 1975. A program as extensive as this was bound to stir plenty of debate in Congress, and it has—as to methods of financing, as to relative proportions of federal and state funds, as to whether it should be undertaken *in toto* or in five-year bites. The debate is fine, and useful—so long as the whole program doesn't founder in a sea of oratory, and so long as the measures adopted at this session of Congress is realistically designed to get the program completed on schedule. There is a lot of ground to be covered: while 37,700 miles of the network has been laid out, 85 per cent of it is inadequate even to present needs. And by 1975 there will, by present estimates, be an additional 45,000,000 cars on the nation's highways.

The prospect of the ordinary motorist being able to take to the road like a civilized being instead of a gladiator on a Roman holiday is doubtless the most obvious argument for support of this first real national effort to whip the traffic problem. The prospect that the completed Interstate Highway system would save the lives of 3,500 accident victims a year is certainly the most dramatic argument. But there are other vital reasons:

In this mechanized age America's economy cannot expand faster than its highway system grows. In a country that moves 77 per cent of its freight by truck, that employs one out of every seven workers in the highway transport industries, that depends for its very life upon the high-velocity movement of its goods and services, progress itself moves on rubber tires across concrete roads.

In the cold war, victory may well be won in the economic field—but in this atomic age highways are military weapons as well. In the last war, workers and materials moved massively over the nation's highways, serving and feeding the great weapons assembly lines. The next war, for Americans, will have two new dimensions: it will be atomic, and it will be fought on our own ground. Highways, as horizontal targets, are relatively impervious to atomic destruction. But the chances of rapid deployment of armed forces, and of swift evacuation of millions from metropolitan target areas, will be grim, indeed, unless there are highways in being to meet the supreme test. The over-all cost of the President's proposed 10-year highway program is $100,000,000,000, and the cost of the 40,000-mile interstate program alone will run to 27 billions, or more than 2½ billions a year.

These are big figures—but highways are big business, so big that the *failure* to put these 40,000 miles of roads in top condition is costing motorists, in accidents, excessive operating costs and wasted time, an estimated $2,100,000,000 a year. And that is only the beginning of the cost of inertia. Construction costs, labor costs, condemnation costs are all bound to rise inexorably. Open suburban land that is available now for superhighways will presently be overgrown with homes and shops. Each year of delay will add billions of dollars to the final bill.

The real worry is whether the proposed program—big as it is—will meet future needs. The Hutchinson River Parkway was hailed a quarter century ago as the solution to the traffic worries of New York's Westchester County; today it's a dangerous bottleneck. The San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, opened in 1936, was expected to reach its reasonable peak burden of 82,000,000 vehicles by 1980; it reached that peak in 1946.

Whether the proposed system of interstate highways with its network of two-, four- and six-lane thoroughfares will keep abreast of the need is anybody's guess. But the proposition that this program is a minimum essential of national survival is no guess—it's plain, unarguable fact.

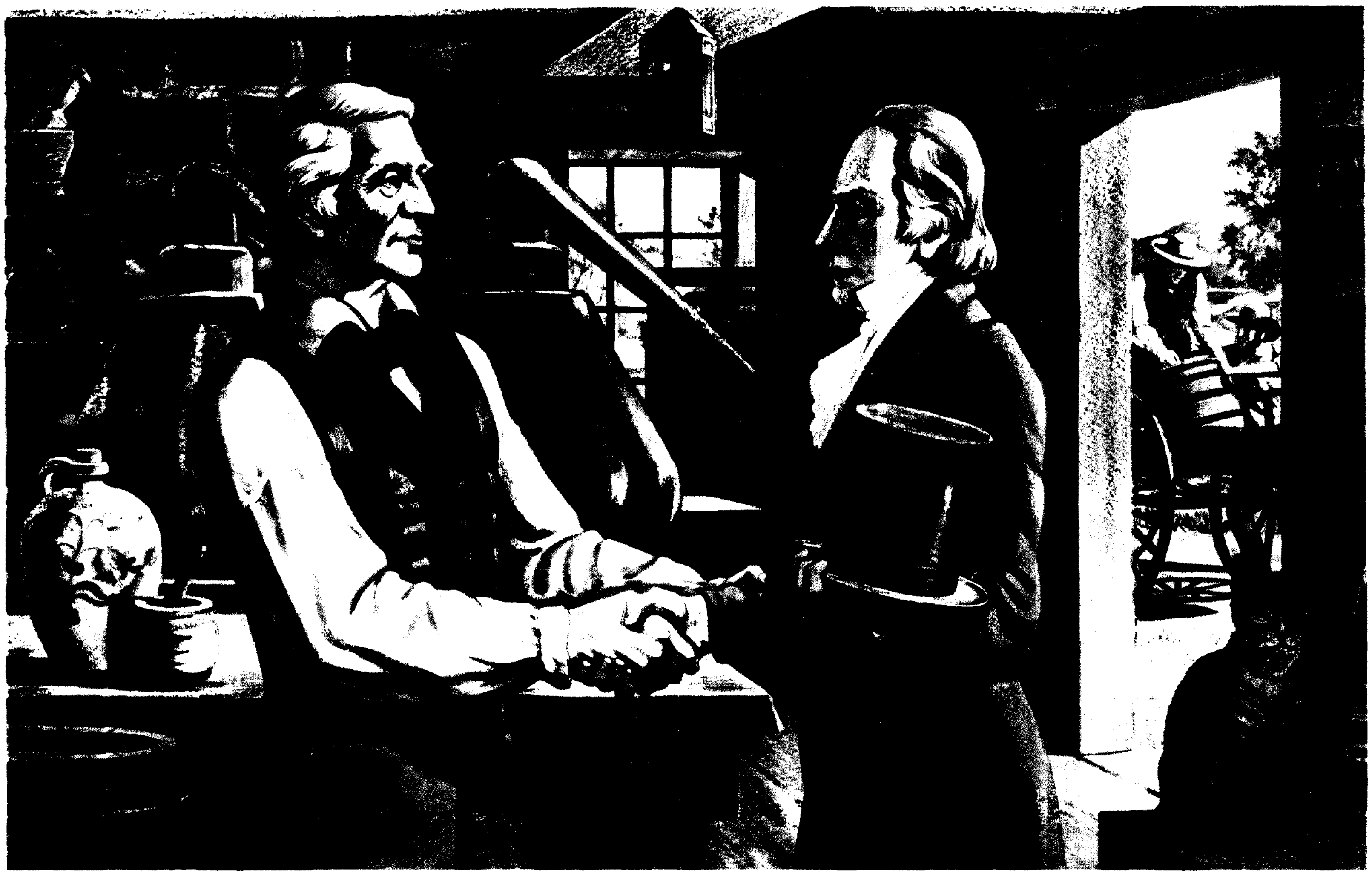
Bad Assumptions

WHILE CONGRESS DEBATES what kind of highways we'll have in 10 years, this year's vacationists will buck conditions as they are.

Vacationtime is accident time. Most accidents result from bad assumptions, such as:

That nobody is coming over the brow of the hill; that a child isn't going to spring from between two parked cars; that the car ahead will pursue the even tenor of its way, and not jerk to a stop; that one more for the road will brighten the trip; that brakes, engine and tires are all shipshape; that accidents are for others—you bear a charmed life.

The road to hell may be paved with good intentions, but the road to the morgue is paved with bad assumptions. Avoiding them may bring you back alive.



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